

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY



Edited by Katherine Tingley



Volume XX

January—June, 1921



PUBLISHED BY THE NEW CENTURY CORPORATION
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

Publisher
gt.
8-20-1923



ARYAN THEOSOPHICAL PRESS
POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA

The Theosophical Path

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VOL. XX NO. 1

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

JANUARY 1921

SINGLE COPY Domestic 30c. Foreign 35c. or 1s. 6d. SUBSCRIPTION \$3.00; Canadian Postage \$0.35; Foreign \$0.50

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."

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The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian
Monthly



Nonpolitical
Illustrated

Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

Edited by Katherine Tingley

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

Om. There is this city of Brahman (the body), and within it is the dwelling, the mystic lotus, and in it is that tenuous ether. What liveth within that tenuous ether is what man should seek out and understand. . . . This ether within is as spacious as infinitude. Heaven and earth are within it, the air, the fire, sun and moon, lightning and the stars. Past, Present, Future, are all contained within that ether. . . . By old age this ether ages not; it is not killed. It, not the outer man, is the true dwelling of the Self. In it are all things; it is free from death and sorrow, from pain and age, from hunger and thirst. It desireth naught but what it ought to desire; it imagines naught but what it ought to imagine. . . . Knowing this Self, there is freedom, there is peace.

— *Chhândogya-Upanishad*, Prapâthaka viii, Khanda 1

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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

Published by the New Century Corporation, Point Loma, California

Entered as second-class matter, July 25, 1911, at the Postoffice at Point Loma, California

Under the act of March 3, 1879

Copyright 1921, by Katherine Tingley

COMMUNICATIONS

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to 'KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Editor THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, Point Loma, California.'

To the BUSINESS MANAGEMENT, including subscriptions, should be addressed to the 'NEW CENTURY CORPORATION, Point Loma, California.'

MANUSCRIPTS

The Editor cannot undertake to return manuscripts; none will be considered unless accompanied by the author's name and marked with the number of words. The Editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

SUBSCRIPTION

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Cuba, Mexico, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, THREE DOLLARS payable in advance, single copy, THIRTY CENTS. Foreign Postage, FIFTY CENTS; Canadian, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

REMITTANCES

All remittances to the New Century Corporation must be made payable to

CLARK THURSTON, *Manager*
Point Loma, California

VOL. XX, NO. 1

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Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY
FOUNDRESS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XX, NO. 1

JANUARY 1921

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY


A Refutation of Recently Published Slanders against the Foundress of the Theosophical Society

BY IVERSON L. HARRIS

PROFESSOR OF LAW, THE THEOSOPHICAL UNIVERSITY

STUDENT UNDER KATHERINE TINGLEY, Leader and Official Head of the Universal Brotherhood
and Theosophical Society and Successor to H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge

FOREWORD

 HERE is absolutely nothing new or unheard of in the impulses directing the several attacks that have, at different times, been made against the character and reputation of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, the great Theosophist and Revivifier of ancient Truths in our age. Such attacks always take the form of libel or slander, sometimes arising out of ignorance and prejudice, sometimes springing forth from downright malice. This melancholy fact is so well known to historians that they are constantly on their guard against its subtle influence, and refuse to be swayed in their judgments by it. From the earliest epochs of recorded history or human story, great souls, lion-hearted reformers or innovators, especially in religious thought, and the protagonists in the never-ending struggle for human betterment and human brotherhood, invariably have had to face and to overcome trials of this sort. But men and women have blessed them for it, for their unflinching courage and for their immovable determination to win through to victory in the cause of Right and Truth. Think of the great figures which flash like flame-rays over our mental horizons from time to time, heralds of the Dawn! Such were Jesus the "Prince of Peace," the compassionate Buddha, the great Confucius, the brilliant and noble-minded Hypatia, and a host of others, filled with wisdom and with burning love for the human species and for all things that are.

And such was H. P. Blavatsky, who in her supreme effort to alleviate human misery dared to speak the truth even in the face of unending

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persecution and misrepresentation. Let it be remembered that this new outburst of ignorance and prejudice against her is but one more of the cowardly attacks upon a dead woman unable by that fact to defend herself with her own mighty pen, formerly dreaded but now still.

"In 1875 she told me that she was then embarking on a work that would draw upon her unmerited slander, implacable malice, uninterrupted misunderstanding, constant work, and no worldly reward. Yet in the face of this her lion heart carried her on."

— William Q. Judge (Successor to H. P. Blavatsky)

THE *Memoirs* of Count Sergius Witte, now being published, are attracting wide attention. The second installment of these *Memoirs* contains an alleged biographical sketch of Mme. Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, the illustrious founder of the Theosophical Society. The quality of the remarks of the noted author is in no way superior to the various contemptible attacks which from time to time have been made upon this great World-Teacher. But owing to the fact that the author bears the title of a nobleman, and from his kinship to Mme. Blavatsky apparently had unusual opportunities for gaining actual knowledge concerning her, his comments and statements are apt to meet with an unquestioning credulity. Particularly is this true when we realize the snobbish tendency of multitudes of readers to accept almost reverently anything that comes from a titled source.

Those students of Theosophy who have received the very breath of life from the spiritual teachings of this wonderful woman feel that it would be worse than dastardly if they allowed any attack upon her real nobility to go unchallenged.

This installment of Count Witte's *Memoirs* bears internal evidence not only of its unreliability but of its unworthiness. Is it not true that any wanton attack upon a woman ought to react to the discredit of its author? And when we bear in mind that the present attack is not only scurrilous but is made by a kinsman, then certainly his testimony is already impeached. Apart however from this vice, Count Witte's narrative and comment show that they are not even based upon his own alleged knowledge, but upon tradition and hearsay. He writes, "As I was many years her [Mme. Blavatsky's] junior, I could not have any recollections of Helena in her youth." "From the stories current in our family I gather," etc. . . . "Such is the family tradition," etc. . . .

So that when the Count proceeds to state, among a great many other alleged incidents in Mme. Blavatsky's career, that "at Constantinople she entered a circus as an equestrian," not only is this statement unsupported by the slightest offered evidence but according to the testimony of her sister Mme. Jelihovsky, when she reached Constantinople she had

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the good fortune to meet here one of her friends, the Countess K——, with whom she continued her travels in Egypt, Greece, and other parts of eastern Europe. According also to her aunt, Mlle. Fadeyef, *it was another Blavatsky* not in any way connected with the family who was an equestrienne in Constantinople (see her statement given later).

Another illustration of the author's hearsay testimony is where he charges Mme. Blavatsky with having married an opera singer, one Mitrovich, without having secured a divorce from her husband, and again with having married "a certain Englishman from London" without having obtained a divorce either from her legitimate or illegitimate husband. His authority for these statements is that from the second and third 'husbands' respectively letters were received by Mme. Blavatsky's grandfather to the effect that they, in turn, had become the old gentleman's 'grandsons.' This is hearsay upon hearsay, to which no judicial tribunal on earth would give the slightest credence. Count Witte does not state that he ever saw these letters. We are left to presume that the actuality of their receipt was evidenced only by "stories current in the family," and by "the family tradition." And moreover, if he had seen such letters he furnishes us no evidence of their authenticity or, granting that the letters were genuine, that they contained any proof of veracity further than the bare statements of the writers. Certainly such evidence as this should not be allowed in any way to bind Mme. Blavatsky or her disciples.

The following very definitely defamatory suggestion of Count Witte about Mme. Blavatsky is also confessedly made upon hearsay. Speaking of the Governor-general of Kiev, Prince Dundokov-Korsakov, he says, "The Prince, who at one time served in the Caucasus, had known Helena Petrovna in her maiden days. *I am not in a position to say what was the nature of their relationship.*"

In this instance not only does Count Witte's statement involve an unpardonable suggestion against Mme. Blavatsky that is admittedly based upon hearsay or rumor or gossip, but his willingness to impugn by such means the character of a member of his family — his own first cousin — and his ready disposition to injure her reputation, necessarily show to any man with a spark of chivalry in his nature, that there was a serious defect in the author's own nature. And because, forsooth, for many years there had been a feud between the Blavatsky family and his own, it ill became him to vent his spleen upon his own cousin Helena, whose misfortune it was to bear the name Blavatsky.

A further proof of the untrustworthy nature of the author's *Memoirs* consists in the astonishing confusion which he has exhibited in his alleged attempt to trace the career of Mme. Blavatsky in the two decades between 1851 and 1861, and between 1861 and 1871; for in the main his account

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of the period between 1861 and 1871 refers to occurrences happening between 1851 and 1861, and, *vice versa*, the occurrences of the latter decade are ascribed to the former.

Another instance of inaccuracy: the Count states that Mme. Blavatsky founded the Theosophical Society in England, whereas the facts are that she founded it in New York City in 1875, not settling in England until about thirteen years later. Again, he states that after her return from India she settled in Paris, the facts being that after her return from India she settled in London. Again, he states that Mme. Blavatsky learned her "occultism" from Mr. Hume, a celebrated spiritualist. The fact is that the celebrated spiritualist of that period to whom the Count refers was not named 'Hume,' but was a Scotsman, one David D. Home, while Mr. Hume was a high Government official resident at Simla, India, who was one of Mme. Blavatsky's early disciples.

Very different is the testimony given by Mme. Blavatsky's aunt, Mlle. N. A. Fadeyef, and her sister, Mme. Jelihovsky, who of all her relatives were most closely associated with her. Mlle. Fadeyef writes thus of her illustrious niece:

"Faint rumors reached her friends of her having been met in Japan, China, Constantinople, and the Far East. She passed through Europe several times but never lived in it. Her friends therefore were as much surprised as pained to read, years afterwards, fragments from her *supposed* biography which spoke of her as a person well known in the *high life*, as well as the *low*, of Vienna, Berlin, Warsaw, and Paris, and mixed her name with events and anecdotes whose scene was laid in these cities at various epochs, *when her friends had every proof* of her being far away from Europe. These anecdotes referred to her indifferently under the several Christian names of Julie, Nathalie, etc., which were really those of other persons of the same surname, and attributed to her various extravagant adventures. Thus the *Neue Freie Presse* spoke of Madame Heloise (?) Blavatsky, a non-existing personage, who had joined the Black Hussars — *les Hussards de la Mort* — during the Hungarian revolution, her sex being found out only in 1849. Another journal of Paris narrated the story of Mme. Blavatsky, 'a Pole from the Caucasus' (?), a supposed relative of Baron Hahn of Lemberg, who after taking an active part in the Polish revolution of 1863 (during the whole of which time Mme. Blavatsky was quietly living with her relatives at Tiflis), was compelled from lack of means to serve as a female waiter in a 'restaurant du Faubourg St.-Antoine.'"

It is certain that in all her travels Mme. Blavatsky's father not only knew where she was, but that in a measure she was under his protection. Her aunt writing about this says:

"For the first eight years she gave her mother's family no sign of life for fear of being traced by her legitimate 'lord and master.' Her father alone knew of her whereabouts. Knowing however that he would never prevail upon her to return home, he acquiesced in her absence and supplied her with money whenever she came to places where it could safely reach her."

Of similar import is the following statement regarding Mme. Blavatsky made by her sister Mme. Jelihovsky:

"As later in life, wherever she went, her friends in those days were many, but her enemies, still more numerous. . . . Thus, while people of the class of the Princes Gouriel, and of the Princes Dadiani and Abashedse, were ranked among her best friends, some others — all those

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who had a family hatred for the above-named — were, of course, her sworn enemies. . . . Some years later, to these were added all the bigots, church-goers, missionaries, to say nothing of [a certain class of] American and English spiritualists, French spiritists. . . . Stories after stories were invented of her, circulated and accepted by all, except those who knew her well — as *facts*. Calumny was rife, and her enemies now hesitate at no falsehood that can injure her character.

“She defied them all, and would submit to no restraint, would stoop to adopt no worldly method of propitiating public opinion. She avoided society, showing her scorn of its idols, and was therefore treated as a dangerous iconoclast.”

In view of this testimony of Mme. Blavatsky's aunt and sister, is it not more than probable, does it not approach certainty, that Count Witte has availed himself of the infamous stories which maliciously and falsely attribute to Mme. Blavatsky experiences which were either fictitious or which centered about some other Blavatsky in no way connected with her or her family?

There are only two instances which the author mentions which by his own account rest in his own knowledge. He says: “On one occasion she [Mme. Blavatsky] caused a closed piano in an adjacent room to emit sounds, as if invisible hands were playing upon it. This was done in my presence, at the instance of one of the guests.”

And again, commenting on Mme. Blavatsky's presence at Odessa, the Count refers to her having for a short time made and sold artificial flowers, and in this connexion he says: “In those days she often came to see my mother, and I visited her store several times, so that I had the opportunity of getting better acquainted with her.” It should be observed, parenthetically, that if the Count's cousin, H. P. Blavatsky, was on terms of such friendliness with his mother, a decent respect for his mother should have prevented him from insulting her guest and niece.

Though the Count recites this last incident in a form that seems intended to disparage Mme. Blavatsky, yet even if it is true, no right-thinking person ought to allow himself to condemn Mme. Blavatsky if, from the stress of circumstances or for any other legitimate reason, she found herself engaged in a rather commonplace employment. And if the piano story is true, not only is this phenomenon extraordinary but it shows a somewhat aesthetic and poetical characteristic that her marvels should take such musical form. The piano incident illustrates not any evocation of ‘spirits’ by Mme. Blavatsky, but an effort to exemplify the latent powers in man and the finer forces of nature. The scant information that we have about Jesus indicates that he was a carpenter and may have been a fisherman, and that Buddha followed the avocation of a beggar, although the son of royal parents. Is the making and selling of artificial flowers less honorable?

The author does state something further on his own knowledge, though strictly speaking it is a conclusion or opinion of the witness. He says:

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"I was especially impressed by the extraordinary facility with which she acquired skill and knowledge of the most varied description. Her abilities in this respect verged on the uncanny." The choice of the word 'uncanny' in this connexion shows the author's instinctive prejudice. Otherwise he would have said 'miraculous.'

The author goes on to say: "A self-taught musician, she was able to give pianoforte concerts in London and Paris, and although entirely ignorant of the theory of music, she conducted a large orchestra. Consider also that although she never seriously studied any foreign languages, she spoke several of them with perfect ease. I was also struck by her mastery of the technique of verse. She could write pages of smoothly flowing verse without the slightest effort, and she could compose essays in prose on every conceivable subject. Besides, she possessed the gift of hypnotizing both her hearer and herself into believing the wildest inventions of her fantasy."

In the last sentence the instinctive prejudice of the author is again revealed. He himself says in another place: "Although a young boy, my attitude toward these performances was decidedly critical, and I looked on them as mere sleight-of-hand tricks."

If as a mere boy the author had not presumed to be "decidedly critical" in the presence of transcendent genius, and if he had not presumed to adjudge his august kinswoman to be a sleight-of-hand performer, then he might have discovered that neither she herself nor her hearers were "hypnotized" into believing any invention or any fantasy, but that her hearers were momentarily translated by the magic of her divine consciousness so that they could in some degree participate in its beauties and wonders.

The author further says: "She has enormous azure-colored eyes, and when she spoke with animation, they sparkled in a fashion which is altogether indescribable. Never in my life have I seen anything like that pair of eyes." Again he says: "The Moscow editor, Katkov, famous in the annals of Russian journalism, spoke to me in the highest terms of praise about her literary gifts, as evidenced in the tales entitled *From the Jungles of Hindustan*, which she contributed to his magazine."

The closing paragraph of the second installment of Count Witte's *Memoirs* reads: "Let him who still doubts the non-material origin and the independent existence of the soul in man consider the personality of Mme. Blavatsky. During her earthly existence, she housed a spirit which was, no doubt, independent of physical or physiological being. As to the particular realm of the invisible world from which that spirit emerged, there may be some doubt whether it was inferno, purgatory, or paradise. I cannot help feeling that there was something demoniac in that extraordinary woman."

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Except for the ugly traits already pointed out in the Count's nature, he could never have reached such a conclusion. Perhaps he was aided in arriving at this doubting opinion by the hereditary bent received from his religious ancestry and from his theological affiliations, particularly with a high ecclesiastical dignitary. But the question has arisen in the minds of many: Did Count Witte himself really write these defamatory statements against his cousin, Helena P. Blavatsky, or have they been interpolated in his *Memoirs* by another?

Socrates must drink the hemlock because his conventional judges, looking through the eyes of their egotism and their sacerdotal prejudices, determined that this Grecian Savior was "corrupting the youth of Athens." Hypatia, who is now recognised as having been one of the most exalted Spiritual Teachers since the days of the Nazarene, was seized by a mob of Christian monks, murdered, and her flesh scraped from her bones, because these Christians decided that her chaste wisdom sprang from demoniacal regions. Jesus was condemned by the Pharisees because, forsooth, he was a "wine-bibber" and consorted with "publicans and sinners," and also it was said of him, "He hath a devil."

Count Witte seems never to have heard of his kinswoman's immortal works, *The Key to Theosophy*, *The Voice of the Silence*, *Isis Unveiled*, and *The Secret Doctrine*. If he had known of them, and if he could have read them without being "decidedly critical," then, despite the unmanly traits which he has displayed, despite his presumptuous egotism, despite his instinctive theological predilections, he might have been forced into paying his illustrious relative an unqualified tribute. In one of these immortal works Mme. Blavatsky writes:

"There is a road, steep and thorny and beset with perils of every kind, but yet a road, and it leads to the heart of the Universe. I can tell you how to find Those who will show you the secret gateway that leads inward only, and closes fast behind the neophyte forevermore. There is no danger that dauntless courage cannot conquer; there is no trial that spotless purity cannot pass through; there is no difficulty that strong intellect cannot surmount. For those who win onward, there is reward beyond all telling: the power to bless and serve humanity. For those who fail, there are other lives in which success may come."

If Count Witte had been able to invoke that nobility of spirit which would have enabled him to read this language profitably, he could not have asked whether its source was "inferno, purgatory, or paradise." He could not have felt "that there was something demoniac in this extraordinary woman." He would have known that such limpid streams of spiritual waters flowed through Paradise and had their fountain-springs in the Eternal Realms beyond.

INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS,
Point Loma, California, December 16, 1920.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE-HISTORY OF HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY, daughter of Colonel Peter Hahn, was the granddaughter of General Alexis Hahn (a noble family of Mecklenburg settled in Russia). On the mother's side she was the daughter of Helene Fadeyef, and the granddaughter of Privy Councillor Andrew Fadeyef and of the Princess Helene Dolgoruki. Born at Ekaterinoslaff in South Russia between July 30 and 31 in 1831, she was married in 1848 to the Councilor of State, Nicephore Blavatsky, late Vice-Governor of the province of Erivan, Caucasus.

1830-1840 — Her mother, Helene Fadeyef, was an authoress — the first novel writer that had ever appeared in Russia — under the *nom de plume* of Zenaida R —.

1846 — Colonel Hahn married his second wife Baroness Von Lange by whom he had a daughter, "Little Liza."

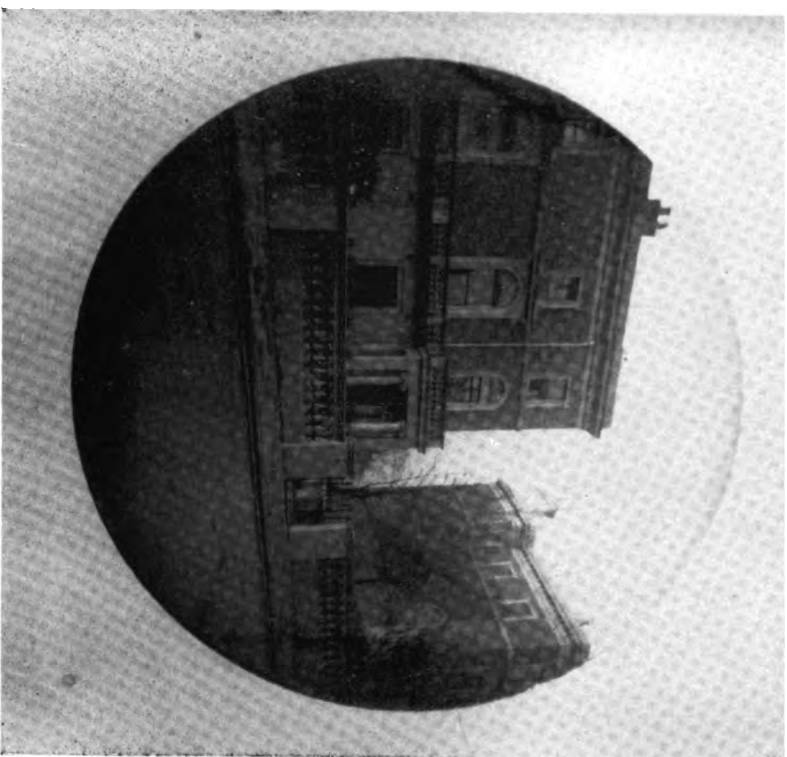
1830-1832 — Time of the great plague. During the baptismal rite of Helena, a child holding a candle set fire to the long robes of the officiating priest, and besides the priest several persons were severely burnt. Helena was a great pet of her grandparents and aunts, and from earliest years was brought up in an atmosphere of legends and popular fancy.

1833-1834 — Because of the date of her birth she was called by the serfs the *Sedmichka*, meaning one connected with the number seven. She was carried round the house every July 30th by her nurse, through the stables and cow-pen, and was made personally to sprinkle the four corners with water, the nurse repeating all the while some mystic sentences, to purify the places from the *rusalka* (undine) and other evil spirits (*domovoy*s) from whom it was believed she was free.

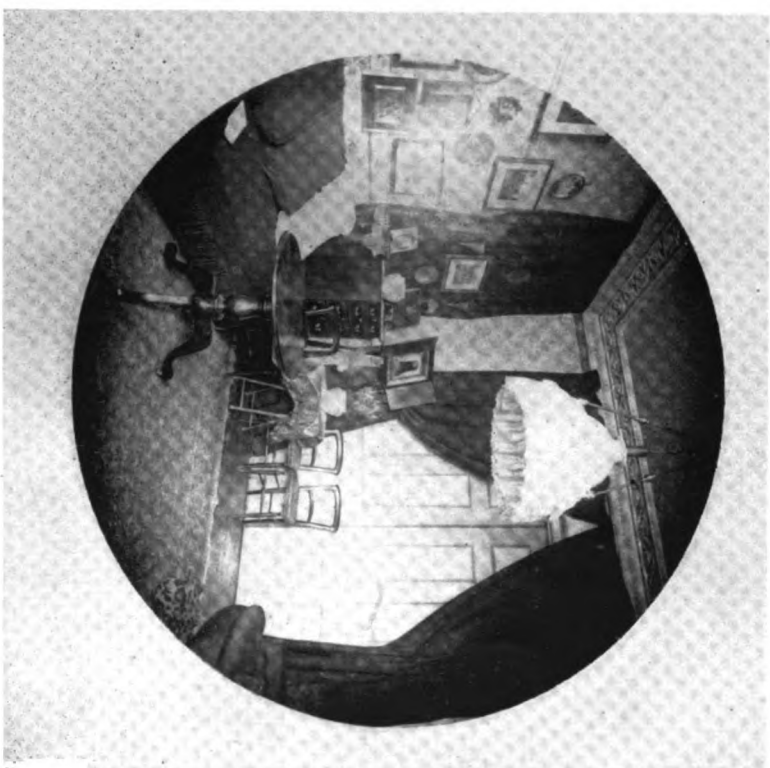
1835 — About this time she had an English governess, Miss Augusta Sophia Jeffries, but this lady did not seem to have the capacity for managing her charge.

1837 — About this time she and her younger sister Vera — afterwards married to an officer in the Guards at St. Petersburg, named de Yahontoff, and later the widow of a civil officer named de Jelihovsky, who formerly belonged to the government at Tiflis — were sent to live with their father and for two or three years were chiefly taken care of by their father's orderlies, petted on all sides as *les enfants du régiment*.

1842 — After the death of her mother, Helena was taken to live at



17 LANDSDOWNE ROAD, KENSINGTON, LONDON, N.
Where H. P. Blavatsky lived before making 19 Avenue Road her
final Headquarters.



London Photo & Engraving Dept.
H. P. BLAVATSKY'S RECEPTION- AND WORK-ROOM
AT 17 LANDSDOWNE ROAD
Here she wrote *The Voice of the Silence*, *The Key to Theosophy* and other works.



PRINCESS DOLGORUKI (MME. FADEYEF)

H. P. BLAVATSKY'S GRANDMOTHER



MME. JELIHOVSKY

H. P. BLAVATSKY'S SISTER

Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

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Saratoff by her grandmother, her grandfather being civil governor there, as he was formerly at Astrakhan. She was difficult to manage on any uniform system. Though excitable and passionate she had "no malice in her nature, no lasting resentment even against those who have wronged her, and her true kindness of heart bears no permanent trace of momentary disturbances." Her aunt says: "From her earliest childhood she was unlike any other person. Very lively and highly gifted, full of humor and of most remarkable daring."

1845 — Helena's horse bolted with her, and, as she fell, her foot caught in the stirrup. Notwithstanding her great peril she felt a sustaining power holding her up.

1846 — Her father took her to Paris and London and when in England they stayed a week at Bath. Her English at this time had a very strong Yorkshire accent.

1848 — Married to General Blavatsky, (a man nearer 70 than 60 years of age). She became engaged to him in a sort of joke and afterwards her friends would not let her break it off. Finally the ceremony of marriage took place on the 7th of July, and she was then taken to Darechichag, a summer retreat. For three months she struggled against the claims of her husband and finally rode off to Tiflis. Thence she took the steamer *Commodore* and landed at Constantinople. Here she met the Countess K—— and traveled for a time in Egypt, Greece, and other parts of eastern Europe.

1849 — Visited Paris and London. Stayed at Mivart's Hotel in London with Countess B——.

1850 — Touring about Europe with the Countess B——.

1851 — At Paris in January. In July she was in Canada at Quebec and subsequently at New Orleans.

1852 — About this time went from New Orleans through Texas to Mexico. At this time also had a legacy left her of 80,000 rubles.

1852 — At the end of this year, Madame Blavatsky set out for India. She wanted to go into Tibet through Nepal, but was hindered by the British Resident at Nepal. From there she went to Southern India, Java, and Singapore, returning to England.

1853 — At the end of this year she passed to New York, thence to Chicago; thence to the far West, across the Rocky Mountains to San Francisco.

1855 — Returned to India *via* Japan and the Straits.

1856 — At Lahore met a German friend of her father and from that place made a second attempt to get into Tibet.

1858 — Returned to Europe *via* Madras and Java in a Dutch vessel and spent some months in France and Germany, afterwards rejoining

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her own people at Pskof, about 180 miles from St. Petersburg, in north-west Russia. Madame Yahontoff (afterwards Madame Jelihovsky) her sister, was staying at Pskof with General N. A. Yahontoff — Maréchal de Noblesse of that place — her late husband's father. During this visit, Madame Blavatsky secured the interest of her brother Leonide, by holding, untouched, a small chess-table against his strong efforts to move it, and that of her father by reading his unspoken thought "Zaichik," the name of his favorite war-horse in his first Turkish campaign.

1859 — Early in this year H. P. B. went with her sister, Madame Y. to a village called Rugodevo, in the district Novorjef in the government of Pskof, about 200 versts from St. Petersburg.

1860 — In the spring of this year H. P. B. had a terrible illness. She had received a remarkable wound (possibly when traveling in the steppes of Asia.) This re-opened occasionally and she suffered intense agony — the sickness would last three or four days, then the wound would heal suddenly and no trace of it remain. It was near the heart. She left Rugodevo for Tiflis in the Caucasus *via* Moscow. At Zadonsk they saw the learned Isidore, then the Metropolitan of Kiev and later (1884) Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, whom they had known as a friend of the family when he was Exarch of Georgia (Caucasus), who on parting blessed H. P. B. with the following words: "As for you let not your heart be troubled by the gift you are possessed of, nor let it become a source of misery to you hereafter, for it was surely given to you for some purpose and you could not be held responsible for it. Quite the reverse, for if you but use it with discrimination, you will be enabled to do much good to your fellow-creatures."

About 1862 H. P. B. resided at Tiflis less than two years and not more than three in the Caucasus; the last year she passed roaming about in Imeritia, Georgia, and Mingrelia. In the latter country she had another serious illness, was often comatose, and was with great difficulty brought to Tiflis, where she arrived apparently dying. Soon she was restored to life again and left the Caucasus, going to Italy.

1863-1866 — Always traveling.

1867-1870 — This period was passed in the East and if recorded, would probably be found the most interesting period of H. P. B.'s eventful life.

1870 — Returned from the East *via* the Suez Canal, spent a short time in the Piraeus, thence took passage for Spezzia on a Greek vessel, which was blown up, *en route*, by an explosion of gunpowder and fireworks (part of the cargo). H. P. B. with a small number of passengers, was saved, but everything was lost of her belongings, and she went to Alexandria and thence to Cairo to await supplies from Russia. At this

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period she passes from "apprenticeship to duty" and she alone appreciated the magnitude of her mission.

1871 — She set to work in Egypt, where she happened to be — founded a society, which should have the investigation of spiritualistic phenomena for its purpose, designing to lead it through to paths of higher knowledge in the end. Here she met Madame Coulomb. She was very much disgusted with the class of people who flocked around her, and she very soon shut up her *Société*, going to live at Bulak, near the Museum. She afterwards returned to Europe *via* Palestine, lingering for some months there and making a voyage to Palmyra and other ruins.

1872 — At the end of this year she returned to her family who were now staying at Odessa.

1873 — In the early part of this year H. P. B. left Russia and went to Paris, where she stayed with her cousin, Nicholas Hahn, in the Rue de l'Université, for two months. Thence she was directed to visit the United States, and arrived in July 1873, at New York, where she was for over six years and got her naturalization papers, only visiting for a few months other cities and places.

1874 — During this year she lived in apartments in Irving Place, New York, and in October she went to the Eddy farmhouse, Vermont.

1875 — In October and November of this year H. P. B. with the help of W. Q. Judge and others founded the Theosophical Society in New York City. The objects of the Society as stated in an early code of rules were as follows:

- (a) To keep alive in man his spiritual intuitions.
- (b) To oppose and counteract — after due investigation and proof of its irrational nature — bigotry in every form, whether as an intolerant religious sectarianism or belief in miracles or anything supernatural.
- (c) To promote a feeling of brotherhood among nations and assist in the international exchange of useful arts and products, by advice, information and the cooperation of all worthy individuals and associations: provided however, that no benefit or percentage shall be taken by the Society for its corporate services.
- (d) To seek to obtain a knowledge of all the laws of nature, and aid in diffusing it: and especially to encourage the study of those laws least understood by modern people, and so termed the occult science. Popular superstition and folk-lore, however fantastical, when sifted may lead to the discovery of long-lost but important secrets of nature. The Society therefore aims to pursue this line of enquiry in the hope to widen the field of scientific and philosophical observation.
- (e) To gather for the Society's library and put into written forms, correct information upon the various ancient philosophic traditions and legends, and, as the Council shall decide it permissible, disseminate the same in such practical ways as the translation and publication of original works of value, and extracts from and commentaries upon the same, or the oral instruction of persons learned in their respective departments.
- (f) To promote in every practical way, in countries where needed, the spread of non-sectarian education.
- (g) Finally and chiefly to encourage and assist individual fellows in self-improvement, intellectual, moral and spiritual. But no fellow shall put to his selfish use any knowledge

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communicated to him by any member of the First Section: the violation of this rule being punishable by expulsion. And before any such knowledge can be imparted, the person shall bind himself by a solemn oath not to use it to selfish purposes nor to reveal it except with permission of the Teacher.

1874-1875 — H. P. B. removed from Irving Place to Thirty-fourth Street, New York, and thence after a few months to Forty-seventh Street, where she stayed till December, 1878.

1877-1878 — At the latter address, she wrote *Isis Unveiled*, in 1877.

1879 — In this year H. P. B. went to Bombay; she was much annoyed by being watched by the authorities, but soon afterwards this espionage was dropped. In December she visited Allahâbâd.

1880 — During this year she was at Simla where many of the events recorded in the *Occult World* occurred.

1880-1881 — At this time H. P. B. took a trip to Ceylon.

1881 — The Headquarters of the Theosophical Society were established at Beach Candy, in a bungalow called Crow's Nest. Here it was that the magazine *Theosophist* was edited. Later this year H. P. B. visited Allahâbâd and Simla again.

1881 — On December 16th or 17th the Calcutta newspaper, *Statesman*, apologized for an attack on H. P. B. under threat from her solicitors.

1882 — The autumn of this year was spent at Bombay, when H. P. B. was taken very seriously ill, suffering from Bright's disease of the kidneys. Her Teacher sent a *chela* from the Nilgerri Hills, requiring her to go somewhere in the Himâlayas. She was across the frontier in Tîbet only for two or three days and then returned practically well again. In December a valedictory address was delivered to H. P. B. and her helpers on the eve of her departure for Madras, in which it was stated that many "brave hearts from Lahore and Simla to Ceylon, from Calcutta to Kathiawar, from Gujerat and Allahâbâd — Pârsîs, Hindûs, Buddhists, Jews, Mohammedans and Europeans" attested how far her attempts to establish Universal Brotherhood had succeeded during the brief stay of four years.

1883 — Established at Adyar, a suburb of Madras, in a house with extensive grounds. The upper rooms of this house were the private domain of H. P. B., and here many leading Anglo-Indian residents went to see her.

1884 — In this year H. P. B. went to Europe, arriving at Nice in March, thence to Paris, where Solovyoff and others were met at the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, 46, which was the center of the Theosophical Society at Paris, and which was visited by W. Q. Judge, and others, including Madame Jelihovsky (H. P. B.'s sister) in June. On April 7th H. P. B. arrived in London, on the evening of a meeting of the

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London Lodge, which, in the preceding March, she had described as being in its "sharpest crisis." She only stayed a week, returning to Paris and again going to London on the 29th of June. Thence in August she visited friends at Elberfeld, Germany, named Gebhard.

1885 — H. P. B. returned once more to India and had a great reception from a delegation of native students of the Madras Colleges. Their address signed by over 300 students declared that "we are conscious we are giving but a feeble expression to the debt of endless gratitude which India lies under to you." Soon afterwards she had a bad illness from which she had another remarkable recovery to comparative health. About the month of May she returned to Europe, staying for a time near Naples, and thence removing to a quiet little town (Würzburg) in Germany some three months later. In October of this year and at this little town H. P. B. commenced *The Secret Doctrine*, and was very busy at it. She writes enthusiastically of it, saying in one letter of it: "I begin to think it shall vindicate us. Such pictures, panoramas, scenes, antediluvian dramas, with all that! Never saw or heard better."

1887 — H. P. B. removed to London, and a new impetus was given to the work there, which was subsequently centered at No. 19 Avenue Road, Regent's Park, N. W.

1888 — Publication of *The Secret Doctrine* by H. P. Blavatsky.

1889 — *The Key to Theosophy* and *The Voice of the Silence* written and published by H. P. Blavatsky.

1891 — May 8. Death of H. P. Blavatsky at 19 Avenue Road, Regent's Park, London.— *Extracts from Various Sources*

[Reprinted from *The New Century*, Vol. V, No. 4, December 8, 1901]

TRIBUTES TO H. P. BLAVATSKY

by some of her Students and others at the International Theosophical
Headquarters, Point Loma, California

EVERY attack upon H. P. Blavatsky must be welcomed by those who knew her and have remained loyal to her work and purposes. For it is one more opportunity for them to put on record their love of her and their reverence for her as a Teacher, and also their gratitude to her for having awakened them to recognition of their higher possibilities. They know that her life was ideal in its unselfishness and devotion, wholly consecrated to the work she had taken upon herself, wholly motivated by love of the race. In the coming centuries she will take her place as one of the line of the great spiritual Teachers of Humanity.— HERBERT CORYN

OUR first great Teacher, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky — while iconoclastically tearing to shreds most of the conventionally accepted dogmas, scientific or otherwise — stands revealed in her writings as a Master-builder in possession of a constructive philosophy of practical life and equally of cosmogenesis and anthropogenesis, as taught to the few by Elder Brothers of the

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race through incalculable ages. She brought to east and west important truths, long obscured, regarding the great laws of karma and reincarnation, especially as related to the dual nature of man; and outlined a spiritual philosophy whose nobility can furnish keynotes to many lives of endeavor.—FRED. J. DICK

*

THE crowning privilege of an eventful life has been my intimate personal relationship with H. P. Blavatsky, as pupil of that great Teacher. This extended from 1887 until her death, while she was carrying on at her London residence her work of promulgating Theosophy, by her receptions to inquirers and the publication of her books and magazine. She showed me that Theosophy is the most serious movement of the age, and that it requires of its adherents entire devotion to the Heart-Doctrine; and her own life was the noblest exemplar of her teachings. In the face of illness, incessant and malicious opposition, and at great pecuniary sacrifice, she toiled heroically at her great work for the bringing of Truth, Light, and Liberation to discouraged humanity.—H. T. EDGE

*

I MET Madame Blavatsky in 1886 and joined the Theosophical Society in the following year, attending the meetings of the Blavatsky Lodge first at her house in Lansdowne Road, London W. and later at Avenue Road, N. W. My interest in Theosophy was to a great degree due to my conviction of the absolute sincerity of the Foundress of the Society, as well as of her ability to give the highest instruction in every branch of the subject. I saw that her devotion to the cause was absolute and was entirely disinterested; my faith in her and my interest in Theosophy have grown with the years.—REGINALD W. MACHELL

*

WHAT most deeply impressed me when I met Helena Petrovna Blavatsky in 1889 was her deep insight into human nature, her marvelous wisdom, her sincerity, her generosity. I became a member of the original Theosophical Society in the same year, and have ever since been an active worker in it. Words fail to express the gratitude I feel to Mme. Blavatsky. Only her peers can estimate the greatness of her character, her wisdom, her self-sacrifice, her devotion to Truth and the Cause of Humanity; and she was without peer in the nineteenth century. As Foundress of the present Theosophical Movement, and its first Teacher, she proclaimed again the Truths of the ancient Wisdom-Religion. Through its teachings—the Divinity of Man, the Freedom of the Soul, Universal Brotherhood, Karma, Reincarnation,—she gave a new meaning to life and opened the way for a new understanding of its problems; she brought new hope to the world and has made Humanity her debtor.

—ELIZABETH CHURCHILL SPALDING

*

FOR four years a pupil of Mme. Blavatsky, for thirty-four a close student of her writings, I regard it an inestimable privilege to pay homage publicly to her ability, her devotion to the welfare of humanity, her boundless COMPASSION. It was she who brought forward, in the midst of a selfish civilization, the unselfish doctrine of life for the sake of others and the renunciation of personal salvation through the attainment of bliss in a Heaven of egotistic happiness. Through her work and her teachings mankind is being guided to a goal of attainment heretofore undreamed of.—H. T. PATTERSON

*

WITH the discovery of new facts in physical science come the verifications, one by one, of the suggestions and affirmations which were made with assurance forty years ago by H. P. Blavatsky, when she so courageously braved the obloquy and hard-headed prejudices of materialistic tendencies of the last century. Also in the vindication of Ancient Wisdom, concerning the origin, development, and destiny of man, slowly-growing knowledge concedes now what she then declared with such certainty.

How long will it be before her immeasurable service to Humanity will be fully recognised, and the once implacable traducers are silenced for ever? —E. A. NERESHEIMER

*

“At the roaring loom of time I ply, and weave for God the garment thou seest him by.”

IN London, in the year 1889, I stood for the first time in the presence of H. P. Blavatsky and listened to her words of wisdom and the cheering optimism of her voice; words that changed the whole current of my life, until, in course of time, I grew to recognise her as my Teacher and as one of those Great Souls who, from century to century, again and again, appear among men as benefactors of the human race.

In her versatility and erudition she had that ‘grand manner’ that soared above and swept

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

aside her would-be detractors. —As said by one of her pupils: "Those who do not understand H. P. Blavatsky had better not try to explain her."

She stands in the forefront of the IMMORTALS — and, with her, her successors, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley.— C. THURSTON

*

WHEN the Great Theosophist H. P. Blavatsky brought her wonderful message to us in the last quarter of the century just closed, loyal friends and followers, and bitter and spiteful enemies stood arrayed, these against those: the former in defense and support; the latter, to destroy if they might. At present, the defamers and their parasitic satellites have been beaten all along the line, but the fight is not yet ended. As Katherine Tingley, H. P. Blavatsky's Successor, has very lately said, most propitious and most promising is the present time for dealing a smashing blow at cowardly attacks upon a dead woman's reputation and good name.

To that wonderful woman, H. P. Blavatsky, and to her great Successors, my heart goes out, and will return to me never again. I *know* H. P. Blavatsky; knowing her, I love her; loving her, I follow her and her Successors, forever.— G. v. PURUCKER

*

I ATTENDED meetings conducted by Mme. Blavatsky at the London Headquarters of the Theosophical Society during the months of March and April 1891 — having applied for membership to the Society which she had founded.

Mme. Blavatsky impressed me as one who personified what she urged others to establish in their own natures. Her example compelled one to realize that spiritual life is not a 'free gift,' but the product of self-effort along true lines. Her writings abundantly testify that each man's perception of truth is strictly relative to the exercise of the powers of his spiritual will to overcome and become, and that by sounding the depths of his nature he may attain identity with the Divine Law which regulates all life. Her influence upon modern life is that of having re-introduced a mode of thought which embraces hitherto detached fragments of knowledge and experience as integral parts of one whole, pointing the way by which the will, the intellect, and the sensibilities may be blended into one power under the control of the spiritual and essentially divine Higher Self.— WILLIAM A. DUNN

*

EVERY student of H. P. Blavatsky owes to her a debt of gratitude inexpressible in words. She possessed not only the desire to serve the world, but the rare and needful knowledge. Her superb courage knew no limit; her devotion to duty was absolute; her love for humanity, boundless.

The keenest minds, the sincerest lovers of mankind, have evidenced their recognition of this, and bow in reverence before her transcendent genius for Service. The longer those live who have felt her influence, the more do they regard with wonder that towering figure of the nineteenth century, who kindled the light in an era of spiritual darkness.

— GERTRUDE VAN PELT, M. D.

*

HER writings reveal her soul. Profoundly helpful, with compassion for all that breathes, spiritually uplifting and intellectually illuminating, they reflect her high intelligence, nobility of character, and love of humanity. They attract those who would lead better lives, and who would learn how to promote the brotherhood of man. Her life was in accord with her teachings, pure, unselfish, and generous. Her work has succeeded; the nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity has been established on lines she outlined, the only ones that could succeed, on the basis of the Divinity of Man. The 'Ancient Landmarks' have been recovered.

— CHARLES J. RYAN

*

A LOVING and loyal tribute to Helena P. Blavatsky, the World Teacher of the nineteenth century, who restored to man the knowledge of his divine origin and of the glorious ancient past; who pointed him to a path of spiritual effort worthy the godlike nature; and who, in her writings, left a lamp of wisdom to guide him upon the way.

The radiance of this Diamond Soul is reaching the heart-life of the world; the mighty fearlessness of her devotion is rending the veils that hid the oneness of Truth; her sublime compassion shall yet be the ideal of men of every race and age to come; the clarion challenge of her selfless life echoes around the world and calls men to true conceptions of the unity and purpose in the destiny of humanity.— MARJORIE M. TYBERG

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

BRIGHT flame of pure compassion, warrior tried and true, once more we hail you as the rolling years recall your pioneer endeavors for the Race.

Mere wordy eloquence or flowery praise is valueless in your discriminating gaze, nor would we offer verbal homage in the place of dedicated lives. Rather we give ourselves anew to that great enterprise in which for many lives you have poured forth your energies. Shoulder to shoulder will we march, casting aside the petty hindrances retarding our advance, and with a concentrated adamant will, resolved to blend our separated lives in that great river of devoted force in which all lofty souls are merged.— H. P. LEONARD

*
"She has no need of any man's praise; but even she has need of Justice."—*William Q. Judge*

FOR the courage of your world-wide Mystic Quest to find God and the Soul in Man; for your loyalty to the mighty perished Past which you made live again; for your revelation of Man to Himself and your restoration of his Birthright of Divinity; for your compassionate vindication of the rights of the animal world whose "long hymn of suffering" smote your heart; for the Divine, Immortal Wisdom of your imperial Books, and your example as a woman and a Soul:

For these and more than these we pay you tribute, "H. P. B.," as one who "being dead, yet speaketh."—*GRACE KNOCH*

*
"For a good tree bringeth not forth evil fruit, neither doth a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

"My own principle has ever been to make the Light of Truth the beacon of my life," wrote Mme. Blavatsky. In all her voluminous writings, not once does she offend the moral sense. She taught the highest morality, love of truth, purity of life, service of humanity; of these her own life was a shining example. Attacks against her are but signs of the vigorous strength of Theosophy. Men attack only that which they fear; they who love darkness ever hate the light. Her glorious teachings and the work of her successors, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, are a complete refutation of all the calumnies uttered against her.

I became a member of the original Theosophical Society in 1890, six months before Mme. Blavatsky's death, and since 1892 have been actively engaged in Theosophical work. My gratitude and devotion to H. P. Blavatsky and my reverence for her have grown with the passing years. For me she stands as one of the Great Teachers of the ages.—*JOSEPH H. FUSSELL*

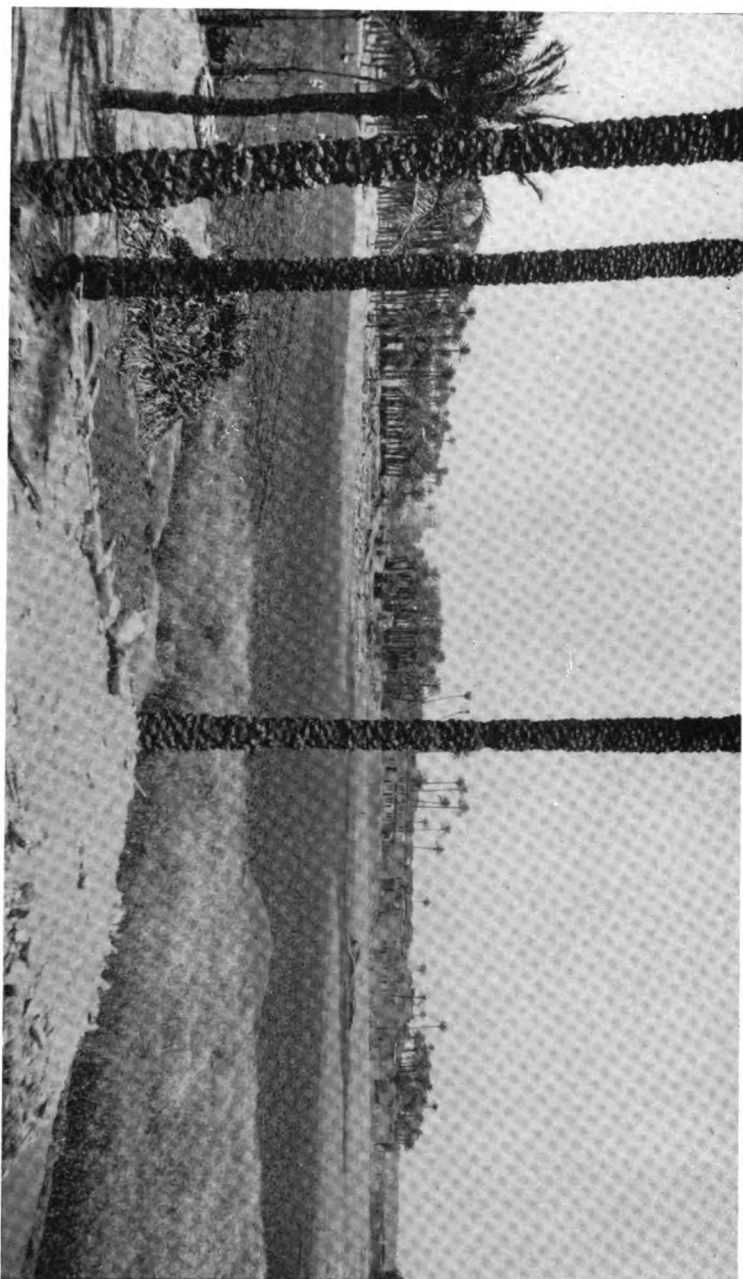
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H. P. BLAVATSKY's life and her work were essentially prophetic. In her own make-up she was a living example of a stage of development which, compared with the average human being, made her teachings of human perfectibility seem not only possible but natural. She exemplified the character of one who had consciously traveled farther along the path of destiny than her fellow-men. Her knowledge of life and of natural laws were the undoubted heritage of ages of past experience, which nothing but reincarnation could account for. Her selflessness and tireless energy in laboring to restore the ancient truths to the world, showed how truly brotherhood is a fact in nature, and that the tie is founded in the unity which originates in man's birthright of divinity. In an age steeped and blinded at the lowest point of a densely materialistic cycle, she showed how one could overcome the illusions of matter by self-conquest, and could travel along the upward arc of the cycle.

Her teachings, touching life at every point, foretold the inevitable changing and crumbling of the foundations of institutions which were confidently regarded as secure and promising. The vexed and seemingly unrelated problems of the industrial, educational, religious, and social worlds she synthesized and harmonized into the single question of man's progressive growth and self-development. She explained how, instead of the individual being lost in the general racial advance, the law of karma restored to him his just due, life after life.

Madame Blavatsky warned the nations of the disasters which to the average mind seem to have fallen out of a clear sky. But in pointing out the karmic effect of ages of unbrotherliness,—which are expressed in the terrible war and its aftermath—she no less confidently predicted the uprising of a great spiritual wave, such as this humanity had not yet known. When her heroic soul had worn out its body, she left her work of hope and inspiration in the hands of a worthy successor, William Q. Judge.—*LYDIA ROSS, M. D.*

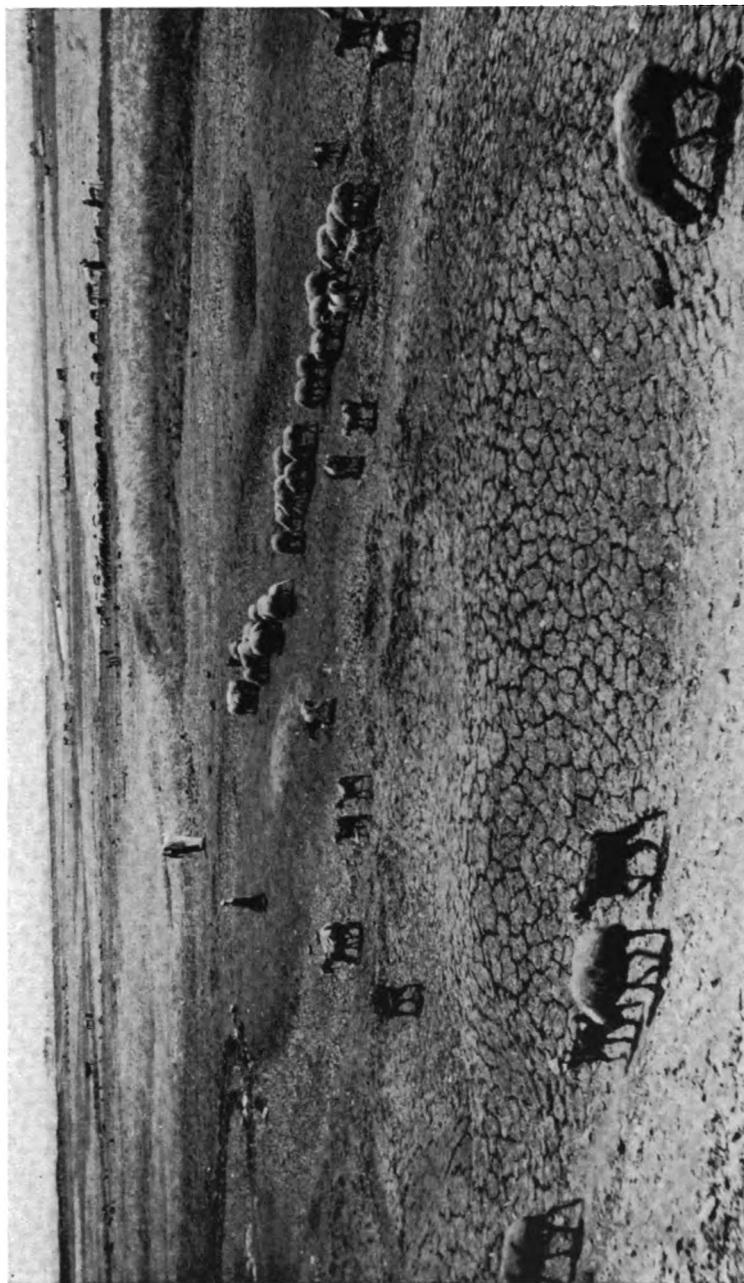
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"Others abide our question; thou art free."

SHE sowed the fields of thought with poetry, aspiration, faith in the divine order of things. She made spiritual thinking possible. Her fiery energies, her dynamic strength of will, heart, intellect, allowed none to remain indifferent: here was one out of the Heroic Age, who challenged all souls. The ethics of the Christs and Buddhas, grown faint with time, she wrote anew in letters of fire; and reinforced with a majestic and irrefutable philosophy. No Great Soul appears, but sets the kennels of malignity yapping and snarling: for the attacks that were made on her, it is enough to say that they are lies.—*KENNETH MORRIS*



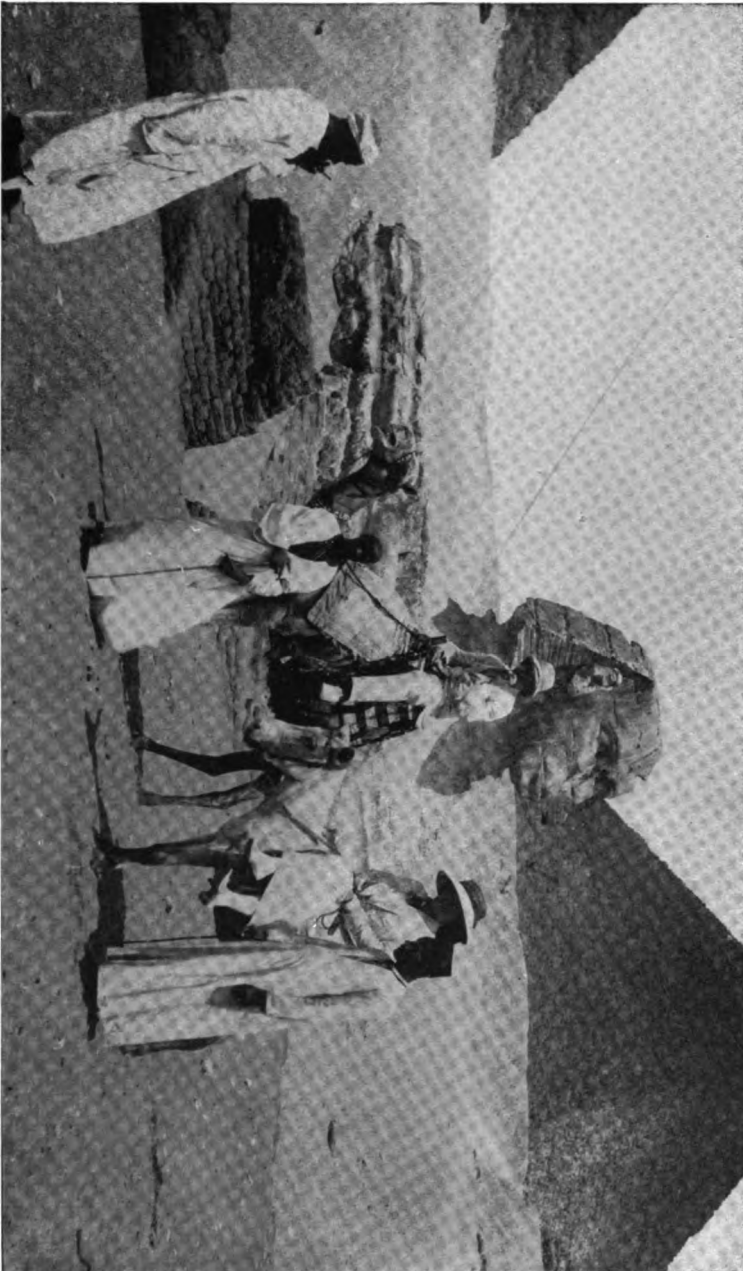
IN EGYPT — A LAND OF FAR HORIZONS

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Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

A VIEW OF THE DELTA-LAND OF THE NILE



IN THE LAND OF ANCIENT MYSTERY

Lansland Photo & Engraving Co.



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BEDOUIN CAMP, EGYPT

QUEENS OF THE NILE-LAND

KATE HANSON

EGYPT, that land of inexhaustible wonders, has not yet given up all her secrets. The horizon of her history recedes with each new discovery. Those who love her and approach her reverently feel the collective might of centuries in her presence. Like some high priestess of the mysteries she guards her ancient wisdom from the unworthy — unmoved by force or temptation. Throned among those purple hills that slowly creep across the tawny desert, the Spirit of "this wonder-working Nile-land" looks out from the eyes of the Great Sphinx, whispers in the murmurs of the old river, and still dwells in the ruins of every shattered temple. Myriad ages lie behind her, the glories of centuries yet unborn await her in the future.

Through the hazy morning of her first history move grand and mysterious figures — Sons of the Sun, kings and warriors, the friends of great gods, who themselves fight her battles, lead her victorious armies and walk familiarly with men. Through this mist of years one catches glimpses now and then of stately, queenly personalities, moving graciously in the procession of martial and priestly forms — now crowned with the sacred uraeus and wielding the scepter of empire; again half-veiled in incense and wreathed with lotus blooms, standing in the temples as teachers and guardians of the mysteries; now loved and honored as the wives and mothers of sovereigns.

Egypt has never been as other lands. "Its extraordinary culture, the high standard of its art, the breadth of its philosophies, perfection of its mechanical skill and brilliancy of its conquests, make up the most remarkable and fascinating story in the annals of nations. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this Ancient Empire was the very unusual position held in it by the Egyptian woman, a position unique and unparalleled in the history of womankind." (Janet Buttlers.) "She had a large share not only in the government of the family, but also in religious ceremonies and in the affairs of the exterior world. Her importance in the State seems to have been supreme, and many writers of Egyptology hold that woman was the sole heiress" (Maspero). Prof. Petrie says: "It is very doubtful if a king could reign, except as the husband of the heiress of the kingdom, the right to which descended in the female line, like other property. . . . From very early times the possession of the realm appears to have been claimed as a divine inheritance."

This dates from the time when Egypt, like the other nations of an-

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tiquity, was ruled by King-Initiates, whose wisdom and great power insured the prosperity of the country and kept alive the knowledge of the mysteries which were the inner light and life of the primeval religions.

Little remains now but a memory: a fable, an empty tomb; a jeweled arm or hand, and once a tress of golden hair. The romance of discovery lies in this: searching in the dust and silence for fragments of lost splendor, the sympathy and imagination of the explorer must resurrect and endow with their aforesaid charm these crumbling bodies of the royal dead; must remove them from the glass cases wherein they lie, build again their splendid palaces, and let them move and sway the scepter as in days now long gone by.

As a fossil leaf or bone calls up before the geologist whole ages of evolution, so does a fragile vase or a jeweled bracelet unroll before the inner eye of the archaeologist long panoramas of unwritten history. As with a magician's wand he peoples the desert wastes of time with busy races, calls up vanished cities from the sands, changes the mirage of glittering minaret and carved walls into polished bronze and stone. Tomb and pyramid yield their treasure; the heavy sarcophagi of red and rose-pink granite shelter not only the bodies of the royal dead, but objects showing the art and skill of the ancient craftsmen. Tradition comes to our aid and paints for us the temples in their glory, with silver-paved corridors, ceilings studded with golden stars, gates of bronze and electrum, the gorgeous hangings of the east, with jeweled censers and inscriptions of carnelian and lapis-lazuli. And there were palaces, brightly painted, carved, and gold-adorned, in which the shining blue ceilings were of lapis-lazuli and the doors were of copper.

From the tombs come most exquisite examples of the richness and beauty of ancient arts and crafts. A bracelet found in one of the archaic tombs was "composed of turquoise, and small gold plaques surmounted by hawks, finely-cut amethysts, and gold flowers, tinted stones and a sort of glass paste, all of very delicate workmanship. . . . The tomb of Nub-Hetep-Takrutid, the daughter of Amenemhat III, was also found to contain articles of the greatest beauty. The mummy was laid in a gilded wooden coffin. The jewels of the dead princess were beautifully wrought in gold and sparkled with Egyptian emeralds, carnelian, and lapis-lazuli. There were diadems, necklaces, bracelets, scepters, daggers, and amulets, besides various articles for the toilet. In a case of alabaster vases, each vase was marked with the name of the perfume which had filled it. The outfit contained also a mirror of blue enameled silver, vases, and plates of pottery."

During the troublous Hyksos period, when Egypt was in the throes of freeing herself from foreign dominion, the throne was filled by queens

QUEENS OF THE NILE-LAND

and Pharaohs of commanding character. Foremost among these is Aah-hetep, the wife of Se-quenem-Ra. Her life was long and eventful. "Her husband died on some distant battlefield fighting for the liberty of his country. Three of her sons in turn wore the uraeus." When Aahmes the Third returned after final victories he gave his mother the royal state and dignities befitting her. She was the making of Egyptian history through the reigns of her husband, son, grandson, and great-grandson, Thothmes I, outliving even her daughter Aahmes-Nefertari, considered one of the most brilliant of Egyptian queens. This last was possessed of a vigorous character and kingly spirit, fitting her to share the throne with her brother Aahmes, with whom she reigned jointly. She continued to reign after the accession of her son and after her death was paid divine honors — being raised to the rank of a goddess. A special priesthood was devoted to her worship, which became one of the most popular cults.

When Aah-hetep's tomb was discovered, it was a 'find' of unusual interest. The massive gilt cover of the sarcophagus was carved in the likeness of her face and the "body was covered from head to foot by the great folded wings of Isis." The jewelry found with her was of pure gold, very soft and bright, set with beautiful gems, wrought in designs of great delicacy and beauty. One of the collars worn by the queen was "made of twisted cord, and flowers of four outspread petals intersected with many figures of lions, antelopes, hawks, jackals, and vultures and winged serpents. A second necklace is composed of rosettes of gold set with precious stones, while others have golden flies as pendants. Among the treasures of this tomb were two small boats of gold and silver. Each little craft is supplied with twelve tiny rowers, helmsman, and chief officer, all made of silver."

In other tombs are found pieces of elegant and graceful furniture, work-boxes of gold and sky-blue enamel, and richly inlaid wood-work; pink cushions stuffed with pigeon feathers, mirrors, and cups in the shape of lilies made of turquoise-blue faience veined with gold.

One of the most commanding figures of all Egyptian history is that of Queen Thiy. The discovery and opening of her tomb and that of her parents is a romance no one should deny himself the pleasure of reading. She was the wife of Amenhetep the Third, who married her in defiance of law and custom, for she was of foreign, probably Asiatic birth, and of humble lineage. Both were young when the prince found in this girl a character so remarkable that he raised her to be queen of the foremost country of the world, and bestowed on her royal titles belonging only to queens of full royal descent.

The queen's beauty and ability are proved by the many tributes

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

made to her by the king in inscriptions, commemorative scarabs, and sculptures representing the two together. Her influence was felt powerfully in affairs of state and it is said of her "that in more than one instance a foreign potentate appealed to her directly in affairs affecting international relations." To the queen is perhaps attributable that strange era in Egyptian history when a complete revolution in religion and art was ushered in by her son Akhnaten. It is not yet certain whether the queen was of Egyptian or Syrian descent, but at any rate through her influence, her son, when grown to manhood, endeavored to resist the growing power of the priesthood and to free the Egyptian religion from the shackles of political partisanship and straight-laced dogmatism. Egyptologists are very much at variance as to whether this was a period of swift decline or an attempted return to freer standards of art and a more natural, less ceremony-encumbered, ritual. Certainly the young king was right in teaching his people to reverence the Light and Life in the Sun rather than its material form, and his effort to bind together a great empire on the principles of peace and universal brotherhood was surely a noble one. It was as impossible to accomplish such an end at that remote period as it is now, and the sudden reversion from one god to another was more than the nation could understand or endure. While the king preached peace, he forgot that unruly and warlike neighbors were preying on his frontiers, and it required the utmost strength of Horemheb, the strong-handed general who succeeded Akhnaten, to lift Egypt again to her proper place among the nations. While the king lived art flourished, and the beauty of the goldsmith work is easily seen in the rich furnishings with which Akhnaten buried his exalted mother. The palace in which she lived had its ceilings, walls, and floors painted in delicate designs of bright birds, butterflies, and running waters, where swim life-like fish and ducks amid the lotus and papyrus plants.

In this palace she lived and reigned independently after her husband's death, even during his lifetime receiving ambassadors and embassies from foreign lands. The famous Tel-el-Amarna tablets deal with this period, and show that the queen alone was informed about certain relations of her husband with foreign powers.

Her last resting-place was of unsurpassed richness. Her head was encircled with the wings of the vulture-crown, shimmering and iridescent, while sheets of gold surrounded the coffin and enveloped the body from head to foot. The coffin was gorgeous with inlaid lapis-lazuli, carnelian, and turquoise, set into a ground of solid gold. The canopic jars show a face of rare beauty, delicate and flower-like, and as examples of an idealized likeness they are unrivaled.

Hatshepsut, the queen of Thothmes the Second, was associated with

A SYMPOSIUM

her father in the government of Egypt even before he died. The death of her husband and children left her sole ruler, and her active, busy life was filled with peaceful increase of every kind. She built the famous temple of Deir-el-Bahari, under the Theban hills, and on various journeys through the land, restored and enriched such of the temples as were falling into decay. Her patronage led to the remarkable expedition to Punt in search of gold, strange plants, and animals, and of the incense-trees, whose sweet gum was indispensable in the worship of Amen-Ra. The story of her life and activities is sculptured on the walls of her temple, and till her death she held the reins of government firmly in her hands, overpowering even her warlike and imperious nephew, Thothmes III.

There is a wonderful fascination in stepping from this crude modern time with its glaring life into the glamor and stateliness of these remote centuries. It is a grateful relief from the trivial and commonplace to escape down the long corridors of time into ages when life was long enough to be enjoyed, when the sunlight of morning was still fresh and the dew still undried on the lotus-petals. A goodly company for lonely hours are these gods and warriors and queens. The chambers of the mind can be richly furnished from the stores of the Pharaohs and their court; the resurrection becomes an article of daily faith when at every turn one meets the winged sun, or sees the scarab hourly rising from the sands into the burning blue, and finds flowers heaped high on the coffins lest the tomb shall be too gloomy for its occupant. These narrow doorways into the Theban hills are small and dark, but they lead into sunlit realms so vast that fifty centuries have not served to explore them fully.

A SYMPOSIUM

R. MACHELL

A. — WHAT a queer world it is, to be sure. Nobody seems satisfied: every one wanting what someone else has, although knowing well that those they envy are no more contented than themselves. The young want to be grown up; a wish whose fulfillment will bring with it a longing to be young again, in spite of all experience proving the fallacy of the supposition that youth's capacity for enjoyment brings contentment. Enjoyment is a most unsatisfying experience.

B. — A foolish world! Everyone toiling to gain experience, which when gained will show them how unsatisfying is the attainable: and consequently how futile is any hope of happiness in life.

C. — What then are we living for? What is the purpose of life?

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D.— To satisfy desire. We live because we hope to reach satisfaction.

C.— Is satisfaction happiness? Is satiety a state of bliss? It means the paralysing of desire, leaving life purposeless. If death is the object of life, why are we born at all? If on the other hand desire is insatiable, then life is a mere waste of effort to attain the unattainable.

D.— That's what I say. There is nothing to live for, unless it be forgetfulness, oblivion, an end of life — the satisfaction of desire.

C.— How can there be an end of life? Have you tried to think of an end to that which is? What is the end?

D.— The end is nothingness: the complete satisfaction of all desires, even of the desire to live. The end is satisfaction. When all desire ceases then life ends automatically. There is no beyond.

C.— It seems to me that even in your denial you recognise the beyond as something, whose existence you deny but whose reality you admit, in that you make it inclose and surround the something you call life. That makes indeed "not one incomprehensible but three incomprehensibles." First the illusion we call life; then the cessation of life, which we call death; and then the pure nothingness, that lies beyond. Which is the reality?

D.— Life is real so long as it lasts: but it has an end.

C.— The end of something is the beginning of something else, and the beginning of anything is the end of what was before. So if life has one end it must have two, one of which must be called the beginning. The surface of the ocean is where the water ends and the air begins; and that surface has no substance of its own, it comes between the air and water and yet it is only the place where they meet. It is more like nothingness than the air or water, and yet it is the only starting-place for measuring either of them. It is nothing in itself, but it is necessary to both as separate states of matter, which, while different in kind, are yet contiguous. The end of one is the beginning of the other; there is no need of any bridge between them, because there is no space between to be bridged over. Such is the end that joins our life on to the future, which is another state of consciousness. Such an end is death.

D.— But death is oblivion.

C.— Is there such a state? Can consciousness become unconscious? Unconsciousness is unthinkable: it is mere nothingness, and the mind can not hold the concept of mere nothingness. It is quite possible to stop objective thinking, but only by making the mind act subjectively. Consciousness goes on, but changes from the contemplation of objects to the subjective state of meditation. Death may be such a change, but it is not oblivion even if all earthly memories be obliterated by the destruction of the body. Oblivion means more than just forgetfulness,

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which is the inability to recall the picture of a past experience. Forgetfulness is merely failure of a function, it is not unconsciousness. It is an expedient of nature by means of which the thinker may recover hope of happiness, while he forgets his past experience, which might serve to convince him that happiness is not attainable in life and so would encourage him to destroy his body in the hope of reaching happiness by a short cut, which is not in Nature's plan apparently.

If memory were entirely destroyed there would be no record of events and consequently no consciousness of time: that would mean, not duration but infinity, which is unthinkable to the mind.

D.— That's what I say. Death is oblivion.

C.— Death may look like oblivion to a living man, but not to the dead. Death is a personal affair, a change of state. People are dying all the time but life goes on unaffected. Life is impersonal. It is consciousness. Death is not even an interval between two states of consciousness; it is the passing of the soul from one state to another. There is no end to life: though lifetimes end, there is no end to consciousness; and as to Death, that is the greatest fraud of all. There is no death. We live eternally because we cannot die. That's all about it.

A.— Not all by any means. The conditions under which we live seem to me more interesting than the fact of mere existence, and the personal purpose of a life is more important than either. There are people who seem to have a clearly defined purpose in life that gives them a certain significance, and that makes other people wonder why they themselves cannot keep up a permanent or sufficient interest in anything enough to make life seem purposive. The generality of people just go on living and do not want to stop. Both mind and body may become causes of suffering; yet each drives on the other in the pursuit of that which the mind at least knows to be unattainable.

B.— A mad world! Madness is the real motive power in man's life. Reason is out of place in such a bedlam.

A.— No! Reason is necessary to man; without it one could not know what madness means.

C.— What does it mean? What is this power, this madness that is superior to reason, that makes life endurable to creatures calling themselves reasonable, who yet by reason can prove to themselves the foolishness of living and the impossibility of death?

A.— There was a time, before men lost their faith in Gods, or God, when madmen were considered to be under a divine protection and to be liable to be employed by higher powers as agents of communication between the divine and human worlds. Lunatics were more or less sacred creatures. But when materialism killed religion there was no longer any

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place for lunatics but the asylum, and their utterances were no longer thought to be inspired. But lunacy is steadily increasing, and the madness of the world still claims to be reasonable and to be able to decide what kind of lunatic shall be confined in an asylum or a prison, or be elected to the legislature or to the judiciary. It seems that we are able to discriminate, and that is an evidence of reason, surely.

B.—Certainly the madness of the world is different from that which it calls lunacy. The madness that makes men live in spite of their pessimism is a sublime infatuation amounting to inspiration; it can translate despair into a philosophic ecstasy that makes life quite endurable. It can take all the chill out of fatalism and make it glow with the fire of faith. It is as utterly unreasonable as faith is, and as sublime. It seems to be a fire that issues from the heart of things, that simply burns up all the temporary scaffolding of logic that the mind builds as a framework for its scheme of life. By its light the inevitable appears as the desirable, necessity becomes the law of life.

C.—That sounds like a very reasonable kind of madness. Is it not reasonable to bow to the inevitable? What is more rational than to identify our will with that which rules the universe?

B.—Why, it has been the task and pride of reason to prove to man the absurdity of believing in any universal mind or will. Reason supports the rule of chance. It is reason that overrides experience and declares all men are equal, and proves it in face of the obvious diversity of types and of the infinite variety of powers and possibilities in individuals. Reason has banished faith and chilled the fires of evolution. The madness of the world is all that saves humanity from extinction; the sublime insanity of hope, and faith, and intuition.

E.—I should be sorry to introduce a jarring note into this charming symphony of pessimism; but really it does seem to me as if you were all confusing the various parts of a machine with the motive power that drives it, while entirely ignoring the driver who controls the whole. The steering wheel is not the motive power, but it is necessary. The motive power is not self-controlled; the driver is not part of the machine but he is essential to its use. He is not mad because he has faith in the principles on which his engine is constructed, even if the machine fails to respond to his will. The driver is not necessarily insane even if the machine acts like a lunatic. The parts of the machine may all be adequate to their legitimate purpose and yet be useless for lack of co-ordination or for failure of the motive power. All that is needed then is the superior will and knowledge of the mechanic, the constructor, or the controller of the machine. That guiding power is not madness.

B.—It certainly is not reason. Now a machine is an embodiment

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of reason; it is perfectly logical. It is an expression of the purpose for which it was created. It is not human, it has no original ideas and no ideals. And if a machine acts like a lunatic the reason is always ascertainable. The driver's motives are more likely to be emotional than reasonable. A man will often know immediately what is the matter with his machine without thinking about it in a rational manner. A clever driver in handling a machine uses a quality of intuition that is not reasonable. It is the same in all things: man's superiority to reason lies in his madness; that is in his recognition of a power that lies outside the bounds of reason and that ignores the laws of logic.

E.— That is intuition, which is the highest kind of pure reason.

B.— On the contrary, intuition is the direct perception of truth. Reason is argumentative: it proceeds from experience to anticipation by a calculation of probabilities. Intuition looks straight to the heart of things and knows the truth. Such a faculty is super-intellectual, it is the action of a being of a higher order using the mind of man as a man uses a machine. The machine may be reasonable, not the man.

A.— Now you are talking as if intuition were the most ordinary faculty of man, instead of being so rare as to be almost a negligible quantity in man's general make-up. If intuition were general the world would be divine, a paradise, and not a vast lunatic asylum, as you declare it is.

B.— Say rather, if intuition were generally operative, instead of being as it is, latent. Without it man is a reasoning animal, not a lunatic. He acts from instinctual desires like an animal, and reasons about his acts, explains them to himself, and finds reasons to account for his conduct, all of which is due to his having latent in him this intuition that makes him more than an animal, but which being inoperative makes him a little less than man.

C.— If he is neither god, nor man, nor animal, what is he?

B.— A lunatic! He tries to imitate the animals, and falls below them: he apes the gods, at the same time denying his own divinity. Mad! very mad!!

E.— How can he recover sanity?

A.— He must invoke the driver of the machine and having found him he must take his proper place and let the driver have control.

B.— He must awake his intuition and recognise it as the light of Truth.

A.— The old Greek philosopher said "Man know thyself!" and the advice is still good. To be self-conscious and to understand the strange complexity of human nature is to rise far above the animal and to be really man, a younger brother of the gods, with consciousness of such inherent possibilities as would make men divine indeed. But as soon

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as this self-consciousness awakes and man begins to feel the god within him stirring, he goes mad.

B.— Exactly! The animal man, with his lower intellect awakened, feeling the urge of the divine man within and not understanding the difference between his lower and his higher self, takes credit to his personal self for the high ideals awakened by the soul. His vanity breaks loose and makes a fool of him, and the poor soul within is helpless, for the machine is not in control, but is 'running free.' The man is mad — and it is the divine urge within that makes him so. If the truth were known, I think we should have to admit that the soul is no better than a lunatic on this plane until it has got a reasonable mind in a healthy body for its machine. Then it would be a master, a genius, a god-like intelligence, a leader and teacher of men. When such an enlightened being finds support in the world and a fitting following, then a great age begins. But without recognition such an one is but "a voice crying in the wilderness," whose message is unintelligible to mankind. Just as the soul in man speaks unintelligibly unless it can command the service of an intelligent and reasonable mind housed in a sane and healthy body.

C.— But if the soul itself is no better than a lunatic on this plane, how can it guide the lower man and enlighten his reason?

B.— In the same way in which a high ideal can ennoble a man's mind; that is, by inspiring it with an unselfish motive, and by releasing it from delusions such as the belief in matter as the one reality, and the belief in separateness as a permanent condition. A man who has high ideals and no common sense, no reason, no sense of the fitness of things, is a lunatic in spite of the elevated character of his ideals. And that is what the civilized world suffers from all the time. Some men have cultivated reason to the exclusion of spiritual ideals, and so have become intellectual machines, by-products of evolution, nature's failures, for they cannot progress any further. Others have misused their reason entirely and have tried to live as animals, while not conforming to the laws of animal life. So they have become degenerate, having perverted both their physical body and their rational mind. The rest are mad.

C.— Then evolution is a failure?

B.— Not at all. Progress is not a continuous development: you have not to look far to see that in all growth there are periods of activity and repose. The tree is not dead because it sheds its leaves; the leaves have not failed because they perish from the tree.

C.— Then madness is a necessary phase of evolution?

B.— Who can say? It seems almost unavoidable as a temporary affliction at this stage of our development. It is the urge of Nature makes men mad. She knows their possibilities and is impatient of their

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stupidity; so she urges them to know themselves, to find their true selves. She calls the soul to animate the semi-torpid intellect, and the first result is inflation of the personal vanity. The lower mind is flattered by a vision of unsuspected power, and at once proceeds to deify the passions, calling them divine impulses to be immediately gratified. Pride appears justified and the man gives it full play, seeking to domineer over his weaker fellows instead of mastering himself. The soul inspires him with ideals such as self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, and he accepts them as warrant for his egotism and selfish pride, not having learned that his personality is not his true self. So the first effort of the awakening soul may result in temporary insanity. And that is where the world seems to be at present.

C.— What is the remedy? Will things right themselves? What can man do for himself if he is only a crazy degenerate?

A.— A man in a nightmare cannot help himself much until he wakes. A drunkard must get sober. It is the same old story, "Man know thyself!" The first thing necessary is that he shall awake.

C.— Who will awaken him?

E.— The Self. The effort to find himself is the awakening from the bad dream of separateness. The secret of the redemption is the mystery of Self. The whole task of evolution is the finding of the Self. The mystery lies in the fact that, while man does not know what or who he is, he is intensely aware of his personal self: just as, in a dream, he may be fully convinced that he is wide awake. The first step in the awakening process is the dawning of altruism, which is the recognition of other selves as of equal importance with his own. Selfishness is blindness to this equality of all selves, in fact to the existence of other selves with equal rights. Egotism is merely blindness caused by ignorance and what we call heartlessness.

C.— Ignorance is intellectual blindness perhaps, but heartlessness is another thing altogether, surely.

E.— Certainly. The soul acts through the heart because the heart is more responsive to spiritual vibrations than the brain. When the heart awakens the brain becomes more or less illuminated in a new way. A heartless man may be highly intellectual, but he will be lacking in the deeper quality of true wisdom because incapable of sympathy, which is really a spiritual quality. Men of intellect frequently despise the heart and its emotions while they glorify the brain and its ratiocinations. But they have not understood that there is a heart in man that is not identical with the physical organ, and that there are emotions of the heart which are as much superior to the reasoning processes of the brain-mind as intellectuality is superior to the lower sensuous emotions, wrong-

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ly attributed to the heart. Physiology is dual, as is all else; there is a higher and a lower, an exoteric and an esoteric science, the one intellectual, the other spiritual; and unless this duality is recognised man cannot awaken from his dream of egotism to the reality of true self-consciousness.

C.— Again I ask who can awaken him?

E.— And again I say the Self. The one Self, that is within all the little personal selves. It is constantly trying to find expression in the universe, even when its reflexions in matter mistake themselves for the reality and deny their origin. It is constantly calling them to awaken from their dream of separateness and to realize the one true Self in all. The call goes out from the central Supreme Self, and it is echoed here and there by selves that are seeking self-knowledge. These half-awakened souls cry out to the other dreamers, who have not heard the call of the Supreme, and finding their efforts to awaken the sleepers fruitless they call for help, and a great soul is born in answer to their call. A Teacher comes and says, "You are all brothers, children of one family; love one another! There is but one self, and that is Universal." A memory of the truth is roused in their hearts and men say, "This is Theosophy, the Ancient Wisdom, the Wisdom of the Gods."

A.— Then they arise and try to silence the Teacher, for men hate the truth.

C.— Why should they?

B.— Because they fear it.

D.— With good reason. If life is all a delusion, truth would put an end to it. Men love life and fear death; why should they not hate truth?

E.— The death of a delusion is the awakening to a reality. Truth does not destroy life, it glorifies and transmutes it. The delusion lies in mistaking the temporary, separate, life of the personality for true life. Truth would free men from this delusion and would give them a reality in place of it — the conscious dignity of Soul-life, which would not destroy the ordinary existence, but would ennoble it and set men firmly on the path of evolution.

C.— What is that path?

E.— Duty. The path of Wisdom and of Love. It has many names.

C.— And what is the goal?

E.— Perfection. The awakening of the Soul to full Self-consciousness. Have you forgotten the old invocation of the Sun, the prayer for light? "O Thou that givest light and sustenance unto the Universe; from whom all doth proceed, and to whom all must return; Unveil the face of the true Sun, now hidden by a vase of golden light, that we may know the truth and do our whole duty, as we journey towards thy sacred seat!"

THE PAST HOLDS A MIRROR TO THE FUTURE

T. HENRY, M. A.

IT is the purpose of the present article to give some extracts from the presidential address delivered before the 1916 meeting of the British Association by Sir Arthur Evans, the celebrated archaeologist and explorer of the ancient Minoan civilization in Crete; and to show in what a remarkable manner they justify the forecasts made by H. P. Blavatsky nearly thirty years earlier, as to the coming discoveries of archaeology; and how these discoveries agree with the Theosophical teachings regarding the antiquity of civilization and the law of cycles in human history.

It is well known that Theosophy has always combated the too narrow and foreshortened view of human history ordinarily taken, declaring that the available facts do not warrant such a view; and that it has pointed out the evidences upon which a far broader view may be based. Theosophy has declared not only that humanity is much older than science had supposed, but even that civilization, culture, and advanced knowledge are much older. It has stated that progress is cyclic in its movement; that is, that there is a successive recurrence of periods of knowledge and culture, alternating with periods of decline and ignorance; also that civilization passes in waves over the face of the land, the light being handed on by one race to another. All this, together with many important deductions therefrom, is found admirably confirmed in the presidential address to which we have just referred; and we may proceed at once to our extracts and comments on them.

"In recent years . . . the patient exploration of early sites, in many cases of huge stratified mounds, the unearthing of buried buildings, the opening of tombs, and the research of minor relics, has reconstituted the successive stages of whole fabrics of former civilization, the very existence of which was formerly unsuspected."

And one is led to wonder how much more, still unsuspected, remains to be revealed, and to what extent we may be justified in relying upon the assurances of H. P. Blavatsky, as they have so far been vindicated.

An important point is raised by our next quotation: that of the bearing of these discoveries upon our future attitude of mind — the influence of the past on the future. For in combating the too narrow views prevalent, H. P. Blavatsky had chiefly in mind the effect which such narrow views have upon our attitude towards life; or, to be more exact, the mutual action and reaction between our attitude of mind and our theory of history. Sir Arthur Evans says:

"Thus evoked, the past is often seen to hold a mirror to the future, correcting wrong im-

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pressions — the result of some temporary revolution in the whirligig of time — by the more permanent standard of abiding conditions, and affording in the solid evidence of past well-being the 'substance of things hoped for.'"

Is our present civilization, with all its accompaniments both physical and mental, a "temporary revolution in the whirligig of time"? And are our views merely wrong impressions, due to be corrected by reference to a more permanent standard? What are "abiding conditions"? Surely this must mean the continuous thread of human soul-life that runs beneath all the times and changes that agitate the surface. And indeed it is true that a knowledge of the great things achieved by humanity in the past inspires us with hope for what it may achieve in the future. It shows us how great man is, and how old, and how immortal.

"The evocation of the past carries with it living responsibilities,"

adds the lecturer in another place.

With respect to the Roman empire, it may help us to realize the importance of that particular unification and consolidation of humanity, if we reflect on what it accomplished in the diffusion of knowledge and culture. Well may the Gods have had an interest in founding and preserving that mighty institution to help keep the links unbroken through a dangerous period of history. Near Newcastle, as the President points out, there was found an altar of Jupiter Dolichenus, the old Anatolian God of the Double Axe, the male form of the divinity once worshiped in the prehistoric Labyrinth of Crete. And in one of his scintillating phrases he adds:

"The Orontes may be said to have flowed into the Tyne as well as the Tiber."

No part of H. P. Blavatsky's works is more important than those which deal with the preservation of the symbolism and rites of the eternal Wisdom-Religion, and the diffusion thereof over the earth from race to race.

Birthplaces and cradles are things which all races are supposed to have, and great is the competition waged among authorities in locating them. Dr. Evans is able to assign a new birthplace for European civilization, though he is not so dogmatic as to deny that it may be supplanted by some still more ancient claim.

"The marvelous Minoan civilization . . . shows that Crete of 4000 years ago must unquestionably be regarded as the birthplace of our European civilization in its higher form. But are we, even then, appreciably nearer to the fountain head?

"A new and far more remote vista has opened out in recent years, and it is not too much to say that a wholly new standpoint has been gained from which to survey the early history of of the human race."

And he goes on to speak of the high level of art and appliances in the last Quaternary period, and of discoveries therein which

"have revolutionized our knowledge of a phase of human culture which goes so far back

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beyond the limits of any continuous story that it may well be said to belong to an older world."

As to the polychrome masterpieces of the bison executed on the ceilings in the Altamira cave, we may recall that the darkness there is complete, and that there is no trace of smoke to be found; so that great progress must have been made in artificial illumination. And this, at a modest estimate (says the speaker) was 10,000 years earlier than the most ancient monuments of Egypt or Chaldaea.

"Nor is this an isolated phenomenon. One by one, characteristics, both spiritual and material, that had been formerly thought to be the special marks of later ages of mankind have been shown to go back to that earlier world." . . .

"It is now seen that the civilization which we call Babylonian, and which was hitherto known under its Semitic guise, was really in its main features an inheritance from the earlier Sumerian race. . . . Even the laws which Hammurabi traditionally received from the Babylonian sun god were largely modeled on the reforms enacted a thousand years earlier by his predecessor Urukagina, and ascribed by him to the inspiration of the city god of Lagash. . . . Even beyond the ancient Mesopotamian region . . . the researches of De Morgan, Gautier, and Lampre . . . have opened up another independent field, revealing a nascent civilization equally ancient, of which Elam — the later Susiana — was the center. Still further afield moreover — some 300 miles east of the Caspian — the interesting investigations of the Pampelly expedition in the mounds of Anau, near Ashkabad in southern Turkestan, have brought to light a parallel and related culture." . . .

"Turning to the Nile Valley, we are again confronted with an extraordinary revolution in the whole point of view effected during recent years. . . .

"A truer perspective has now been opened out. . . .

"The modernness of much of the life here [in Crete] revealed to us is astonishing. The elaboration of the domestic arrangements, the staircases story above story, the front places given to the ladies at shows, their fashionable flounced robes and jackets, the gloves sometimes seen on their hands or hanging from their folding chairs, their very mannerisms as seen on the frescoes, pointing their conversation with animated gestures — how strangely out of place would it all appear in a classical design."

Not the least striking in the points brought out by the above quotations is this: that civilization has not proceeded in a single rising line, from barbarism, up through various ascending grades, to its present level, as has been hitherto supposed by our historians; but that it has followed a wave motion, consisting of ebb and flow, appearance and disappearance, as taught by Theosophy. The ancient Cretans, four millenniums ago, were more like us than the Romans, two millenniums ago. See in this connexion the accounts of the ancient Chimus, discovered not long ago in the Chimcana Valley, Peru, whose civilization is placed at anywhere from 5000 to 10,000 B. C., and as to which the same remarks about modernness were made. (*Century Path*, Vol. XIII, Nos. 2 and 12). It may be remarked (as it naturally is by a first inquirer, and sometimes by hasty thinkers who ought to know better) that the idea of progress is thwarted by these conclusions as to the great antiquity of civilization and the continual recurrence of cycles. Such objections of

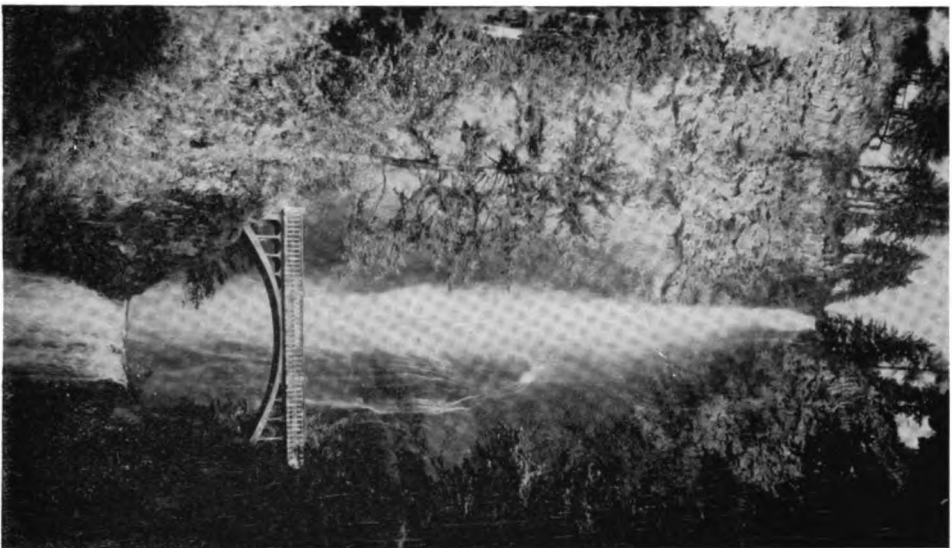
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course vanish in the light of further study or more careful thought. We must not confound the human soul with its bodily tenements. The matter can be made clearer by a reference to the animal kingdom. There we witness no visible progress, as the same species, with the same habits, are repeated century after century and millennium after millennium. Yet we know that this scale of organic forms, which remains for such long periods unaltered, is but the stairway up which hosts of intelligent monads are continually climbing in their march of evolution. And so with the human Soul. Its progress is constant, though this visible earth may witness again and again the same forms and the same institutions, as newer Souls in their turn pass through the stages we have left behind.

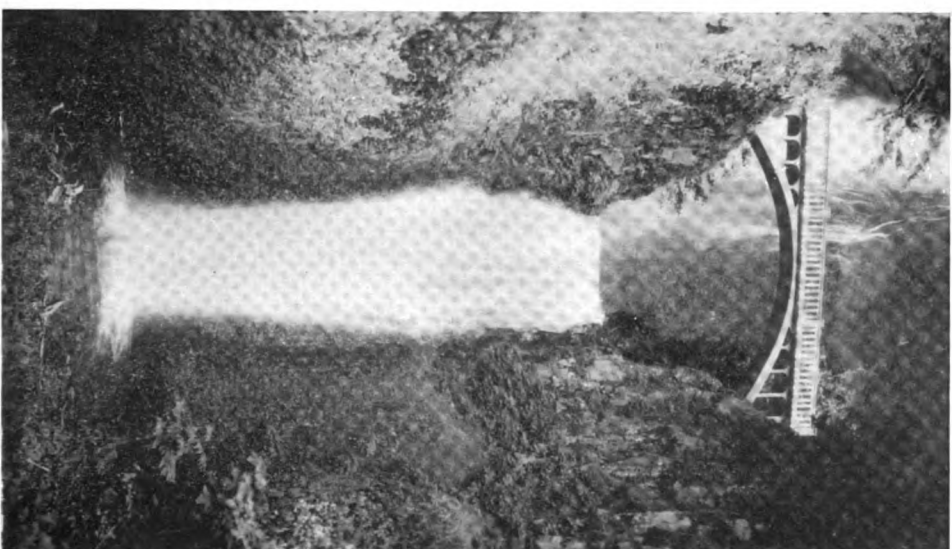
We find no cause for perplexity or doubt in these new revelations as to human history. We merely recognise that the scale of progress is both larger and more variegated than had been supposed. But to us this circumstance seems to multiply the prospects and opportunities, and to allow the mind a more ample field for conjecture. At all events, since we are here dealing with facts, and not with theories artificially designed to content the mind, we had better face those facts.

Nor shall it be mine to presume to limit and narrow down, by the feebleness of my thoughts, the mighty scope of that work which is being carried on by the host of immortal human Souls throughout the cycles. The crest-wave of evolution rises now aloft to the skies, and now sinks to the trough; but its sweep is ever onward; nor shall I think any slighter of my Soul or the Souls of my race, if I find them now passing through a phase of obscurity in the accomplishment of a work which may well, in remoter ages, have conducted them through halls of light. We must agree with the learned archaeologist that the knowledge of our past achievements is the spur to our present efforts and the promise of our future attainments.

'The more permanent standard of abiding conditions' is a happy phrase which one feels reluctant to leave. It is contrasted with the fluctuating standards of fleeting conditions. These latter give us false valuations; we correct them by reference to the former. 'Human nature is always the same,' people are fond of saying; but then they are usually sarcastic and mean the lower human nature. But what of the higher human nature? Is not that likewise ever the same? Is it not this that sets the more permanent standard of abiding conditions? Man in all ages has heard the voice of his own divine Soul and seen the light of his intuition from within. The permanent standards are those set by our innate human sense of right, justice, duty and harmony. It is these that guide the pilgrim through all his adventures, glorious and dismal. It is to these that we must recur for salvation in the existing crisis of affairs.



THE MULTNOMAH FALLS, OREGON
The main fall has a drop of 605 feet.



Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.
LOWER FALLS OF MULTNOMAH
Taken from a terrace about forty feet above
Columbia Highway.



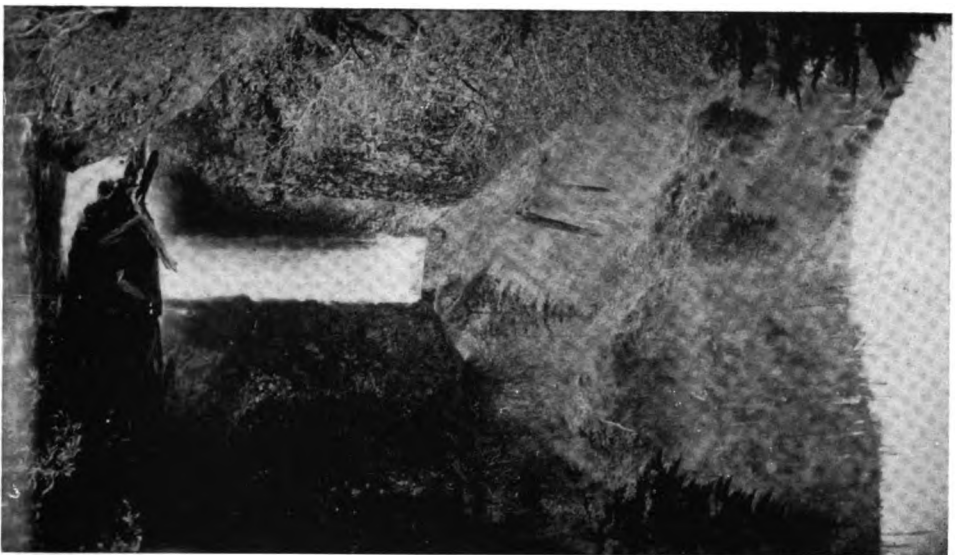
**MULTNOMAH CREEK TWO MILES
ABOVE THE FALLS.**

The bluffs in the background are huge shoulders of lava that possibly resulted from outpourings from Mt. Hood, located approximately forty miles to the southeast.

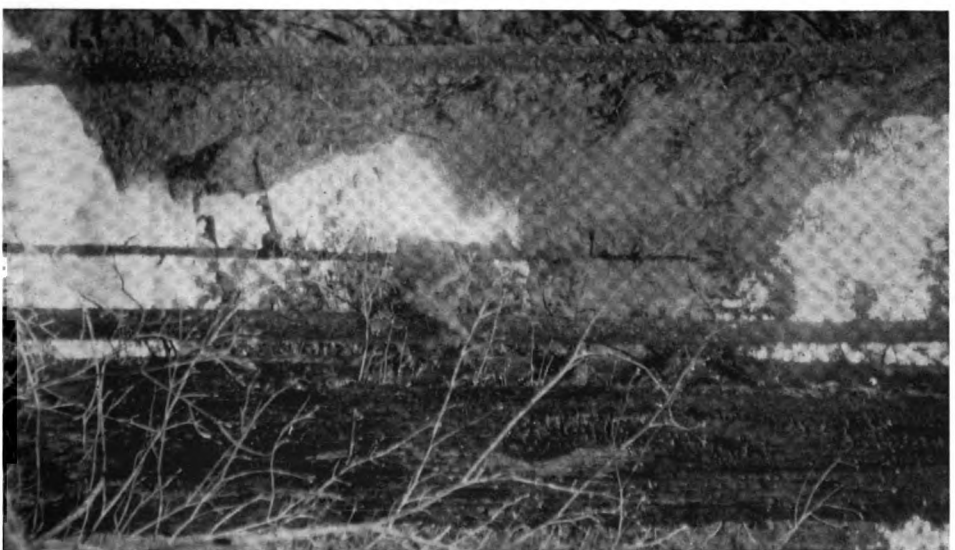


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**ONE OF THE RAPIDS OF
MULTNOMAH CREEK**



A FALL OF MULTNOMAH CREEK
IN THE WILDERNESS THROUGH
WHICH IT COURSES



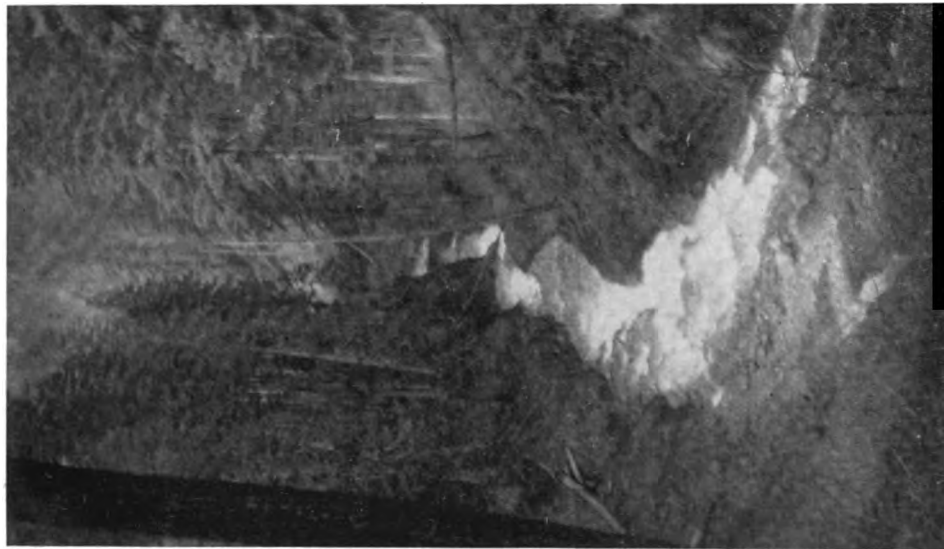
A VIEW OF EAGLE CREEK BETWEEN
TOWERING TRUNKS OF FIR AND SPRUCE

Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.



EAGLE CREEK

In its onward rush to join the Columbia River it is fed by a large number of subsidiary streams that form miniature falls over the face of the evergreen festooned lava cliffs.



Lameland Photo & Engraving Dept.

ONE OF THE TORRENTS OF EAGLE CREEK

Thundering down a cleft in Larch Mountain from whose snow-capped heights Eagle Creek gets most of its water.

THE MAGIC OF THE INFINITELY SMALL

GERTRUDE VAN PELT, M. D.

NOTHING is great, nothing is small in the divine economy." Thus runs an ancient saying. How curious are our ideas as to relative values! We look through distorted lenses and think we see with the naked eye. The shadows among which we dwell, as they lengthen and shorten, toy with our senses. We live on one side of a screen; through it oozes out a drop of the infinite and we call it small. More appears on this side. As it takes form we call it large, but do not recognise the early drop. Again it is withdrawn, and we say it is no more, and make our little human plans accordingly. And yet all is, and was, and ever will be.

The unity of life — these words are spoken as a truism. But not often does the idea that they embody seem to be followed to its heart. The seen is but an infinitesimal part of the unseen. In space we find the evidences of innumerable universes, greater than our own. The unity of life binds us to them all, and stops nowhere. Every atom is part of a Mighty Being, revealing the nature and trend of the parts related to it. Krishna says in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*: "Understand that all things are in me even as the mighty air which passes everywhere is in space." Then there is that statement so well known to Christians: "In him we live and move and have our being." Interrelations so intimate bring interactions exquisitely sensitive, which spread out to infinity. What then is small? Is it the acorn, in which lie sleeping all the potencies of the great oak? Only familiarity could dull the keenness of surprise at this magic. When a vital manifestation appears in a new place, it is small there, until it has transferred itself and assimilated its new environment. This is part of life's illusions. The human form at first is but a cell of protoplasm, and even the universe itself was once but a point in space.

If everything were not so terribly alive, it might be safe to ignore the small, but there is no possibility of imagining any speck outside of the great throbbing Life. All space is packed with it. Every atom has, besides its own life, that which it shares as a part of the grand organic whole; and every separate and compound life from this atom up to the Unknowable is charged with force, creative power, and the faculty of reproducing itself. Immersed thus as we are in a world whose every point is instinct with energy, it behooves us to be wary of despising the little things. From them come the big things. Cities are built from the rocks made of tiny lives of protozoa; each one too small, one would have

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said, to have been worth any serious consideration. But age after age, these small lives deposited their carapaces and at last succeeded in making mountains from which has been quarried the greater part of the stone used in the building of the city of Paris. The marvelous Pyramids of Egypt are built of a species of stone made by innumerable little bodies called nummulites. The whole Arabian chain of mountains was formed in the process of time by these small lives. Such are concrete and striking examples of the potency of small things, but a moment's reflexion reveals the fact that they only image the making up of universes.

And who knows when he sees the action of a slight force, what may be the overwhelming sweep of power of which this gives the hint? Watch the sea-bottom on a quiet sunny day in some salt-water bay, at low tide. It is suggestive. Every little blade of green, every little floating speck turns gently toward the outlet. The motions grow fainter and fainter. One would say, were this not a phenomenon as old as time, that all would soon be at rest. Finally comes the dramatic moment when there is absolute stillness, when not a spear stirs, not a drifting bit of seaweed moves. The forces are in equilibrium. An eternal peace seems to brood over the surface of the sea-bed. But only for a moment. Then comes an almost imperceptible turning of all life toward the shore. It is a mere breath, the lightest touch conceivable; yet in this gentle impulse lies all the promise of the sweeping irresistible tide, which gathers force and momentum, and eventually carries all before it.

Our lives have their tides, great and small, innumerable, lapping, overlapping and intermingling. Every moment, probably, some tide rises, because life moves by tides. It is the eternal, changeless way. But in the human tides there enters a creative element. They are not fixed in character like the earth-tides. This is the great line drawn between the human kingdom and all those below, and fully explained in Theosophical literature. Man belongs to another hierarchy, is fairly launched on the road which leads to godhood. He qualifies by his attitude not only the lesser tides or cycles in his individual life, but also the great racial and cosmic cycles. This is but a natural corollary of the axiomatic truth that the great is made up of the small. And besides altering the character of the universal and fixed tides, he constantly creates little individual tides, which may be reinforced or subsequently neutralized by new creations.

There is a law that everything tends to repeat itself. Even a brilliant spot of light reflected on the retina, will be seen at intervals of a few seconds after the eyes are withdrawn, for several times until the force is exhausted. So a thought which once enters the mind, comes again and again, unless intercepted and finally overcome by a stronger one. It has often been

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shown by our Theosophical Teachers, particularly by Mr. Judge, that the way to move forward rapidly is to antagonize those thoughts which are weakening by thoughts of an opposite nature; to arouse the will, and force into the mind that other truth (for there always is one) which is the exact opposite of a thought which is perhaps causing despondency, ambition, jealousy, vanity; or, in one of the many possible ways, producing disintegration and misery. It is only a little flashing thought at first which is called into the mind by the will, but under the law that everything tends to repeat itself, it will appear without effort in time as a sequence to the lower thoughts. The cycle then is modified in character, and little by little, if the will is kept active, the greater thought which is really in line with truth will completely replace the lower, which belongs to the realm of illusion. The latter unchecked leads to insanity; the former, to that peace which passeth understanding. This is the process of self-directed evolution of which Katherine Tingley speaks so constantly. Out of right thought grows right action, which leads in time into the land of freedom.

But long before and after this self-directed process begins, the mobility and subtlety of the elements of human nature, its infinite possibilities in the direction of either right or wrong, make guidance a necessity, and a guidance which is of the utmost wisdom. The origin of all life is the same, and in its right place, all must be good; but when creation begins there is a choice of action. The materials for use are furnished, but they *may* be combined in such a way as to make failure certain. Just as the human form was once a cell of protoplasm, and the universe a point in space, so is every conceivable trait in character, every human power in its beginning, like a dot on paper. The monster of cruelty; the incarnation of selfishness; the flowering genius; the divine ruler: were all alike at one time innocent plastic beings with all the possibilities of life lying before them. Traits do not reveal themselves clearly to the inexperienced in their inception. This knowledge belongs to the science of life, perhaps might be called a knowledge of mental and moral chemistry. Yet every tendency, before even it becomes established as a trait or habit, has its trend. It is like a seed — a small thing which is a great thing. For it is the way things are headed, the point to which they inevitably tend, which is of importance. So it is in the manipulating of these vital sparks on the threshold of life, that the magic of the infinitely small is seen in superlative degree. The future career of men, the history of nations, the character of *races*, are here in the making. Great Ones reveal themselves not only by the attention they pay to small things, but in the discrimination they show about them. They see the end in the beginning and the beginning in the end.

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Undeveloped, inexperienced souls will quite likely coddle the devil in embryo, and hardly hear the first faint stirrings of the spirit. That is the reason we have so many failures in life. The wise know that every smallest thing has its bent to be encouraged or altered, and they know furthermore that the time for action is in youth, when the matrix is soft and pliable. It is said that they do difficult things when they are easy. An old tree must go its way, but young shoots are in the power of the gardener. Thus they do not scorn to occupy themselves with what the conceited ignorant call trifles. Perhaps it is by this discrimination chiefly that the older souls reveal their presence. Defects of character become so transformed with the years. Many of them do not seem serious at first; to certain people, even have an attractiveness. There is a leniency in regard to youthful faults because of a common belief that they will be outgrown. But it is not realized that they simply grow into something (seemingly) different; that they are *not* outgrown without effort and discipline and training. The natural process is for them to fasten themselves stronger. Why not, if they are fed? They are a part of life. They will most certainly take root, deeper and deeper; perhaps become so camouflaged through the action of pride that the whole nature is riddled with them before it is realized; perhaps develop into something monstrous which the parents do not dream is none other than the simple little defect which they encouraged by not discouraging it, now come to its regrettable maturity. One would think from the results in the youth of our day and generation, that the blind are leading the blind to their destruction. With a recklessness that is appalling they seem to be pampering larvae which are but venomous serpents to be. Vanity is developed in every possible way. There are notable and numerous exceptions, of course, yet quite enough of ignorant carelessness to color our civilization. How can we ever become great if these things continue? In the olden times, in glorious eras of enlightenment, one can be sure there were wise teachers of the youth; those who knew where and how to strengthen; what ideals to hold up; how much to demand; in short, the meaning of real guidance. For races are made up of their units, and the units are strong from little seeds of purity, love of truth and justice, sown in their youth. And not only sown, but watered and guarded. Just as the tiny protozoa have patiently built up mountains, so must each build his character into strength and grandeur moment by moment. No one can be small and selfish every day, and great on occasions. The crises in life are but the accumulated expression of all the energies which have been quietly dammed up through the months or years when it seemed as if nothing were happening; then comes the awful revelation, which may bring remorse, humiliation, despair; or the

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inexpressible joy, the expansion, the peace, the supreme satisfaction of having done one's duty, than which there is none greater. This does not seem to be clearly sensed in our era, for besides criminal carelessness we have absolute lack of understanding in many of the adults of our race. Parental control reaches the vanishing point. Self-control cannot then be expected. Rather, custom, habit, the neighbor's opinion, and finally headstrong desire carry the day. It is the opposite of this program, namely, discriminating attention to small details, that makes the Râja-Yoga System what it is.

There is a grass known as foxtail which grows over the hills in this country, making them soft and green in the early spring — a refreshing cover for the bare hills. A new comer would welcome it gladly, but the old settlers who have time, plow it up, knowing that ere long it will be an ugly, sear, and faded mass of strong pricklers. A real teacher makes no mistake as to the nature of such weeds in the heart when they first appear, but directs attention to their danger and the source of power within each one. He shows the youth that it is by means of thoughts that they move forward. They are the feet which will carry them to the goal, when servants; just as they are the feet which will carry them willy-nilly into a slough of despair, into the desert, into a Hades, when masters. Yet it is the higher will, and not the thoughts themselves which produce the magic. Of what value alone are even the most beautiful ones unless they lead into a higher consciousness? They gild the moments of the present, but tarnish in the early future. They may surround the soul with pictures which absorb it wholly in pleasure, but soon fade, succeeded by empty galleries or ugly unwelcome scenes. In time there is an utter nausea of all life, unless the reins are seized, thoughts controlled and guided to noble ends. Not even the most dazzling beauty can drown the sense of unrest in the background which glorifies even as it darkens the secret inclosure of the soul. For it is only the right state of consciousness which brings happiness, and this is independent of and superior to all the outer layers of moods and feelings. All real growth is a growth in consciousness, and much of what passes for growth is but a means to this end. An intellectual comprehension of the real philosophy of life, for instance, great as this is, avails nothing unless it is lived and made a part of one's being; that is, unless it gradually raises the consciousness. In fact, lacking this, it becomes added misery, because of the discords brought into being; the sense of dissatisfaction and disapproval. The living of a great truth *must* follow its acquisition, or there will be disintegration and absolute degeneration. Krishna says in one of the ancient books: "When this Path is beheld, whether one sets out to the bloom of the east or to the chambers of the

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west, *without moving*, O holder of the bow, is the traveling on this road. In this Path, to whatever place one would go, *that place one's self becomes.*"

The atmosphere of this interior carries its own aroma, sweetening and harmonizing the discordant elements it touches. All have felt it at times and perhaps wondered why on some magical day, no antagonisms could disturb and life seemed athrob with an inner joy. It might be that the soul had strolled unawares into some passing splendor; or it might be that the path of duty had brought it to one of its own earned lighted spots. So clear, and fresh, and simple has life seemed on these days. One asks why they need vanish. It would seem as if one might be alert for the slightest sign of fading, might learn the process by which it dissipates and hold it in the very act. But alas! unperceived they pass, and one finds oneself again on the unprotected road, with the old enemies out in force. Yet such days are not lost. We have their memory, their inspiration, and their promise. They cannot be held until we have thoroughly learned the potency of, and mastered power over, the moments. They are like the great divides one crosses in climbing over a mountainous country, when the whole scene changes in an instant. There is a wonderful one in Switzerland, leading from the south to the Bernese Oberlands. One mounts step by step over a road whose aspect and surroundings are severe. Tall peaks, draped in clouds, are ever in view. The vegetation seems ragged. There is a grandeur, certainly, in such proportions, but at times it is forbidding, and one does not feel at home. It is a long, long climb, seeming as if it would never end. Then suddenly, without warning, one comes upon the top of the great divide. The startling change of scene is overwhelming. One's whole being thrills with new sensations. Is all this in the same world separated by about a foot in space? The glowing picture of beauty now revealed is indescribable. Soft rich colors, warmed by sunlight and deepened by shade; graceful curves of landscape, dotted with lakes set like gems over its rolling surface; light playing over all like a thing alive, sending with every beam a message of friendliness and welcome. Not the last step alone of the climb brought the beautiful vision; each step over the long wearisome road was as necessary. At any time, had discouragement conquered and the climb been abandoned, no reward could have followed.

The Long Journey of life is crossed by an infinite series of such divides, and it is not always from a bleak to a fertile valley that it leads. Possibly more often the reverse takes place. The true art, of course, would be to hold the inspiration and breadth of vision of the heights through the details and intricacies of the valleys; never to forget the truth of the splendor of the journey even though fogs seem impenetrable and clouds threatening; never to let weariness destroy courage and hope; never to

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lose faith. But such power can only come through long training and attention to each step. If one wanders half dreaming, the road is lost, the vision is lost, and lives of time are wasted. There are some old lines which we often quote, and which suggest themselves here. They run thus:

Listen to the Salutation of the Dawn.
Look to this day, for it is Life, the very Life of Life.
In its brief course lie all the possibilities and realities of your existence.
 The Bliss of Growth,
 The Glory of Action,
 The Splendor of Beauty.
For yesterday is already a dream and tomorrow is only a vision;
But today well-lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well therefore to this day.
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

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*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919*

XXII — EASTWARD HO!

 HE point we start out from this evening is, in time, the year 220 A. D., in place, West Asia: 220, or you may call it 226,— sixty-five years, a half-cycle, after 161 and the accession of Marcus Aurelius; and therewith, in Rome, the beginning of the seasons prophetic of decline. So now we are in 226; look well around you; note your whereabouts; — for there is no resting here. You have seen? you have noted? On again then, I beseech you; and speedily. And, please, backwards: playing as it were the crab in time; and not content till the whole pralaya is skipped, and you stand on the far shore, in the sunset of an elder day: looking now forward, into futurity, from 390, perhaps 394 B. C.; over first a half-cycle of Persian decline,— long melancholy sands and shingle, to — there on the edge of the great wan water,— that July in 330 when mean Satrap Bessus killed his king, Codomannus, last of the Achaemenidae, then in flight from Alexander; — and the House of Cyrus and Darius came to an end. What a time it was that drifted into Limbo then! One unit of history; one phase of the world's life-story! It had seen all those world-shaking Tiglath-pileasers eastward; all those proud Osirified kings by the Nile; — and now it was over; had died in its last stronghold, Persia, and there was nowhere else for it to be reborn; and, after a decent half-cycle of lying in state under

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degenerate descendants of the great Darius, had been buried (cataclysmal obsequies!) beneath a landslide of Hellenistic Macedonianism. Its old civilization, senile long since, was gone, and a new kind from the west superimposed; — Babylon was a memory vague and splendid; — the Assyrian had gone down, and should never re-arise; — Egypt of the Pharaohs had fallen forever and ever; — Aryan Persia was over-run;—

“Iram indeed had gone, with all his rose,
And Jamshyd’s seven-ringed cup, where no one knows;”

— and the angel that recorded their deeds and misdeeds had written *Tamám* on the last page, sprinkled sand over the ink,— shut the volume, and put it away on the shelf; — and with a *Thank God that’s done with!* settled down to snooze for six hundred years and ten.

For what had he to do with what followed? With Alexander’s wedding-feast in 324,— when upwards of ten thousand couples, the grooms all Macedonian, the brides all Persian, were united: what had he to do with the new race young Achilles Redivivus thus proposed to bring into being? These were mere Macedonian doings, to be recorded by his brother angel of Europe; as also were the death of Alexander, and his grand schemes that came to nothing. There was no West Asia now; only Europe: all was European and Hellenized to the borders of India, with periodical overflowings beyond; — just as, long afterwards, Spain was a province of West Asia; and just as Egypt now is submerged under a European power.

Only the trouble is that the seed of something native always remains in regions so overflowed with an alien culture; and Alexander dreamed never of what might lie quiescent, resurrectable in time, in the mountains of Persis, the Achaemenian land, out of the path of the eastward march of his phalanxes; — or indeed, in those wide deserts southward, parched Araby, that none but a fool — and such was not Alexander — would trouble to invade or think of conquering: something that should in its time reassert West Asia over all Hellenedom, in Macedonia itself, and west beyond the Pillars of Hercules and the limits of the world. But let that be: it need trouble no one in this year of 324 B. C.! Only remember that “that which hath been shall be again, and there is nothing new under the sun.”

In this study of comparative history one finds after awhile that there are very few dates that count, and they are very easy to keep in mind. The same decades are important everywhere: and this because humanity is one, and however diversified on the outside, inwardly all history is the history of the one Host of Souls. Take 320 B. C. Alexander is dead three years, but the world is still vibrating with him. Chandragupta Maurya

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has just started his dynasty and great age in India, which is to last its thirteen decades until the neighborhood of 190. Seleucus Nicator, the only one of the Macedonian *diadochi* who has not divorced his Persian bride, is about to set up for himself a sovereignty in Babylon,— which Scipio Africanus, thirteen decades afterwards, struck from the list of the Great Powers when he defeated Seleucus' descendant Antiochus at Magnesia,— in 190 again; at which time the Romans first broke into Asia. And it was in the one-nineties, too, that the second Han Emperor came to the Dragon Throne, and the glorious age of the Western Hans began.

Though the Seleucidae possessed for some time a great part of Darius Hystaspes' empire,— and, except Egypt, all the old imperial seats of the foregone manvantara,— they do not belong to West Asia at all; their history is not West-Asian, but European; they are a part of that manvantara whose forces were drifting west from Greece to Italy. The history of all the Macedonian kingdoms is profoundly uninteresting. There was enough of Greek in them to keep them polished; enough of Macedonian to keep them essentially barbarous; — they sopped up some of the effeteness of the civilizations they had displaced, Egyptian and Asiatic; but the souls of those old civilizations remained aloof. There was mighty little Egypt in the Egypt of the Ptolemies: what memories and atmosphere of a grand antiquity survived, hid in the crypts and pyramids; all one saw was a sullen fanatic people scorning their conquerors. So too in Seleucus' Babylon there was little evidence of the old Chaldaean wisdom, or the Assyrian power, or the pride and chivalry of the Persian. It was Europe occupying West Asia; and not good Europe at that; and only able to do so (as is always the case) because the Soul of West Asia was temporarily absent. The Seleucidae maintained a mimic greatness in tinsels until 190 and Scipio and Magnesia; then a mere rising-tide-lapped sand-castle of a kingdom until, in 64 B. C., Pompey made what remained of it a Roman province,— just twice thirteen decades after the marriage-feast at Babylon; just when the great age of the Western Hans was ending, and when Augustus was thinking of being born, and (probably or possibly) Vikramâditya of starting up a splendor at Ujjain. What Pompey took,— what remained for him to take,— consisted only of Syria; all the eastern part of the Seleucid empire had gone long since.

In 255 Diodotus, the Seleucid satrap of Bactria, rebelled and made himself a kingdom; and that the kingdom might become an empire, went further on the war-path. On the eastern shores of the Caspian he defeated one of the myriad nomad tribes of Turanian stock that haunt those parts,— first cousins, a few times removed perhaps, to our friends the Huns; a few more times removed, to that branch of their race that had, so to say, married above them and become thus a sort of

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poor relations to the aristocracy,— the Ts'inner who were at that time finishing up their conquest of China. Thus while the far eastern branch of the family was prospering mightily, the far western was getting into trouble: I may mention that they were known, these far westerners, as the *Parni*; and that their chief had tickled his pride with assumption of the Persian name of Arsaces; — just as I dare say you should find various George Washingtons and Pompey the Greats now swaying empires in the less explored parts of Africa. South of this Parnian country lies what is now the province of Khorasan, mountainous; then a Seleucid satrapy known as Parthia; — also inhabited by Turanians, but of a little more settled sort; the satrap was Andragoras, who, like Diodotus in Bactria (only not quite so much so), had made himself independent of the reigning Antiochus (II). With him Arsaces found refuge after his defeat by Diodotus, and there spent the next seven years; — whether enjoying Andragoras' hospitality, or making trouble for him, this deponent knoweth not. In 248, however, he proceeded to slay him and to reign in his stead. Two years later, Arsaces died, and his brother Tiridates succeeded him and carried on the good work; he was driven out by Seleucus II in 238, but returned to it when the latter was called westward by rebellions soon after. Thenceforward the Parthian kingdom was, as you might say, a fact in nature; though until a half-cycle had passed, a small and unimportant one, engaged mostly in reinvigorating the native Turanianism of the Parthians with fresh Parnian importations from the northern steppes. Then, in 170, Mithradates I came to the throne, and seriously founded an empire. He fought Eucratidas of Bactria, and won some territory from him. He fought eastward as far as to the Indus; then conquered Media and Babylonia in the west. In 129 Demetrius II Nicator, the reigning Seleucid, attacked Mithradates' son, Phraates II, and was defeated; and the lands east of the Euphrates definitely passed from Seleucid to Parthian control.

Why not, then, count as manvantaric doings in West Asia this rise of the Parthians to power? Why relegate them and their activities to the dimness of pralaya? Says the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*:

"The Parthian Empire as founded by the conquests of Mithradates I and restored, once by Mithradates II (the Great, c. 124 to 88 B. C.), and again by Phraates III (B. C. 76 to 70), was, to all exterior appearances, a continuation of the Achaemenid dominion. Thus the Arsacids now began to assume the old title 'King of kings' (the shahanshah of modern Persia), though previously their coins as a rule had borne only the legend 'great king.' The official version preserved by Arrian in his *Parthica*, derives the line of these Parnian nomads from [the Achaemenian] Artaxerxes II. In reality however the Parthian empire was totally different from its predecessor, both externally and internally. It was anything rather than a world empire. The countries west of the Euphrates never owned its dominion, and even of Iran itself not one half was subject to the Arsacids. There were indeed vassal states on every hand, but the actual possessions of the kings — the provinces governed by their satraps — consisted of a

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rather narrow strip of land stretching from the Euphrates and north Babylonia through southern Media and Parthia as far as north-western Afghanistan. . . . Round these provinces lay a ring of minor states which as a rule were dependent on the Arsacids. They might, however, partially transfer their allegiance on the rise of a new power (*e. g.*, Tigranes in Armenia) or a Roman invasion. Thus it is not without justice that the Arsacid period is described, in the later Persian and Arabian tradition, as the period of the 'kings of the part-kingdoms' — among which the Ashkanians (*i. e.*, the Arsacids) had won the first place. . . .

"It may appear surprising that the Arsacids made no attempt to incorporate the minor states in the empire and create a great and united dominion, such as existed under the Achaemenids and was afterwards restored by the Sassanians. This fact is the clearest symptom of the weakness of their empire and of the small power wielded by their King of kings. In contrast alike with its predecessors and successors the Arsacid dominion was peculiarly a chance formation — a state which had come into existence through fortuitous external circumstances, and had no firm foundation within itself, or any intrinsic *raison d'être*."

— A Turanian domination over Iran, it had leave to exist only because the time was pralaya. When a man dies, life does not depart from his body; but only that which sways and organizes life; then life, ungoverned and disorganized, takes hold and riots. So with the seats of civilization. One generally finds that at such times some foreign power receives, as we are getting to say, a mandate (but from the Law) to run these dead or sleeping or disorganized regions,—until such time as they come to life again, and proceed to evict the mandataries. — As well to remember this, now that we are proposing, upon a brain-mind scheme, to arrange for ourselves what formerly the Law saw to: — the nations that are now to be great and proud mandataries, shall sometime themselves be mandataried; and those that are mandataried now, shall then arrange their fate for them: there is no help for it: you cannot catch Spring in a trap, or cage up Summer lest he go. — It seems now we must believe in a new doctrine: that certain 'Nordics' are the Superior Race, and you must be blue-eyed and large and blond, or you shall never pass Peter's wicket. One of these days we shall have some learned ingenious Hottentot arising, to convince us poor others of the innate superiority of Hottentottendom, and that we had better bow down! . . . But to return: —

The Parthians remained little more than Central-Asian nomads: something between the Huns who destroyed civilization, and the Turks who cultivated it for all they were worth (in a Central-Asian-nomad sort of way). All their magnates were Turanian; they retained a taste for tent-life; their army and fighting tactics were of the desert-horseman type: mounted bowmen, charging and shooting, wheeling and scattering in flight,—which put not your trust in, or 'ware the "Parthian shot." They were not armed for close combat; and were quite defenseless in winter, when the weather slackened their bow-strings. True, Aryan Iran put its impress on them: so that presently their kings wore long beards in the Achaemenian fashion, made for themselves an Achaemenian descent, called themselves by Achaemenian names. They took on, too, the

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Achaemenian religion of Zoroaster: — so, but much more earnestly and adventurously and *opera-bouffe*-grimly, Ts'in Shi Hwangti took on the quest of Tao. There was also a stratum of Hellenistic culture in their domains, and they took on something of that. When they conquered Babylonia, it was inevitable that they should move their headquarters down into that richest and most thickly-populated part of their realm — to Seleucia, the natural capital, one might suppose? — a huge Hellenistic city well organized for world-commerce. — But let these nomad kings come into it with their horde, and what would become of the ordered civic life? Nomads do not take well to life in great cities; they love the openness of the everlasting plains, and the narrow streets and high buildings irk their sensibilities. For this reason, and perhaps because they recognised their deficiencies, they shunned Seleucia; and built themselves lumbering straggling gawky Ctesiphon across the Tigris to be their chief capital; — for they had many; not abiding to be long in one place, but gadding about as of old. Still, Greek culture was not to be denied. They coined money, copying the inscriptions on the coins of the Seleucids, and copying them ever worse and worse. Not until after 77 A. D., and then only occasionally, do Parthian coins bear inscriptions in Aramaic. Yet sometimes we hear of their being touched more deeply with Greekness. Orodes I,— he who defeated Crassus,— spoke good Greek, and Greek tragedies were played at his court. — As with nomads generally, it was always easy for a Parthian king to shark up a great army and achieve a striking victory; but as a rule impossible to keep the horde so sharked up together for solid conquests; and above all, it was impossible to organize anything.

But they played their part in history: striking down to cut off the flow of Greek culture eastward. It had gone, upon Alexander's impulse, up into Afghanistan and down into India; may even have touched Han China,— probably did. I do not suppose that the touch could have done anything but good in India and China; where culture was well-established, older, and in all essentials higher, than in Greece. But in Persia itself the case was different. Persia was under pralaya, in retreat among its original mountains; and submergence under Hellenisticism might have meant for it oblivion of its own native Persianism. Consider: of the two great centers of West-Asian culture, Egypt fell under Greek, and then under Roman, dominion; and the old Egyptian civilization became, so far as we can tell, utterly a thing of the past. When Egypt rose again, under the Esotericist Sultans of the tenth century A. D., I dare not quite say that her new glory was linked by nothing whatever to the ancient glory of the Pharaohs; but that would be the general — as it is the obvious — view. Fallen into pralaya, she had no positive strength of her own to

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oppose to the active manvantaric influence of Greekism under the Ptolemies; and in Roman days it was her imported Greekism that she opposed to the Romans, not her own old and submerged Khemism. Her soul was buried very deep indeed, if it remained with her at all. In Persia, on the other hand, West Asia retained much more clearly its cultural identity. Persianism was submerged for about thirteen decades under the Seleucids; then the Parthians cut in, and the drowning waters were drained away. The Parthians had no superior culture to impose on the Persians; whereas the Greeks had,— because theirs was active and in manvantara, while that of the Persians themselves was negative, because in pralaya. One might say roughly that a nation under the dominance of a people more highly or actively cultured than itself, tends to lose the integrity of its own culture,— as has happened in Ireland and Wales under English rule:— they take on, not advantageously, an imitation of the culture of their rulers. But under the dominance of a stronger, but less advanced, people, they tend to seek refuge the more keenly in their own cultural sources: as the Finns and Poles have done under the Russians. This explains in part the difference between Egypt and Persia at the dawn of the new West-Asian manvantara. We have seen that in the former the seeds were ready to sprout, and did,— in Ammonius Saccas and his movement. They were Egyptian seeds; but the soil and fertilizers were so Greek that the blossom when it appeared seemed not Egyptian, not West-Asian, but Neo-Greek; and turned not to the rising, but to the setting sun. The new growth affiliated itself to the European manvantara that was passing, not to the West-Asian one that was to begin. Persia was in a different position.

Certain events went to quicken the Persian seed within the Parthian empire. One was the rise of the Yueh Chi. During the period between the end of the brilliance of the Western, and the beginning of that of the Eastern Hans, these people were consolidating an empire in Northern India, and figuring there as the Kushan Dynasty: their power culminated, probably, in the reign of Kanishka. They had wrested from the Parthians some of their eastern provinces;— really, the overlordship of these rather than the sovereignty, for the Parthians held all things lightly except the ground they happened to be camping on; and this made a change in the center of Parthian gravity which was of enormous help to the Persians.

The heart of Persiandom was the province of Fars or Persis, the mountain-land lying to the east of the Persian Gulf, and between it and the Great Persian Desert. Mesopotamia, where were Ctesiphon, the Parthian's chief capital, and Seleucia, their greatest city,— the richest and most populated part of their empire, stretches northward from the

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very top of the gulf, a long way from Fars; and the main routes eastward from Mesopotamia run well to the north of the latter avoiding its mountains and the desert beyond. So this province is remote, and well calculated to maintain appreciable independence of any empire not born in itself. The Parthian writ had never run there much; nor had the Median in the days when the Medes were in power; though of that empire, as of the Parthian, it had been more or less nominally a dependent province. It was from these mountains that a chieftain came, in the five-fifties B. C., to overturn Astyages the Mede's sovereignty, and replace it with his own Achaemenian Persian; and to take Persianism out of mountain Fars, and spread it over all West Asia. Back to Fars, when the Achaemenians fell, that Persianism receded; there to maintain itself unimportantly aloof through the Seleucid and Arsacid ages: probably never very seriously menaced by Greekism, even in Seleucid times, because so remote from the routes of trade and armies. The conquests of the Yueh Chi put Fars still nearer the circumference of Parthia: threw the center of that more definitely into Mesopotamia, and closed the avenues eastward. The change made Fars the more conscious of herself.

But there were Persians all over the Parthian domain; and had been ever since they first went down out of their mountains under Cyrus to conquer. It was in accordance with what I may call the Law of Cyclic Backwashes, that the rise of the Yueh Chi should have stirred up Persian feeling in them everywhere. Thus: the impulse of Han Wuti's westward activities passed as a quickening into the Yueh Chi; and on from them, not into the Parthians, who were but an unreality and mirage of empire, but into these Persians, the true possessors of the land whose turn it was to be quickened. They began remembering, now, their ancient greatness; and turning their eyes to their still half-independent ancestral mountains, whence — dared they hope it? — another Cyrus might appear.

Then came another psychic impulse, from the west: when Trajan's eastward victories shook the Parthian power again. Then,—you will remember how the Roman world was shaken at the time of Marcus Aurelius' accession: how Vologaeses seized the opportunity to attack; how Verus the co-emperor went against him, and made a mess of things; how Avidius Cassius (who brought back the plague to Rome) saved the situation. In doing so, he conferred unwittingly untold benefits on the Persian subjects of Parthia. He destroyed Seleucia as a punitive measure. Now Seleucia had been the cultural capital of the Parthian empire; and it was a Greek city. Its culture was Greek; and Greek culture had ever been, for Persianism, a graver danger and more present check than Parthian ignorance; for it submerged and abashed, where the other only ignored, the Persian spirit. So when Seleucia was wiped out, in 165,

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the chief and real enemy of the National Soul had vanished. The Persians might no longer look to Hellenism for their cultural inspiration; might no more set up *its* light against the Parthian darkness; they must find a light instead proper to their own souls; — and must look towards mountain Fars to find it. Within a half-cycle they were up. They were due to be up, as you will remember, in the two-twenties: the decade in which we saw the stream in China, as in Rome, diminish. Troubles had begun in Rome in 162, the second year of Aurelius. 162 plus 65 are 227. In 227 Persia rose and Parthia vanished.

In the second century A. D. there had been a man in Fars named Papak the son of Sassan, who took as his motto the well-known lines from Marlowe:

“Is it not passing brave to be a king
And ride in triumph through Persepolis?”

— Persepolis, indeed, was gone, and only its vast and pillared ruins remained in the wilderness; but near by the town of Istakhr had grown up, to be what Persepolis had been in the old Achaemenian days,— the heart and center of Fars, which is, spiritually, the heart and center of all Iran. Papak thought he would make Istakhr serve his purpose; and did; — and reigned there in due course without ever a Parthian to say him nay. In 212 he died; and what he had been and desired to be, that his son Ardashir would be in turn, and much more also. This Ardashir was very busy remembering the story of the Achaemenidae: men, like himself, of Fars; men, like himself, of the One and Only True Religion; but further, conquerors of the world and Kings of the kings of Iran and Turan. And if they, why not he? — So he goes to it, and from king of Istakhr becomes king of Fars; and then unobtrusively takes in Karmania eastward; — until news of his doings comes to the ears of his suzerain Artabanus king of Parthia, who does not like it. Artabanus has recently (217) received in indemnity a matter of seven and a half million dollars from a well-whipped Roman emperor; and is not prepared to see his own underlings give themselves airs; — so whistles up his horde of cavalry, and marches south and east to settle things. Three battles, and the Parthian empire is a thing of the past; and Ardashir (which is Artaxerxes) the son of Papak the son of Sassan sits in the great seat of the Achaemenidae.

Now this is the key to all the history of the west in those times; and we may include West Asia in the west: — the world was going down, and each new phase of civilization was something worse than the one before. I cannot but see degeneracy, and with every age a step further from ancient truth: Rome with less light than Greece; the Sassanians a feeble copy of the Achaemenians: — knowledge of the Realities receding ever into the

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past. A new spirit had been coming in since the beginning of the Christian era, or since the living flame of the last-surviving Mysteries was quenched. It is one we are but painfully struggling away from now; it has tainted all life west of China since. China, with her satellite nations, alone in the main escaped it: I mean, the spirit of religious intolerance.

The odium of introducing it belongs not (as you might think) to one particular religious body, but to the evil in humanity; on which, since the Mysteries were destroyed, there had been no effective check. The corner-stone of true religion is the Divine Spirit omnipresent in Nature; the Divine Soul in Man. As well forbid the rest of men to breathe the air you breathe, or walk under your private stretches of sky, as try to peg yourself out a special claim in these! You cannot do it, and the first instinct of man should be that you cannot do it. But lose sight of these Divine Things; lose the sense that perceives them, and their essential universality, their inevitable universality; — and where are you? What are you to do about the inner life? — Why, for lack of reality, you shall take a sham: you shall hatch up some formula of words; or better still, take the formula already hatched that comes handiest; call it your creed or confession of faith; fix your belief on that, as supreme and infallible, the sure and certain key to the mysteries within and around you; — then you may cease to think of those mysteries altogether; the word-formula will be enough; it is that, not thought, not action, that saves. I believe in — such and such an arrangement of consonants and vowels; — and therefore I am saved, and highly superior; and you, poor reptile, who possess not this arrangement, but some other and totally false one; — you, thank God, are damned. You are lost; you shall go to hell; I scorn and look down on you from the heights of the special favor of the Maker of the Stars and Suns: as if I lay already snug in Abraham's bosom, and watched you parched and howling. — The Mysteries were gone; there was no Center of Light in the West, from which the thought-essence of common sense might seep out purifying year by year into men's minds; Theosophy the grand antiseptic was not; so such tomfoolery as this came in to take its place. You must react to this from indifference, and to indifference from this; — two poles of inner darkness, and wretched unthinking humanity wobbling between them; — so long as you have no Light. What then is the Light? — Why, simply something you cannot confine in a church or bottle in a creed: and this is a proposition that needs no proving at all, because it is self-evident. There was a fellow in English Wiltshire once, they say, who planted a hedge about his field to keep in the cuckoo from her annual migration. The spirit of Cuckoo-hedging came in, in the first centuries A. D.

It was totally unknown to the Roman polity. Whatever inner things

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any man or nation chose to bear witness to, said the Roman state, were to be supposed to exist; and might be proclaimed, were they not subversive of the public order, for the benefit of any that needed them. There were two exceptions: Druidism; we have glanced at a possible reason why it was proscribed in Gaul by Augustus; another reason may have been that the Druids clung to the memories of Celtic — and so anti-Roman — great things forelost. The other exception was the first historical world-religion that proclaimed the doctrine,— *Believe or be damned!*

Over the portals of the first century A. D., says H. P. Blavatsky, the words "the Karma of Israel" are written. Judaism had never tried to impress itself on the world, as the religion that was born from it did. — It is rarely that one finds sane views taken as to Jewish history; it is a history, and a race, that provoke extreme feelings. A small people, originally exiled from India, that had had eight thousand years of vicissitudes since: sometimes, it is necessary to think, high fortunes; — no doubt an age of splendor once under their great king Solomon, or some one else for whom the traditional Solomon stands; oftenest, perhaps, subjected to their powerful neighbors in Egypt, Babylon, or Assyria, and latterly Rome: you may say that no doubt they were in the long run no better and no worse than the rest of mankind. They had great qualities, and the failings correspondent. They had, like all other races, their champions of the Light, their Prophets and wise Rabbis; and in ages of darkness their stiff-necked fierce materialism incased in dogma and enthroned in high places in the national religion. Their history has been lifted to a bad eminence,— bad for them and the rest of us,— by the ignorance of the last two millenniums; in reality, that history, sanely understood, and not gathered too much from their own records, amply explains their failings and their virtues, and should leave us not unduly admiring, nor unfraternally the reverse. They were human; which means, subject to human duality, to cycles of light, and cycles of darkness. The centuries after the sixth B. C. were, as we have seen, a cycle of growing darkness for most of the world. The position of the Jews, a small people surrounded by great ones, and therefore always liable to be trampled on, had intensified their national feeling to an extraordinary pitch; and their religion was the one lasting bond of their nationality. So, at the beginning of the Christian era, they were notoriously the most difficult people to govern in the Roman world. The passing of the Egyptian Mysteries had left those Egyptians who still were Egyptian sullenly fanatical; but the reaction from ancient greatness kept that fanaticism aloof,— the energies were dormant: Egypt, thoroughly conquered, turned her face from the world, and hoped for nothing. But the Jews maintained an inextinguish-

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able hope; they nourished on it a fighting spirit which entered fiercely into the religion that was for them the one and only truth, and that lifted them in their own estimation high above the rest of mankind. Romans and Egyptians alike worshiped the Gods, though they called them by different names; but the Jews abhorred the Gods. The Maker of Sirius and Canopus and the far limits of the galaxy was a good Jew like themselves, their peculiar property; He had his earthly headquarters in Jerusalem; spoke, I suppose, only Hebrew, and considered other languages gibberish; of all this earth, was only interested in a tiny corner at the south-east end of the Mediterranean; and of all the millions of humanity, only in the million or two of his Chosen People. I say at once that, considering their history, and the universal decline of the Mysteries, and the gathering darkness of the age, there is nothing surprising in their attitude. Much oppression, many conquests,—never accepted by themselves,—had driven them in on themselves and kept their racial self-consciousness at a perpetual boiling-point; and it all went into their religion, which compensated them with unearthly dignities for the indignities they suffered on earth . . . *them* . . . the Chosen People of the Lord! It bred in them scorn of the Gentiles, for which there was no solvent in the Roman polity, the Roman citizenship, the Roman peace. — There must have been always noble protest-ants among them. The common people,—as the picture in the Gospels shows,—were ready enough to fraternize humanly with Gentiles and Romans; but the fact remains that at the time Judaism gave birth to Christianity, this narrow fierce antagonism to all other religions was the official attitude of the Jewish church. It was, perhaps, the darkest moment in Jewish spiritual history; and it was the moment chosen by a Teacher as that in which he should be born a Jew.

The story in the Gospels cannot, I suppose, be taken as *au pied de lettre* historical; but no doubt it gives a general picture which is true enough. And the picture it gives shows the Jewish proletariat in very favorable contrast with the officials heads of the church and state. They, the common people, received the Teacher well; to them, he was a gracious figure whom they came in multitudes to hear. He was in fierce opposition to the hierarchic aristocracy,—the “Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites,” as he called them: the body that nourished the tradition of exclusiveness and intolerance. He preached pure ethics to the people, and they loved him for it. He gathered round him disciples,—men eager to learn from him that which it would have been ridiculous to have tried to teach the mob: the Secret Wisdom, without which to keep them sweet, ethics become sentimentalism, and philosophy a cold corpse. It is a law in the Schools of this Wisdom that seven years of training are necessary before the disciple can reach that grade of insight and self-mastery which will

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enable him in turn to become a Teacher: seven years at the very least. Within four years of the beginning of his mission, before, in the nature of things, one single disciple could have been more than half-trained, the hierarchic aristocracy had had this Teacher crucified.

Who, then, was to transmit his doctrine? He wrote nothing of it down; in the truest sense it never can be written down: had never had time to teach it; from any writings whatsoever each student can only gain the nexus of what he is to learn from life: for teaching does not mean giving dissertations, arguments, proofs; enunciating principles, and explaining them, or the like. It means, so far as one dare try to express it, bringing such experiences to bear on the lives of those who are to be taught, as shall awaken their own inner perceptions to truth. So this Man's doctrine *was never transmitted*. His disciples, good and earnest men, as we may imagine, had not the weapons spiritual wherewith to wage effective warfare for the Light. Supposing H. P. Blavatsky had died in 1879 . . . ?

The next step was, the inevitable materialization of the whole movement. It followed the course all such movements must follow, that are without spiritual leadership at the head, spiritual wisdom at the core. It reacted against the exclusiveness of Judaism,—and at the same time inherited it. Feelings of that sort lie far deeper than the articles of belief; a change of creed will not remove them; it needs special, defined, and Herculean efforts to remove them. You might, for example, react from a bigoted creed to one whose sole proclaimed article was universal toleration, and become a fierce bigot in that,—for the creed, not the idea; because creeds always obscure ideas: when a creed is formulated, it means that ideas are shelved. So now Christianity inherited the Chosen People dogma, but transferred it from a racial-ecclesiastical to a wholly ecclesiastical basis; and, since every Teacher comes upon a cyclic impulse outward, took on a missionary spirit. The Chosen People now were the members of the church, who might belong to any race. Within that churchly pale you were saved; you were a special protégé of the Maker of Sirius and Canopus and the far limits of the galaxy; who had — for a dogma had to be invented to explain the untimely disastrous death of the Teacher,—incarnated and been crucified in Judea. Outside that pale you were damned,—from Caesar on his throne to the smallest news-boy yelling false news in the Forum. While such a spirit had been confined to the Jews, it had been comparatively harmless; now it was spreading broadcast through the Roman world, an entirely new thing, and the darkest and most ominous yet.

Whom, then, shall we blame? These sectarians? — No: to understand is to forgo the imagined right of apportioning blame. It was that

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humanity had entered on a dark region in time: a region whose terrors had not been forefended; to be entered perforce by a humanity, or section of humanity, that had no Center of Light established in its midst. Had Croton of Pythagoras survived; or the Mysteries at Gaulish Bibracte: had there been but one firm foothold for the Lodge in the world of men; — I think none of these things could have come about; and that for the same reason that you cannot have total darkness in a room in which a lamp is lighted. But this darkness was total: intolerance is the negation of spiritual light. Of all the various movements in the Roman world that had not actual members of the Lodge behind and moving them, Christianity had the greatest impetus; and it was the one that first entered into this murk and deadly gloom. So that it may seem, to an impartial but not too deeply-seeing eye, as if it were Christianity that invented the gloom. Not so; nor Judaism neither; nor any Christians nor Jews. It was the men who burned Croton; the man who killed the Mysteries in Gaul. For every disaster there are causes far and far back.

Christianity had spread, by this third century, perhaps as much through the Parthian empire as through the Roman. The Parthians, Zoroastrians, had been as tolerant as the Romans; much more so to Christianity; — though the motive of their toleration had been pure indifference to everything religious; whereas in Rome there was statesmanship and wisdom behind theirs. The Persians reacted against Parthianism in all its manifestations. They were shocked at Parthian indifference. The Persian is as naturally religious as the Hindoo; and has the virtues and vices of the religious temperament. The virtues are, a tendency to mysticism, a need to concern oneself with the unseen; the vices, a non-immunity to fanaticism and bigotry. They came down now from their mountains determined to combat the slackness, the indifference, the materialism of the world. The virus of intolerance was in the air,— a spirit like the germ of plague or any epidemic: one religion catches it from another. Let it be about, and you are in danger of catching it,— unless your faith is based on actual inner enlightenment, and not faith at all, but knowledge; or unless you have a Teacher so enlightened to adjust you, and keep you too busy to catch it; — or unless you are totally heedless of the unseen. The Persians were not indifferent, but very much in earnest; and they had no knowledge, but only faith: so they stood in peculiar danger. And presently a Teacher came to them, and they rejected him.

His name was Mani; he was born in Ctesiphon, of noble Persian family, probably in 215; and came forward as a Teacher (according to the Mohammedan tradition, which is the most trustworthy) at the coronation of Sapor I, Ardashir's successor, in 242. Sapor at first was disposed

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to hear him; but the Magi moved heaven and earth to change that disposition. Ardashir had bound church and state together in the closest union: no worship but the Zoroastrian was allowed in his dominions. This was mainly aimed at the Christians, and must have caused them much discomfort. But Mani, it would seem, rose against all this narrowness. It has been said that he taught Reincarnation, and again denied; — this much he taught certainly, — that all religions are founded on one body of truth. He drew his own doctrine from Zoroastrianism, Christianity (chiefly Gnostic), and Buddhism; taking from each what he found to be true. Manichaeism spread quickly, through the Roman world as well as through Persia; in the former it replaced Mithraism, another Persian growth, that had come to be pre-eminently the religion of the Roman soldier. Sapor looked on him favorably; Hormizd, the heir apparent, was more or less a disciple; but the Magi agitated. They arranged a great debate before the king, and therein convinced him; persuaded him, at least, to withdraw from the Teacher the light of his countenance; — and Mani found it expedient, or perhaps was compelled, to go into exile. In China; where the family of that Ts'ao Ts'ao who expelled the Eastern Hans, was reigning as the House of Wei in the north. There Mani busied himself, less in teaching his religion than in studying Chinese civilization, — especially its arts and crafts, and most of all, carpet-weaving. Presently he ventured back to Persia, with a large knowledge of Chinese methods and a large collection of specimens; — with which he gave a new impetus to Persian art and manufactures. Hormizd came to the throne in 271, and befriended him and his doctrine; but reigned only a single year. His successor Bahram I in the name of Zoroastrianism had him flayed and crucified.

So Sassanian history is, on the whole, uninteresting. Their culture stood for no great ideas; only for a narrow persecuting church. West Asia was not ready yet for great and world-important doings; it must wait for these till Mohammed, who struck into the very least promising quarter of it, and kindled in the barbarous wilderness a light to redeem the civilization of the western world. I shall hardly have to turn to the Sassanians again; so will say here what is to be said. We have seen that their empire was quite unlike the Parthian; it was a reversion to, and copy in small of, the Achaemenian of Cyrus and Darius. It never attained the size of that; and only late in its existence, and to a small degree, overflowed the Parthian limits. But it was a well-organized state, with a culture of its own; and enough military power to stand throughout its existence the serious rival of Rome. Its arts and crafts became famous, — thanks largely to Mani; in architecture it revived the Achaemenian tradition, with modifications of its own; and passed the result on to the

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Arabs when they rose, to be the basis of the Saracenic style. There was a fairly extensive literature: largely religious, but with much also in *belles lettres*, re-tellings of the old Iranian sagas, and the like. Its history is mainly the record of gigantic wars with Rome; these were diversified later by tussles with the Turks, Ephthalites or White Huns, *et hoc genus omne*. Its whole period of existence lasted from 227 to 637; 410 years; — which we may compare with the 426 of the Hans, and the Roman 424 from the accession of Augustus to the final division of the empire. Of its cycles, there is little information forthcoming; but we may say this: Sapor I came to the throne in 241, succeeding his father Ardashir; he had on the whole a broad outlook; favored Mani at first; was at pains to bring in teachers of civilization from all possible sources; — with his reign the renaissance of the arts and learning, such as it was, — and it was by no means contemptible, — began. Three times thirteen decades from that, and we are at 631. The thirteen decades (less a year) from 499 to 628 are mainly filled with the reigns of Kavadh I and the two Chosroeses, —

“Kai-Kobad the great and Kai-Khusru,”

— all three strong kings and conquerors. When Chosroes II was killed in 628, after a war with Heraclius that began brilliantly and ended in disaster, — the empire practically fell: split up under several pretenders, to be an easy prey for the Moslems a few years later. Was the whole Sassanian period divisible into a day, a night, and a day? Information is not at hand whereby one might gauge the life of the people, and say. The last thirteen decades, certainly, seem to have left their mark as an age of glory on the Persian imagination, and to have been remembered as such in the days of Omar Khayyam. — And here we must leave the Sassanians, having other fish to fry.

We saw the Crest-Wave strike Rome (at Nerva's accession) in 96; then, 131 years later, raise up Ardashir and Persia in 227; — and so, I suppose, should incline to look east again, and jump another thirteen decades, and land in India, in 357 or thereabouts, — praying God to keep us from a bad fall. *India* I allow; but look before you leap; — or, if you will, in mid-air turn over in your minds the old Indian cycles, as far as you know them, and see if they offer you any prospect of a landing-place. As thus: there were the Mauryas, 320 to 190 B. C.; thence on thirteen decades to 60 B. C., — and near enough to the reputed 58 of the reputed Vikramāditya of Ujjain. On again (thirteen decades as usual) to the seventies A. D., — and good enough in all conscience for that slippery Kanishka who so dodges in and out among the early centuries, and is fitted with a new date by everyone who has to do with him. On again,

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from 70 to 200; nothing doing there, I regret to say, (that we know about). Never mind; on thence to 320,— the nearest point to our 357; let us land in the three-twenties then, and see what happens.

On solid ground: for India, remarkably solid. There actually was a Golden Age there at that time; and everybody seems to agree that it lasted, say, one hundred and twenty-nine years: from 326 to 455. This you will note, was the period of the last phase of the Roman Empire: that of its rapid decline. In 323 Constantine came to the throne, and began making Christianity the state religion; in 330 he moved his capital. After 456, no emperor ruled in the west but four puppets set up by the German Ricimer, two set up by Constantinople, and Romulus Augustulus, the last,— and all within twenty years. There is no bright spot within the whole thirteen decades, except the two years of Julian. The faucet was turned on in India; and the Roman garden went waterless, and wilted.

What happened was this: in 320, one Chandragupta Gupta married the Princess of Magadha; and an era was dated from their coronation on the 26th of February in that year. Their son Samudragupta succeeded his father in 326, and reigned until 375. It is characteristic of India that this, probably the greatest monarch since Aśoka, is absolutely unmentioned in any history or contemporary literature: the sole evidence for his reign and greatness comes from coins and inscriptions. One of the latter is to be found on a pillar originally set up and inscribed by Aśoka, now in the fort at Allahabad. It shows him a mighty conqueror, reigning over all Hindūstān; victorious in the Deccan; and, by influence and alliances, dominant from Ceylon to the Oxus. His coins picture him playing on the lyre; the inscriptions speak of him as a poet and musician; in his reign began a great renaissance in art, architecture, literature, and perhaps especially in music,— a renaissance which reached its culmination in the reign of his successor. Another thing to note: when of old time Pushyamitra overturned the Buddhist Mauryas, he showed his Brahmin orthodoxy by performing the great Horse Sacrifice; — a sign that the ancient religion had come back in triumph. They let loose a horse to wander where it would, and followed it with an army for a whole year; then sacrificed it. Samudragupta performed the same rite; — and it is known that the Gupta age was one of strong reaction against Buddhism. I know that it is disputed now that there was ever a persecution of the Buddhists in India; but the tradition remains; and one of the Teachers, in a letter that appears either in the *Occult World* or *Esoteric Buddhism*, speaks of India as a land from which the Light of the Lodge had been driven with the followers of the Buddha. Certainly there were Buddhists in India long after this time: even a great Buddhist king in the seventh

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century: but it seems more than probable that the spirit of intolerance went east with the eastward cyclic flow we have noted this evening: from Christianity to Zoroastrianism; from Zoroastrianism under the Sassanids to Brahminism under the Guptas.

Not, perhaps, that there was actual persecution, yet. Emissaries from the king of Ceylon found the shrine at Buddhagayâ fallen into decay; and they themselves were not well treated at the site. The Buddhist king, however, determined to remedy things as well as he could. He sent ambassadors with rich gifts to Samudragupta; who called the gifts tribute, and permitted him, on consideration thereof, to restore the shrine. The monastery then built by the Sinhalese was afterwards visited by Hiuen Tsang; who describes it as having three storeys, six halls, three towers, and accommodation for a thousand monks. "On it," says Hiuen Tsang, "the utmost skill of the artist has been employed; the ornamentation is in the richest colors, and the statue of Buddha is cast in gold and silver, decorated with gems and precious stones."

A revolution took place in architecture in this age: the Buddhist style was abandoned, for something which, says Mrs. Flora Annie Steel,*

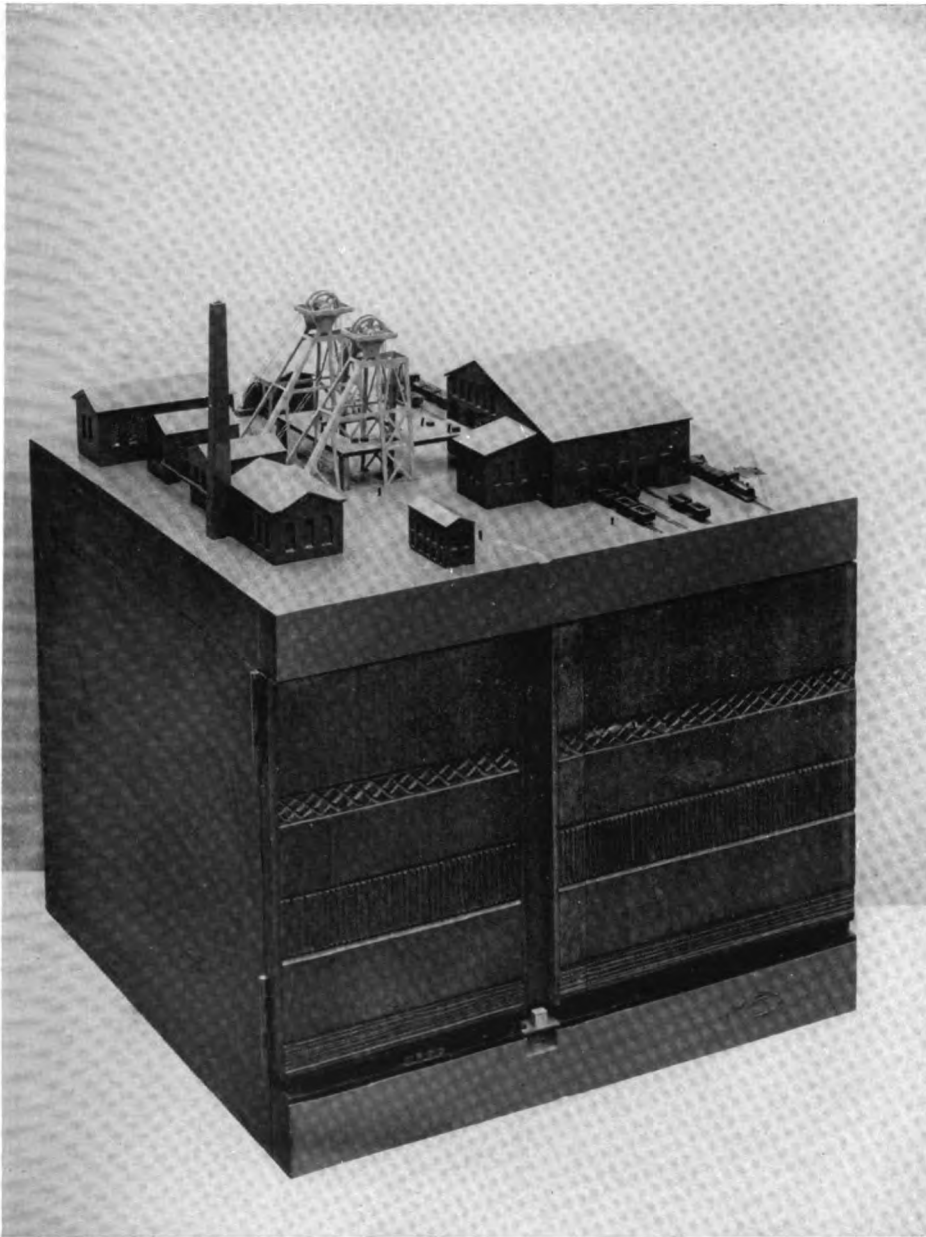
"more ornate, less self-evident, served to reflect the new and elaborate pretensions of the priesthood."

It is summed up, says Mrs. Steel, in the words

"*cucumber and gourd* . . . tall curved vimanas or towers, exactly like two thirds of a cucumber stuck in the ground and surmounted by a flat gourd-like 'amalika.' . . . Exquisite in detail, perfect in the design and execution of their ornamentation, the form of these temples leaves much to be desired. The flat blob at the top seems to crush down the vague aspirings of the cucumber, which, even if unstopped, must ere long have ended in an earthward curve again."

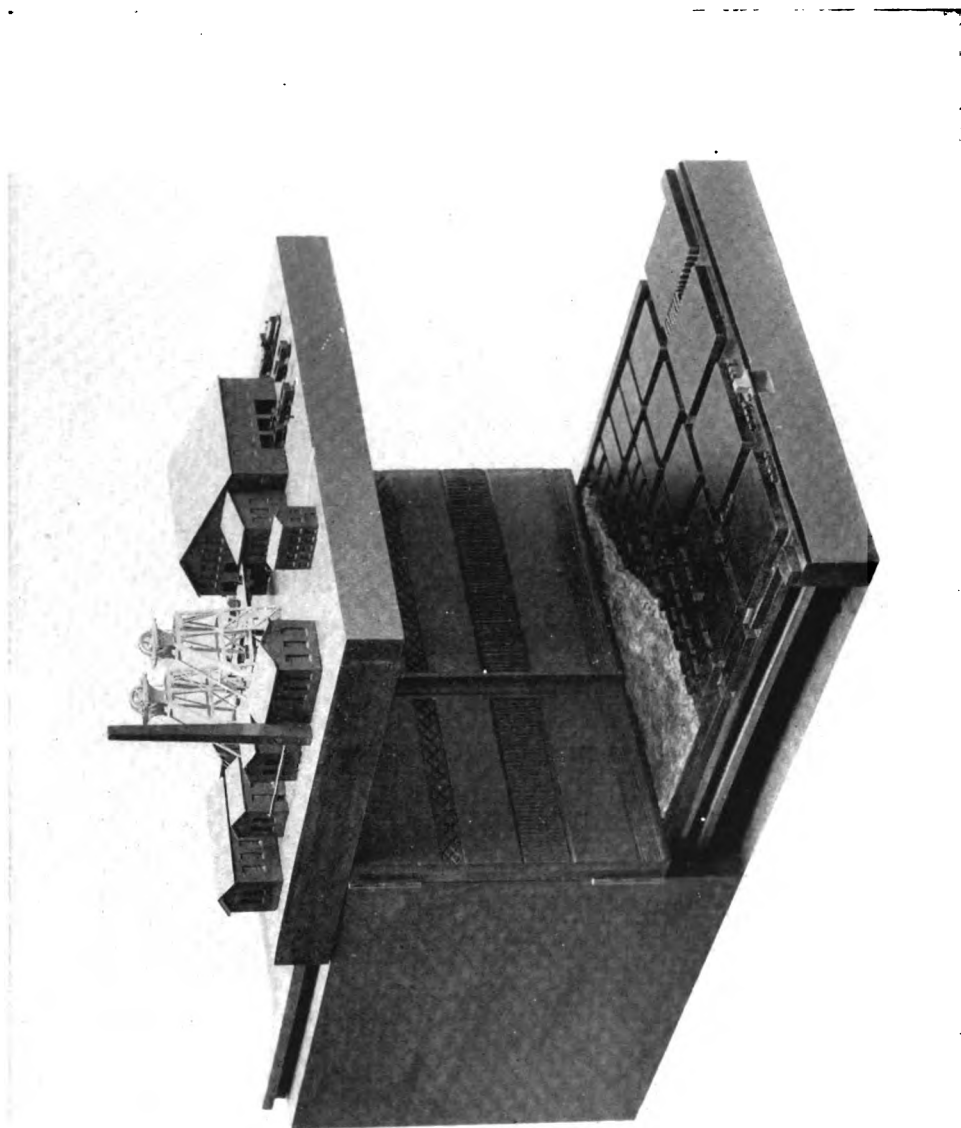
The age culminated in the next reign, that of Chandragupta II Vikramāditya. Heaven knows how to distinguish between him and his half-mythological namesake of B. C. 58 and Ujjain. Very possibly the *Nine Gems of Literature* and Kâlidâsa and *The Ring of Sakoontala* belong to this reign really. At any rate it was a wonderful time. Fa-hien, the Chinese Buddhist traveler, obligingly visited India during its process, and left a picture of conditions. Personal liberty, says Mrs. Steel, was the keynote feature. There was no capital punishment; no hard pressure of the laws; there were excellent hospitals and charitable institutions of all sorts. — We are to see in the whole age, I imagine, a period of great brilliance, and of humaneness resulting from eight centuries of the really civilizing influence of Buddhism: far higher conditions than you should have found elsewhere to east or west at that time; — and also, the

*To whose book *India through the Ages*, I am indebted for these facts concerning the Gupta Age.



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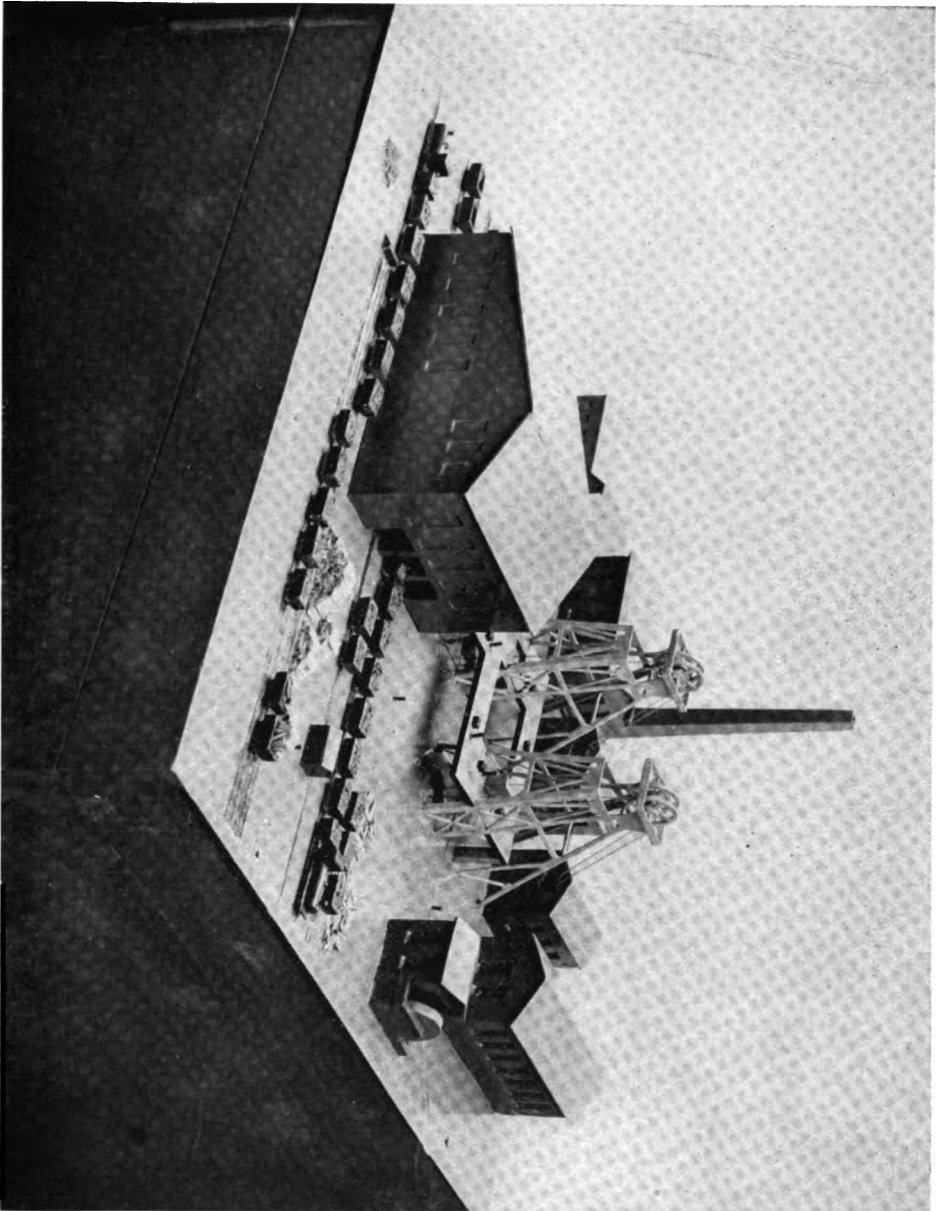
MODEL OF A COAL-MINE FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND — NO. 1
(See page 72 for description)



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

MODEL OF A COAL-MINE FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND — NO. 2

(See page 72 for description)



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

MODEL OF A COAL-MINE FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND—NO. 3

(See page 72 for description)

MODEL FOR THE BLIND

*Designed and made by Mr. Sidney W. Stanley, Member of the
Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society
resident in England*

The preceding three illustrations are from photographs of a model of a coal-mine designed for the purposes of the National Institute of the Blind for circulation among the Blind Schools in the industrial and mining districts of the north of England. The model is about 18" x 18" x 18"; it is in the form of a box with hinged doors opening outwards. As the model is designed to be understood by touch, much detail has had to be omitted and the rest very much simplified; the main features of the mine, however, are shown, and in true scale, with the exception of the mine-shaft which should be very much deeper in reality.

Of the three photographs herewith submitted, No. 1 shows the model closed. The front vertical face represents a section through the earth's surface (halving the mine-shaft vertically) showing the strata — indicated by different surfaces distinguishable to the touch — passed through by the shaft until the coal seam, shown black, is reached. Through the seam a gallery runs across the face of the section.

The white object at the foot of the shaft is a cage resting at the bottom.

In order to show the shaft in its proper relation to the surface, the whole of the top of the model can be drawn forward until the further pit head and frame stands immediately over the shaft.

This is shown in photo. No. 2. The two doors (of the vertical face) can then be opened, and the fingers traveling from the pit-head, having reached the bottom, encounter the main gallery and the branch galleries running from it, and are free to trace them back as far as the limitations of the model will allow. For convenience the whole section of the seam can then be drawn forward, showing the 'working' with the roof off — see photo. No. 2.

Now can be seen the mode of working the seam (one of several methods employed in England). This shows the coal divided into square blocks or 'pillars,' by the galleries driven into the coal, these pillars being divided again into smaller ones near the coal face; the cutting beginning at the far side of the royalty, proceeds towards the pit bottom. The light patch seen in the photograph indicates where the coal has already been removed, and the space thus left filled in with the debris of the roof, which is allowed to fall by the removal of the props supporting it.

The method of timbering roadways is suggested in the short section of the road on the right of pit bottom.

Photo. No. 3 gives a near view of the surface from a different point. The large building in the foreground is the screening house, where the coal, on reaching the surface is freed from dust and dross, sized, and fed into waiting trucks to be carried to the main railroad.

The buildings at the back are the winding engines, boiler-house, and workshops; the smaller one on the right, the fan and its engine, used for ventilating the working. This fan is connected with the near shaft by a tunnel up which the polluted air is sucked, drawing fresh air down the other shaft, thus maintaining a circulation of pure air through the galleries. The little pegs here and there indicate the relative size of a man; and the stacks of wood, stacks of pit props,

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moment when the impulse of culture had reached its outward limit, and the reaction against the spiritual sources of culture began.

Chandragupta Vikramāditya reigned until 413; Kumāragupta, great and successful also, until 455. Then, thirteen decades after Samudragupta's accession, came Skandagupta; and with him, the White Huns. He defeated them on a large scale in the fifties; but they returned again and again to the attack; during the next thirty years their pressure was breaking up the empire; till when Skandagupta died in 480, it fell to pieces.

THE PILGRIM AND THE SHRINE

MAGISTER ARTIUM

"Our Higher Self is a poor pilgrim on his way to regain that which he has lost."

— H. P. Blavatsky



HIS is one of the seeds that the Teacher sowed. Like other seeds, it contains much in little. It is for the husbandman to tend the growth and expansion of the seed. The husbandmen whom H. P. Blavatsky left behind her to care for her work have seen the unfolding of many seeds she planted. Such ideas as those inshrined in the above saying are gaining ground everywhere today.

Some think poets are people who merely express ideas in beautiful language and play upon our emotions; but the true poet is a seer and interpreter to man. Many poets have sung of that vision within us that tells of a life beyond the personality, an immortal life without beginning or end, where all is true and beautiful, and that enables us to view our ordinary life as from outside and to lament over its imperfection. These intimations of immortality come from the Higher Self, the Soul.

Some people who have received such intimations imagine they have been favored with an interview with the supreme architect of the universe. Our own Soul is not greater than the supreme, but it is greater than many people's notions of the supreme.

The regaining of that which was lost is often typified in allegories; among which may be mentioned that at the beginning of the Bible, and Milton's *Paradise Lost* and *Regained*. The legends of pilgrimages and knight-errants in quest of the truth are similar allegories. They all represent the drama of the human Soul on its journey to regain that which was lost.

Whatever may be the truth or error of the speculations about the origin and genealogy of man's physical vesture, the question of the origin and genealogy of his Soul is not touched. There can be no evo-

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lution of matter and organisms without a vital spark to promote it and an intelligence to guide it. Embryologists can see the cell dividing and multiplying; they can see the foetus developing step by step into the semblance of the future organism. They can see the scenery shifted to and fro, but not the movers who move it; they discern the work of building, but not the builders.

A higher law of gravitation attracts our soul to its sublime origin, just as gross matter tends to aggregate about a center of its own kind. Our Soul can never be satisfied as long as it is yet remote from its home. It is of the utmost importance that we should accustom ourselves to regard ourselves as pilgrims on the way to regain what we have lost. Thus alone can we retain that self-respect essential to a worthy performance of our journey through life.

All said and done, a man is ultimately thrown on his own resources; props and stays fail one after another, and he realizes sooner or later that he must stand on his own feet, rely on his central strength. Perhaps he has lost his faith in religion, and so finds himself without a God and the old trust in a savior. He may have turned to science and found it but a cold comforter. Creeds bid him distrust himself and pray for aid to an unknown God. Science points to a dishonored ancestry and leaves him at the mercy of hereditary and biological forces. It is well that he should know that his real essence, the Soul, is more than mortal, and is a spark of the universal Life.

As we review our past life, we often see what little basis there was for our early dreams of achievement. We see but a commonplace atom of humanity, subject to innumerable odd chances of good and ill, warped and twisted this way and that by the prejudices and notions of parents, nurses, and teachers. The resultant personality — what is it but the absurd outcome of all these concurrent influences? What eternal values can it have? And indeed the *personality* is small; but is the personality *all*? Alas for man, if that were all, and naught beyond! But it is not all. There has always been something else — a silent spectator of the life, as it were; a consciousness within the consciousness. When we were born, something incarnated and grew up with the growing body and personality, noting all the various influences, reflecting on them, modifying them, resisting them. There was a real Self, somewhere hidden behind the mask. If we could but unmask that real I!

It has often seemed to thoughtful people that they might one day awake, as from a long and weary dream, and realize for the first time who and what they were. The pilgrim might gain a height and catch a glimpse of the goal, the home.

It has always been a favorite theme of philosophers and poets that

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the Soul is a prisoner on earth and has memories of its former home of beauty. This constitutes the essence of religion, though often obscured by formal creeds and built over by dogmas. One imagines that the most materialistic and skeptical theorist finds his speculative webs a poor comfort at times, and has to resort to the source of strength which he finds in his own intuition and will.

One hardly knows what kind of a goal the theorists of evolution place before humanity in the future — they are so engrossed with speculations about its past — but it is difficult to imagine humanity ever scaling heights that do not exist until they are scaled. The ladder of evolution seems to unfold itself rung by rung before our advancing feet. The idea of a pilgrim returning to a lost home is more tenable.

In the allegory of the Fall of Man, known to every religion, we find a reminiscence of part of the past history of the human pilgrim. There was a time — perhaps there have been many such times — when humanity took a step that plunged it into the mist and strife of worldly life; when its finer faculties became covered over with 'coats of skin,' and when the bliss of innocence faded into a fond memory. No doubt it was as necessary for man to take this step as it is for the daring swimmer to take the water; without it the greater purpose could not be accomplished. But now his eyes are set on what lies before, on the shore he will regain.

Shakespeare's well-known comparison of life to a stage, on which the people are playing parts, is more full of meaning than may appear at a superficial glance. The very word personality is derived from a word meaning an actor's mask. The difficulty found in explaining life is due to the fact that life is relative to something beyond. The physicist cannot explain matter in terms of matter; he must look deeper, to some ether or substratum beyond matter. So with our life: we see but the outside, the vesture, the effects; and the cause behind escapes us.

Looking back over life, we can see that we have not accomplished our desires. We have been driven along a path which we did not plan, by a power which was not that of our own inclinations. We have fulfilled a destiny which we did not comprehend. All the while, amid fond desires and imaginings, the real purpose of the incarnated Soul has been worked out.

The important thing is to try and realize that this mysterious power beyond personal desire, that some call fate and others providence, is our veritable Self — the pilgrim himself. When we say, 'Thy will be done!' we should think of this higher will that is guiding our life. And we are not forbidden to try and understand that will.

The path of liberation and illumination, as defined by the great

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mystics and teachers, consists in the endeavor to blend our mind with the Higher Mind within; in the effort to make our will one with that higher Will. It would be difficult to find an apter statement of what is common to religions and great philosophies. This is thought to be the real meaning of At-one-ment.

Let us consider the practical value of this teaching; for this is an age of verbal facility, literary prolificness, and mental agility, when it is fatally easy to elaborate beautiful but barren systems.

The world is full of people looking for a light; this has brought to many what they were seeking. In this way it has proved and is proving its practical value. It is no new speculation but a clinging to old and well-tried wisdom. It restores lost self-respect, and anything which can do this is of obvious practical value. It does not divert our thoughts from the world in which we live and work, to some visionary or future sphere; but arms us for the conditions which, willy nilly, we have to encounter. No man can argue himself out of the knowledge that he is here and that he has before him a life which he must lead somehow or other. These teachings explain the meaning of that life and show him how to live it. "Why has the Creator denied us knowledge and yet endowed us with the everlasting itch for it?" — some ask petulantly. But is it so? Man was not *gifted* with Wisdom; for Wisdom cannot be given, it has to be chosen. And Man was given the choice, and he chose Wisdom. Henceforth he was thrown on his own resources; and though he may weakly wish to be led, his true interests demand that he should act. We are not forbidden to know; or, if we are, we are not to take the prohibition seriously. Let us try to understand this life which we are called upon to lead.

The outstanding fact about it is that it is all relative to some other and greater condition which lies at present beyond the grasp of our intellect. The capital error is in regarding this higher Wisdom as being that of some superior and detached power, and as being unattainable by man. Instead of this belief, let us try to grasp the truth — that man is himself endowed with knowledge, which at present is veiled by the imperfection of some of his other faculties; and that he can progressively remove the veils and thus attain to an ever clearer and clearer understanding of his situation and duties.

As these teachings are as old as man, there have in all ages been people who have followed them, and many who have achieved. Such are the world's Teachers whose work lightens our path. When these ideas become more widespread, history will be interpreted anew. At present history is interpreted to suit the views or convictions of writers of various creeds and various brands of belief or non-belief. The aware-

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ness that knowledge exists and is attainable has always been a powerful motive in history; and everywhere we see the evidences; but many scholars try to explain them away. The ancient Mysteries were widely venerated, and the greatest men sought initiation into them. In those schools were undoubtedly taught such eternal truths as that of the Divine nature of man, while the earnest candidate was accorded the tests whereby he might secure the opportunity of entering upon the practical work of the Mysteries and thus fitting himself to become a Teacher.

RELIGION AND LABOR

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

PEOPLE are finding out that life cannot be run on a basis of material values alone, and that *religion* is a prime necessity. Hence the existence of such a body as the International Conference on Labor and Religion, of which we learn that at one of its meetings in London the subject discussed was, "Can the religion implicit in the labor movement, made explicit, become the theme of world-wide evangelism?" This question assumes that there is religion implicit in the labor movement, implies that this religion can be formulated, and asks whether the religion, thus formulated, can be made practical. One of the speakers said that many in the labor movement felt that the churches were more against them than with them, and that it was necessary to realize that Japan, China, and other parts must be associated in their attempt to formulate the divine will and to pray for the establishment of the kingdom of God upon earth. Another said that, if the labor movement is to carry on the kingdom of God, it must possess a religious power. The first attempt in propaganda must be to make clear that Christianity is an adequate religion, and that this faith is of more effect than a materialistic basis.

Bishop Gore, at the same conference, said that the spirit of the labor movement might be expressed as 'Not charity but justice.' Charity was nothing but justice with a heart to it. He supposed that the people were met because they were conscious of the need the movement had of an explicit basis of principle. Having in view the fact that it was harder to rebuild than destroy, he expressed anxiety to know what were the principles of the religion said to be implicit in the labor movement.

In seeking to answer this question, the Bishop gave his conception of the meaning of brotherhood. He said:

"I am sure the real hope of brotherhood lies in the belief that the instinct for brotherhood

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which manifests itself in the labor movement is not a belief generated in the heart of man, but represents the purpose of the universe."

This was the only way in which brotherhood could be rendered stable and real; for otherwise it was so apt to be merely the interests of a class or group. Demurring from a view attributed to Huxley — that the great force which rules the universe is a force to be *fought* — he asked 'Is there any slow-growing force in the universe with which man can *co-operate*?' Could labor respond to the cry that the power of God is the power that rules the world? Could it be rallied to the recognition of the moral sovereignty of Jesus Christ?

It may be remarked that, although the universality of the movement is insisted on, China and Japan being specifically mentioned, yet it is not universal religion that is advocated, but *a* religion, namely Christianity; and Jesus Christ is mentioned particularly by the Bishop and by another speaker who said that the speakers had a real respect for Jesus Christ and had not turned him down. Evidently Christianity will have to enlarge its borders so as to lose its distinctive character, or else to take its place side by side with other religions as one of the family of religions all derived from universal Religion. But perhaps we should not expect too much at once, and may hope that this will come later. The comparative study of religions is quite an important part of a program which aspires to unite all mankind in an intelligent, heartfelt, and practical solidarity.

In these circumstances it would seem necessary to find a more universal meaning for 'Jesus Christ,' one that will appeal to non-Christian nations of the world; and this can be done if the gospel is interpreted in a broad and intelligent spirit. If we do this, we can recognise Jesus as one of a class of World-Teachers, who, having himself attained to a knowledge of the divine nature of man, and to the wisdom and emancipation consequent upon that knowledge, had found his mission in striving to bring others into the path of liberation. Such a Teacher, whether Jesus or Buddha or what not, is not merely a personality but a type of human nature in general, a witness that all men and any man can tread the same path and attain to a knowledge of the divine nature of man. In short, the key to the situation is to be found in the ancient truth, common to all religions in their purity, that the mediator between man and the divine is man's own God-given spirit — his higher Self — that speaks to him in the voice of conscience and reveals to him the true laws of human life and conduct. This is a basis on which men of all nations and creeds can unite. It at the same time unites them and raises them above the futile negations of materialism and skepticism.

What is that universal law of nature with which man can co-operate,

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as one of the speakers said? It is simply the law (or laws) of man's spiritual nature, as distinguished from those of his animal nature. Science has been emphasizing the latter and thus reinforcing the reign of doubt and materialism that has led us into this pass. It now behoves us to investigate the laws of our spiritual nature, and therefrom to deduce a more practical theory of life and conduct. This is exactly what Theosophy was intended to do and has been doing. The main ideas are recognised, as we see from the above quotations, but they need formulating, making more definite — as the speakers have indicated by their question about the implicit religion being made explicit.

It requires, therefore, to be definitely stated as an article of faith, that *man is a compound being, divine and animal*; and that, whatever evolutionary speculations may say as to the lineage of his physical parts, the question as to the origin and nature of his higher faculties remains as it was before. The proposed body of world-workers would have to subscribe to this doctrine of man's spiritual lineage, and to declare that they will make it the basis of their rules of conduct. It is not enough to say that they will eschew selfishness, both of the individual and of the class, and that they will embrace the principle of solidarity and care for the welfare of all; there must be a doctrinal sanction, an intellectual basis, for this policy. And that is to be found in the ancient doctrine that man is essentially an immortal Soul, and that his way of salvation lies through a recognition of this divinity in his nature, and through governing his conduct in accordance with its laws.

The higher nature of man is striving to express itself, to make its voice heard, however confusedly, in these utterances of the workers and the bishops. After a long reign of materialism in science, in religion, and in sociology, it demands its rights. The very word 'rights' has changed its meaning, as we begin to realize that man has other and more valuable rights than those which for so long he has been insisting upon. No doubt circumstances have been such that it has been necessary to insist on these more material rights; but now, a measure of success having been achieved in that respect, there is leisure to think of more important rights. The workers, we are told, are not content to be conceded merely the right to eat and drink; they demand to be recognised as men, to have their minds and tastes provided for, and to be given equal opportunity for development. They are insisting on their right to be regarded as men. But what is a man? An immortal Soul, we repeat, in a house of clay. And, as there is nothing to prevent people of any class from standing upon their dignity as human beings, so long as they will but recognise that they are immortal Souls, it may be that the workers, instead of emulating the other classes, may find

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their salvation in a new conception of the dignity of their own calling.

Religion is continually being reborn. It follows the laws of growth, which require that the spirit shall be expressed in a form, but that the form shall change and adapt itself as the form of a growing tree adapts itself. Thus religion becomes from time to time hidebound; a new growth appears within, as the old growth begins to crack and scale off. What is essential and unchanging and eternal remains; what is temporary passes away. The essence of religion is founded on human nature itself: the promptings of man's own divine nature, and the light of his own intuition. Yet the aspirations of mankind are usually focused in the work of some great movement; and the work of the movement is focused in that of some great leader or teacher, who towers above the generality. The conservative spirit, which preserves what is valuable of the past, and the spirit of progress, which looks to the future, must blend harmoniously; their common aim and result being to show that Religion itself is coeval with humanity. Of those who would cling to the past we may well ask, 'How far back do you propose to go?' If they plead conservatism, we will outdo them in it: we take them back to the origin and root of religions.

The divinity of human nature is the key; but we should be foolish to neglect the garnered wisdom of the ages. Theosophy has not only insisted on the divinity of human nature, and given a masterly analysis of the constitution of man, but it has shown how the symbolism and allegory of ancient religions and philosophies may be interpreted so as to reveal the existence and the sufficiency of the eternal Wisdom-Religion. In this movement between religion and labor we see one of many converging tendencies. The work of the scholar and antiquarian will also be required. Broader views of evolution will be needed among scientists. A masterkey will be required for the solution of the general problem of human life; and such can be found in Theosophy.



"I AM convinced that could every life be subjected to a truly searching analysis, could be plainly read as an open book, we should discover but one thing in all cases — prevailing justice. 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' The greater the pain, the greater the fortitude vouchsafed, the greater the character builded. Many the man who carries within a perfect physique a mental pain more onerous and intolerable than any happy-dispositioned cripple could know."

— T. S. HARDING in *The Open Court*

SONNET

H. T. P.

WORLD sorrow, world distress, unrest, no one
Can be exempt from it, although alone
No one the racial burden bears,—no none—
For life's full song holds in itself a moan.
Each one is of the Past—its good and ill—
An heir; hath played his various parts in it;
Hath scribed therein those lines the pages fill
And made his book of life as it stands writ.
This book cannot be closed until the end;
The words therein can never be effaced;
That which therein in former times was penned
Remains therein indelibly there placed.
This latent record in the soul will stay
E'en when its transient sheaths shall fade away.

TRUTH: JUSTICE: SILENCE

M. MACHELL

TRINITIES abound in religion, philosophy, life, and nature, and there is a certain mystic completeness about the triune aspect of life and philosophy. The exoteric is ever a reflexion, however distorted, of the esoteric; and "As above, so below" is a truth which obtains universally, as we see when we learn to look deeply enough.

In religion we have the triune expression of the godhead, Isis, Osiris, Horus; Brahmâ, Vishnu, and Śiva; the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, etc. In *Isis Unveiled* H. P. Blavatsky calls attention many times to the occurrence of trinities in the most ancient religions. She reminds us that the Chaldaeans had their Bel-Saturn, Jupiter-Bel and Bel or Baal-Chom. She explains further that the Brahmâ, Vishnu, and Śiva referred to above, correspond to Power, Wisdom, and Justice, which in their turn answer to Spirit, Matter, Time; Past, Present, and Future. The Persians, again, have their Ormazd, Mithra, and Ahriman; the Egyptians their Emeph, Eicton, and Ptah, and the same idea is to be found with the Chinese, Peruvians, Tatars, and doubtless all peoples that have inhabited the globe.

Modern Christianity has so crystallized and dogmatized its con-

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ception of the trinity, so literalized and materialized it, that it has become something vague and aloof, unrelated to our daily needs and problems. Yet since all spiritual teachings depend for their value on their application to life, it must be that this trinitarian concept originated as a response to the need of the spiritual pilgrim, man. Undoubtedly the time was when the human race did move and live on a higher spiritual plane than it does today, at which time words and symbols of things divine were living realities needing no exposition or elucidation, since their outward symbol was but an expression of that which was enthroned in the heart of every man. But as men tended more towards materialism and selfishness the vitality of spiritual teachings waned, and what was once reverently cherished and inshrined in every man's heart, became a dead-letter formula with ever lessening power to affect the daily actions of those who accepted the words. Today we have numberless words, phrases and formulae which contain profound and sacred truths, but which have in the course of time lost most of their power to guide, heal, or uplift.

The three words that stand at the head of this paper form a triune expression of frequent use and great significance in the lives of Theosophical students. At first thought one is tempted to ask, "Why these three words more than any others?" Looked at from the ordinary standpoint they seem to lack relation one to another, and in repeating them they have a peculiar way of refusing to coalesce, refusing to become a commonplace formula. Truth and Justice may well express each other in either of the single words, since what is true must be just and justice is impossible where falsehood exists. On the other hand, why associate Silence with Justice or with Truth, since Justice must ever depend both on action and pronouncement. And surely we should never tire of lifting up our voice in defense or in proclamation of Truth.

Yet clearly, three such significant words as these — Truth, Justice, Silence, brought together in the form of a watchword have not been chosen haphazard or without meaning. And in the study of this subject of Trinities as treated by H. P. Blavatsky, the following, which one comes upon, throws an interesting light on our quandary: "The first eternal number is the Father, or the Chaldaean primeval, invisible, and incomprehensible *chaos*, out of which proceeded the *Intelligible* one: the Egyptian Ptah, or 'the *Principle of Light* — not the light itself, and the Principle of Life, though himself *no* life.' The *Wisdom* by which the Father created the heavens is the *Son*, or the Kabalistic Adam Kadmon. The Son is at once the male *Ra*, or Light of Wisdom, Prudence or *Intelligence*, Sephira, the female part of Himself; while from this dual being proceeds the third emanation, the Binah or Reason, the second

TRUTH: JUSTICE: SILENCE

Intelligence — the Holy Ghost of the Christians.” Here, then, we have our trinity of the Principle of Light, Wisdom, Reason. Realizing, as one must, that words change in value and significance with times and peoples, it is not too much of a departure from reason to trace a parallel between the Principle of Light, and ‘Truth’; the ancient Wisdom, and our ‘Justice’; the ancient Reason, and our ‘Silence.’ Is there not the same mystical note in the conception of the Holy Ghost and in that arcane and unfathomable mystery of Silence? Again, as to the relation of these words one to the other: in Truth we have the sum and origin of all — an aspect of the Absolute, the Father or parent of the entire manifested universe. In Justice, synonymous with the ancient Wisdom, we have the element of Harmony, Equilibrium, Balance: creative proportion productive of our formative conception of all manifested life. In Silence we are naming the all-creative Soul of things — the inwardness of every outward manifestation — the mystery that underlies every exoteric phenomenon. Here then are three individual elements in our life, each one essential and each having an intimate relation to the other two.

“Truth, Justice, Silence!” — What effect might these words exert when entering as living factors into the life of a human being?

‘Truth!’ That which *is*. The actual essence of things. *Reality*, as opposed to the illusions and superficialities of existence. Surely if I can rise with each morning’s sun attuned to this one keynote of truth I am taking the first step in the banishment of sham, of make-believe, of illusion in my life. I face the realities of life as a reality. All that there is of immortality, of spirituality, of nobility, dignity, worth, in the universe — all that I have aimed to attune myself to. My aim is far from accomplished; were it so I should be one with the saviors of the race — an Elder Brother. But I have sounded the keynote, I have set the atoms of my being, the forces and energies of my life, into vibration with the Soundless Sound, the singing of the spheres, the pulsating of the universal life. The door is opened in me for the entry of some breath, some note, some fleeting vision — call it what you will — of the greater life. Insofar as I succeed in dedicating that day to truth I have come as near as is possible for me at that time and in that point of growth and evolution, to identifying myself with the Heart of the Universe. Because I have done this I myself have achieved a larger growth, have pushed back the limits of my possibilities for growth. Better still, because I have done this all whom I have contacted have been benefited, have perhaps sensed an urge to greater aspiration, more daring efforts, have been challenged to strive for greater things. Unquestionably, for every human being who sounds this keynote of truth in his life, truth

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— universal truth — receives by that much its fuller incarnation in the world's thought-atmosphere.

Justice — how difficult it is to be at any time absolutely just to oneself and to others! There are so many things to consider — so much both unknown to us and known to us. And when it comes to exercising absolute justice on the human plane, whether towards ourselves or towards others, we discover that our real knowledge of it is pitifully inadequate. One thing we may be certain of: that danger of undue severity in our judgment of others is far greater than undue severity of judgment of ourselves. We have to take H. P. Blavatsky's injunction to heart to "Be more severe with yourself than with others; be more charitable towards others than towards yourself." Indeed, judgment is not ours; we have but to observe, discriminate, and learn from our observation. The observation and the learning are our chiefest duties; neglecting these, we are missing the purpose of human existence, idling away our time in life's class-room. There has to be the practical, common-sense basis to work upon. We are called upon to meet conditions as they are, not as we conceive them to be or as we would like to have them. Duality is an ever existent fact and has to be taken into account in dealing with human nature. To be blind to expressions of the lower self in ourselves or in our fellows is to make just dealing impossible. But our duty is not to condemn our fellow-man but to learn by his mistakes, remembering always that perhaps were we in his position, with his weaknesses, his heredity, his Karma, we might do no better or not as well. Experience will teach us that there is only one path to perfect justice, so far as any human justice is capable of being perfect, and that is the path of impersonality. So long as we are absolutely disinterested and impersonal we need have no fear of doing an injustice, for where the personality is eliminated or controlled mere intellectual judgment is superseded by the intuition of the higher mind, and where intuition is in action in a mind free from all personal discoloration or bias, facts and conditions are swiftly seen in right relation and proportion, and justice becomes possible.

It is an ample ideal, this of justice, to carry in the heart and mind and make practical even for one day. Try it and see. Think of many interweaving skeins of human destiny and human happiness, depending in some way, small or great, on your administration of justice in the minute tribunal of your day's duties. Think of yourself and feel yourself administering justice to the utmost of your ability in every detail of the day; in the duties you find distasteful and usually get through as lightly as may be; in the relationships with personalities that always rub you the wrong way and with whom you usually get on with no more violent outbreak of mood or temper than you feel is after all justified by

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their (never your own) idiosyncracies; in regard to the little tasks and duties you should do each day, but which being so insignificant and easily overlooked, you usually slight. Try all these small forms of administering justice in your own little life-world, and see if the word itself is not a tonic for your whole being. Justice — how close it lies to balance, poise, harmony — the great secret, Râja-Yoga, that Katherine Tingley is teaching her pupils. It is the one thing, the absence of which today is driving the world to insanity. "Selfishness is the insanity of the age," says Katherine Tingley, and selfishness is monumental injustice, monumental unbalance, monumental disharmony. Let us, a few of us, for the sake of the welfare of the rest, begin to introduce this vital leaven of justice most intimately and conscientiously into our daily lives, that sanity, poise, and strength may find their way once more into the world's living.

And Silence — mystery of mysteries; most potent of all potencies; the philosopher's stone of human character. Silence — its own best definition. Profaned rather than elucidated by words, it is the gateway to the eternal mysteries of man's deepest self. To quote again from the words of Katherine Tingley to her students, "But few of you have learned the power of silence; if you had, there would be less unrest in each nature." Is it not this very unrest we would all be freed of, this tossing hither and thither on the troubled tides of moods and emotions, seldom knowing the calm clear depths of the ocean of spiritual life within us? Nature's supreme creation, Man, is a strange paradox. He prays for "the peace that passeth all understanding"; he sings of the golden Jerusalem, and the more conscientious of his order strain a robust faith calculating the chances of a final cancellation of all previous obligations in the vicarious atonement of a personal god. Yet within his heart the golden gates stand closed. He seldom if ever hears the choiring hosts he sings about. But moving restlessly and clamorously up and down before the temple he lacks the temerity to turn the key and enter the temple. The question always is, of course, does he really *want* to enter. If he really wants to enter he can enter; when he really wants to enter he will enter; until he really wants to enter, entrance is utterly forbidden. And he can only approach this abiding-place of peace through the Hall of Silence.

"When he has ceased to hear the many, he may discern the ONE — the inner sound which kills the outer.

"Then only, not till then, shall he forsake the region of *Asat*, the false, to come unto the realm of *Sat*, the true. . . .

"Before the Soul can hear, the image (man) has to become as deaf to roarings as to whispers, to cries of bellowing elephants as to the silvery buzzing of the golden firefly.

"Before the soul can comprehend and may remember, she must unto the Silent Speaker

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be united, just as the form to which the clay is modeled is first united to the potter's mind.

"For then the soul will hear and will remember.

"And then to the inner ear will speak — THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE."

— H. P. Blavatsky

"Let there be a few moments of silence," says Katherine Tingley, at the close of all sacred observances (and which of the real observances of life are *not* sacred, when rightly performed?)

"How will some of you use this opportunity of Silence? By trying to see how long it will last, or how soon it will be over? When a personal or selfish thought creeps in during silence, the door is shut and the light cannot find its place. The Soul is barred, and the day will bring little to you that will satisfy the better side of your nature."— *Katherine Tingley*

There you have the secret and solution of this mystery of silence. Generally with most of us "the door *is* shut" and "the Soul *is* barred." Yet this need not be. Can we not call back to our midst something of the depth and sincerity of the ancient days — something of the calm strong dignity that broods in the eye of the sphinx as it looks out over the golden deserts, under the splendor of full mid-day, under the quiet pale rose twilight, under the blue still night, when hosts of choiring planets and myriad stars, age-old, passionless, beautiful, call forth beneath their silent gaze the sacred memories of a mighty past? With the builders of the pyramids, of the Sphinx, of Karnak, reposed secrets of silence now unknown to us, but still discoverable were we willing to turn to the interior of our own souls. There we shall find at once the peace we seek, together with the power and wisdom wherewith to attain and hold it. It is the old, old question of self-knowledge and becoming actually that which we are potentially. Truth — justice — silence. In our best moments we are the expression of truth. Justice abides with us ever and takes its rise from this same Eternal Self. Silence is the language, the only true and adequate expression of the Warrior within. All these things we have, all these things we are. But we have wandered so far away from ourselves in the esoteric sense, that we can see little of this trinity save as reflexions of the original in words, spoken or written, or the living token of the Teacher's life. To be sure, in this bodily mansion we can but see truth as through a glass darkly; justice is ever relative and conditioned and the singing silence seldom sounds within. But let us cherish these words, love them and live them. There will be moments — moments of change, of stepping forth into the vale of peace when the 'I' that now so cramps and troubles us falls away, and That which is, traversing the asphodel meadows of Eternity, will know that It is Truth, It is Justice, It is Silence.

JUSTICE AND MERCY --- DO THEY HARMONIZE OR CONFLICT?

GRACE KNOCHE

"Let your heart speak! It is not sentiment but the divine law of our being that makes all men our brothers. True justice, the highest reasoning, the strictest logic, all take into account the higher laws of life and thus proclaim mercy, compassion, and mutual responsibility. *Let your heart speak!* By so doing, alone can you do justice to the criminal, justice to society, and justice to yourself!"— KATHERINE TINGLEY in an address upon the subject: 'Capital Punishment and Prison Reform.'

"Justice and Mercy are only opposite poles of one single whole. . . . That which man calls Mercy and Justice is defective, errant, and impure."— *From an ancient Aphorism*

JUSTICE and Mercy — do they harmonize or conflict? This question has been asked all down the ages and it is paramount today, the crowning query in every project of reform. Theosophy, whose mission it is pre-eminently to throw light upon the vital questions of the day, can hardly be deaf to the challenge, for Theosophy is essentially the Religion of Justice. Yet it declares itself to be also the Religion of Mercy and over all the laws that it announces as acting to secure perfect justice, the Law of Mercy is supreme: 'Compassion is the Law of laws'; conditioning, vitalizing, and ruling all the rest. Obviously, under Theosophy these two great ideals harmonize — but how? And what if they do? Is it worth the world's while to find out?

Among all the great pictures in the vast gallery of Shakespeare's art none shines out with more transcendent conviction in support of the Theosophic stand upon this question than the one set in an old Venetian court-room in the trial of a cause involving consequences of the most serious kind. It is an action for debt, and as the debtor did not pay at the date agreed upon, and the lender will not accept the payment at a later date, the bondsman has been brought into court.

We cannot dwell on the beauty of the scene, wrought as it is by Shakespeare's consummate art and radiant with the culture and the romance of Venice in her prime, nor even on the causes leading up to the issue which is now to be tried in the senate-house before the senators of Venice and the duke. We can touch upon only the issue. The lender will have nothing but "justice and my bond"; the debtor feels outraged, trapped, deceived; the bondsman feels that his life is to be forfeited not on principles of justice but of revenge. The duke has no power to declare what the law ought to be but simply must uphold it as it is; he threatens to dismiss the proceedings altogether unless a certain learned

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doctor of the law, whom he has sent for in the emergency, can come into court that day.

But counsel cannot come and at the last moment sends a young, unknown advocate to plead the cause in his stead. The situation is anything but a promising one. The young lawyer first questions the bondsman: "Do you confess the bond?" and the latter replies, "I do." Such was the law of this city-state that no recourse was possible there, so the next words are addressed to the lender, who replies to the simple assertion that therefore he "must be merciful," with an indignant, "On what compulsion must I? Tell me that!" Instead of answering him directly the young advocate follows with that superb Theosophic announcement which has so fired the great common heart eternally pleading for justice that it is more familiar, perhaps, than any other single passage in the whole of Shakespeare's works:

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown.
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above his scepter'd sway,
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice."

Portia was not a lawyer, though Shakespeare with even more truth to local tradition might have made her so, for in the Italy of the days of the doges the law was freely open to women, who even held professorships of law in her great universities. It was a custom so elemental and accepted, and so well known to the rest of Europe — which, less well-equipped educationally at the time, sent many of her youths to Italy for study — that Shakespeare could hardly have been ignorant of the fact. Yet in this greatest of his Italian plays, *The Merchant of Venice*, he makes Portia a simple woman — highly educated, it is true, as he is at pains to tell us, and one whom the learned Bellario did not hesitate to recommend to the most august tribunal in the state as fully competent to plead a cause in his place, but still a woman, unlearned in any law but that of the heart. And while it is true that her argument — if we may call it such — availed nothing against the heartless demand for 'justice' on brain-mind lines; and while it is also true that the happy unraveling of the knot came from no acceptance of the supreme rule

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of mercy, but instead from sheer acumen and woman's wit — which pushed the logic of brain-mind 'justice' much farther than the plaintiff had ever intended it to go — still the great Theosophic principle was set forth, and with such clarity and beauty of language that it cannot be forgotten or obscured. Taken in connexion with the whole picture, it is worth a thousand arguments to show that justice and mercy are not warring opposites, nor is mercy a poor, weak suppliant with no foundation in life's great Law of Justice for her plea. Rightly interpreted and defined, they are not two but one; they harmonize and never conflict.

The question arises: why have these principles, justice and mercy, such compelling interest, such power to fire the human heart? This is why: they touch the most basic fact in human nature, the fact that man himself is not one, but two, divine and human both. He is mortal, but he is also immortal, only a sojourner here from another and purer world. He is doomed to die at the end of about so many years, but he is equally doomed to live on and on, forever deathless, forever imperishable. He is animal in his needs and desires, granted; but he is godlike, too, in both, for he has needs that touch the Godhead and the stars and has desires that only spiritual perfection can satisfy. In short, he is a Soul, a spark from Deity, the very child of God — but he dwells in a house of flesh and in that house are tenants that are not imperishable and divine. Grant so much as this and justice takes on a new aspect altogether. You have entered another world, with another language, another logic, new ideals, new vistas opening out and a new fire flaming up in your heart. And in that world no man living can lay down hard and rigid lines; no man living can say, *Let Mercy attend to her affairs and Justice will see to his*, for with hands clasped they go forward together.

This looks like a challenging statement, taking the world as it is, with the cry for 'justice' clamoring on every hand and with 'mercy' pleading to be heard in the wild turbulence, but powerless to still it or call a halt. "Justice! All we ask is justice!" The cry is heard here, there, everywhere: from the lips of those who suffer, broken and crushed, and equally from those who pity them and would lift them up in love; from those who love humanity and the truth, and from those others who would desecrate any ideal to keep themselves in power. Justice! It has been the slogan of lust for power and of hypocrisy all down the centuries — but it has also been the pure ideal of the compassionate Saviors of men. And today, as life has become complex and disordered in a superlative degree, and human action a choppy sea of cross-currents and fitful storms, it is time that someone or some philosophy came forward with a definition. Are there two sorts of justice — or what?

This is not an irrelevant question in this case for the Soul of man,

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for from antiquity to the present, justice has been the issue and some conception of it the ideal. Go we back as far as we will and we find it the great glowing point of departure in all world-systems of religion, philosophy, government, and law. In Israel, Greece, and Rome; in still older Babylonia; in China and Egypt, Persia and ancient Peru, justice has ever been the great standard to be defended, the goal to be striven for, the light to be kept aloft. The central question in all the miserable conflicts of our collective life has ever been, "What is the just and what is the unjust thing?" — and the centuries have written nothing more pathetic than their constant reachings-out for justice on the one hand and harsh denials of it on the other. The long battle of the Roman *plebs*; the slow emergence out of the cruelties inflicted in many nations in the wake of unpaid debt; the sharp campaign of pressure that forced John's unwilling signature at Runnymede; the struggles of every reformer and the long roll of every bitterly fought reform, are instances that might be multiplied many times. And the end is not yet, for the cry is as loud and persistent today as it ever was — this cry for 'justice!'

But, again, what is 'justice?' All down the centuries we can trace faithful efforts to define it and to stick to the definition. But no satisfactory definition has as yet been framed — satisfactory, we mean, in the sense that it answers our questions and is something that people on opposite sides of an issue can agree upon. In addition, mercy as a factor has been ignored. The result is that the world is now a seething caldron of evil forces, open and secret, seen and unseen. Crime, suicide, and insanity are increasing so fast that unless something happens to stop or deflect this tide, civilization will be submerged. What else can be expected, however, when mercy has been set aside so long — as a consideration, that is, in large and august affairs: affairs of governments, for instance, and great tribunals and weighty law. Justice as an ideal commands both recognition and respect — nor can we be too thankful for that, in the present mad whirlpool of things — as the crowning ideal of the world; but to talk of mercy as a factor in straightening out the world's disheveled affairs — that is to say, as a substantial, workable, practical, common-sense factor — is simply to talk over people's heads. It is too intangible altogether, while in justice you give us something that is tangible, something worth taking a statesman's time. This is the accepted view and the majority of minds appear to endorse it. But then, why don't we get somewhere? Is there a missing link, a slipped cog, at some point in the chain or the machine? We would save time in the end to pause a moment and find out.

Probably not in recorded history have so many fine minds, taking humanity as a whole, bent their efforts towards the furtherance of justice.

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They are in our courts, our schools, in our industries, and in affairs of state; but they are not succeeding as they had hoped to do nor as they logically should. There are many working on lines of great injustice, it is true, but not so many as to explain the deadlock fully; and there are apathy and selfishness and a thousand other qualities in general human nature that would act in any period or anywhere to block the path of reform. But neither do these things explain it. There is something else and we believe it arises from the general limited understanding of what justice really is. The goal to be arrived at is not at all clearly understood, and the drifting human units that must be guided until they reach it — we do not understand them, either, in the least. Under such conditions how can we expect the wheels of progress to move any faster than they do? The wonder is, at times, that they are able to move at all.

If you are given some living thing to foster and care for, you first of all study its nature. You find out *what it is*, and knowing that, you will know what to do. You would not think of planting a lotus seed in desert soil or a cactus-runner at the bottom of a pond, for you know their nature, their limitations and their needs; and it is thus with everything, all the way up the long ascending rungs of evolution's ladder from the lowest to the highest life in nature — until we arrive at human nature. Something seems to clap down a lid upon the average mind at that particular point, so that the average person plunges ahead without a guess at the nature of the human material he is working for and with, prescribing remedies that cannot cure, punishments that cannot reform, regulations that are powerless to regulate, and so on through the list. But he rarely gives a moment's thought or study to the *nature* of the human thing with which he deals. The results of such a course are disheartening and are instanced on all sides. How often do we see reformers working desperately to secure justice, only to find injustice springing up like dragon's teeth all along the way. They become discouraged; they lose faith in human nature, then faith in their own ideals; then comes decay of character — and they recede from view. It is a sequence typical of the age, and just because this is the case Theosophy is challenged to bring forward the Ancient Wisdom, for this explains the downward-trending cycle that is so fatal and shows how it can be turned in another direction and made to trend upwards into the light.

Theosophy demands for justice a higher than the common interpretation: one that is based upon a knowledge of *what man is*: a being both human and divine. Without a clear understanding of man as twofold in his nature, with two selves as distinct and opposite as day and night — one of them trending upwards and the other leading down — it is

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useless to talk of justice, for it cannot be secured nor even premised. What we call justice in such case is bound to be a travesty and mercy a troublesome nuisance, always in conflict with it.

In her public lectures Mme. Katherine Tingley has a compelling way of bringing truth to the minds of her listeners by means of contrasting pictures. Let us try that way here. We may take our illustration from any walk in life, from any period, ancient or modern, from the history of any despotism or of any successful reform: there are myriads. But as criminology and prison reform are very much in the public mind just now, and as the theme of justice and mercy is peculiarly related to these, we may as well find our pictures along these lines. Let us follow the logical working-out of a justice that is based on the usual brain-mind view, the selfishness that accompanies such a view, and ignorance of the nature of man. Then let us follow the same method under the Theosophical interpretation, based upon a clear understanding of *what man is*: a twofold being both human and divine.

Somebody — my neighbor, say — falls a bit behind in the struggle for subsistence. He comes to me for help and I lend him the money he requires, expecting him to return it to me later with something added to repay me for the service it shall have done. That is only just. But he is weighted in the race with life and runs slowly: it may be due to heredity, a limited outlook, the burden of debts prior to mine, increasing calamities of one or another kind, it does not matter: the point is that he keeps falling behind. Yet I am entitled to have back what I lent him — heavy pressures may be on me, too. Justice demands that he pay — but he cannot. He *must* pay — still he cannot. So I force the issue — *justly*. In an earlier age I may put him into the stocks or into prison; I may thrust him beyond the Tiber or into slavery in chains. The law protects me in so doing, for what am I asking more than 'justice and my bond'?

This is a beautiful situation! The very ideal invoked by mankind that justice may be done is corrupted to purposes of injustice the moment things do not go as planned. There is no thought of that man as my brother, as a member with us all of 'God's great family,' as a Divine Soul entitled to a soul's fair chance to recover. My mind is on 'justice and my bond.' Mercy is out of the case. It is as if I were to declare that the world shall have one pole only; so I will delete the other — to find in the end, however, that the world itself has disappeared and I am left but a drifting speck in chaos. Have we not here a partial explanation of the miserable chaos of today? Mercy may be an abstraction, as statesmen seem to think — but the consequences of ignoring it are apt to be very concrete. Mercy and this sort of justice are in conflict,

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you may be sure—but is there not another sort of justice and mercy?

Now let us look at the question under the higher interpretation of Theosophy, and see where that will lead us in the logical working-out. Let us take the case of a man in prison, a mere youth perhaps and yet a murderer, condemned to die on the gallows. The prospect of sending out into the darkness that struggling, pleading soul, with no chance given it to do better or become better *here* where the soul must evolve — for bear in mind that under Theosophy the soul is the man, not some hazy conjectural possession of the man — to many such a prospect is a shock. They set up a plea for mercy at once, to offset the cruel workings of so-called 'justice,' and the result is that in practically every such case, numerous as they are at the present time, the public mind is torn between conflicting views. Some will have 'justice' and the carrying out of the law; others demand 'mercy' and let 'justice' go to the winds; far too many hold back apathetically to see 'justice' and 'mercy' collide and fight it out in a test of strength.

But the student of Theosophy knows that as no one can reach a true standard of justice and ignore the law, so no one can reach it and ignore the divinity of man. In the case of this criminal youth — let us even suppose that his victim was someone near and dear to ourselves — justice demands that he pay the proper penalty for the crime, but it demands of us that before adjusting that penalty we study the nature of this unfortunate from whom the law is waiting to wrest all it can. Justice demands that we search, among other directions, into that of causes: the intimate, hidden causes of the crime; and that we study with the greatest sincerity and care the agencies that contributed to put that man or youth just where he is. We can do no less than this and still be just. So we probe below the surface and, as Katherine Tingley has advocated in public so many times, we study this man's heredity first of all: is it tinged with criminality, with insanity, with tendencies to 'temper' and ungovernable moods, or with manliness, high honor, and self-respect? These questions and many others ask themselves, and if the answer is against the man, in justice we must make allowances for him. We give a long handicap to one who is crippled or mutilated or sick in body, and yet trying to run a race; surely it is but just to make the same allowance for one who is morally crippled, spiritually sick. That is not 'mercy': it is only common justice, common sense.

Then, if we can do so, we study this man's mother and father and their home-life; their contribution to it in devoted care, or in neglect; in wise management of their children, or the reverse. We study his childhood, with its record, perhaps, of bad associates, of limited opportunities, of mistakes in thought and act made innocently at first and

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yet which put their fatal mark upon a mind that was a sensitive plate, as all young minds are. We study prenatal conditions if that is possible, with their record of that mother's struggles and fears and failures and distrust, or crushed, pathetic love. We are not at all guided by sentiment, for to do so little as this, even, is almost less than just. And we are urged to do this by an urge that cannot be denied, for we see in this man something more than a cross-section of time, or of molecular matter like a slice of beet under a lens. He is a soul — write the words in letters of fire! — *a soul*, with the whole of eternity written upon his nature. He is not that shrinking body which he merely *wears*, but existed long before it did, and he will continue to exist when that body is cut down from the gallows — if it is. He came into this world as we all did, from an infinite other world, "trailing clouds of glory" maybe, and maybe trailing clouds of another kind, but in any event with something greater than and something different from the merely mortal side. We have to 'think upon these things' to be even measurably just. But before we know it our heart has opened and something new has entered in. This subject of our study, this despised murderer — is no longer an enemy, an outcast, a stranger, a piece of useless timber in the state; he is a son, a brother, a striving, suffering fellow-man. Before we know it every bit of compassion in our nature is stirred and aroused: it flames up like a fire, a light. We are in the realm of pure mercy and yet we haven't left the realm of justice by so much as a single step. They are one.

Those who will follow the great principles of Theosophy to their logical conclusion by practically applying them will find justice walking hand in hand with mercy in every department of life. To such as these human nature ceases to be a 'mystery,' only to be unveiled by mental violations and inquisitions, but a revelation, understandable and plain, and with its moral mutilations and diseases at last susceptible of diagnosis and of cure. Were these great principles to become a power in human life, we would have a machinery of justice so flexible and so beautiful in its powers that it would secure even Theosophic justice in any case brought into its tribunals; we would be able to do away with nine-tenths, probably, of the social turbulence and discontent that now are racking the world — for nothing so settles one in contentment as the certainty that justice will be done, while nothing so makes for anarchy and discontent as a feeling of injustice.

But we have to take this knowledge home. It is a mistake to think of the state as the only dispenser of justice. Each one of us in his private life is an ever-open tribunal and how we dispense justice from day to day as we contact our duties or our fellow-men, or ourselves in the secret chambers of self-examination, depends upon what our ideal of justice is.

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With Louis Quatorze each one of us can truthfully say, though not with the meaning he gave it, "*L'état c'est moi*"; and so we are in a profound sense, for each is responsible in some measure for the conditions which make crime possible and human uplift so problematical a thing. We cannot shrink in conscience from even the most debased of these unfortunates whom our very apathy has helped to push over the edge. How pitiful is our attitude, after all! Here we stand on this vantage called 'earth-life' — a little narrow isthmus of experience between the dark of two unknown seas — perfectly aware that souls are coming in all the time, just as we did, and that they have to take just what we have made ready for them: conditions that are a misery to the body in myriad cases and an insult to the soul, conditions that practically insure a weak nature going wrong. What kind of justice is that? Do you not agree with Theosophy that, in our day at least, even the very worst criminal has some little balance due?

Justice is not weakened but strengthened when mercy comes to its aid. Mercy is not made cold and hard when clasping hands with justice, but more beautiful, more tender, more balanced, and infinitely more wise. Every home is a tribunal of justice in one or another degree and every mother is a judge in that tribunal when she settles even childish disputes. Will anyone contend that the more heartless she is or the more merciless, the more just she is able to be? Quite the contrary, for justice has no abler ally than true love. To the ancients love and justice were parts of a single great power, which they personified in their goddess 'Justicia,' regal and majestic, with the woman's figure and the woman's heart, the magnificent head and balanced mind of the ideal man — or shall we say 'the ideal woman and man'? — and with the scales held in strong and steady hand. Justice to the ancients, like a temple or statue, must have heart as well as head, beauty as well as balance, poise and symmetry and measure, yes, but also the charm of surprise; and art has perpetuated this ideal down the ages in color and line and the fire of myth and song. We ought to begin to perpetuate it in life. We will have to do so if the world is to be improved.

We are psychologized with the idea, however, that justice and mercy conflict necessarily and that when they do try to work together cross-purposes are in the nature of things. This is the great obstacle in the path of better achievements and because we think it cannot be surmounted we try to find ways around it. Our efforts are thus directed mainly to compromise, from the nursemaid settling a quarrel over a doll to diplomats writing the constitution of a newborn state. How can we manufacture some sort of relationship between mercy and justice that will keep them from tearing each other's eyes out? That is our idea,

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in essence, in the customary case, but there is nothing inspiring in it nor in the half-view from which it springs.

The truth is, there is no need to manufacture anything: we merely have to recognise a unity that already exists. Like the leaves of one tree, the children of one parent, the fingers of one hand, like man and his brother man, justice and mercy, however separate they may appear to be outwardly at times, in essence are always one. The same life-stream of love and power pulses through both, a stream that takes its rise in the supreme fountain of justice and mercy, the Godhead.

Our modern ideas of justice are detached and scattered, it is too true, but both our statesmanship and our efforts towards reform show in many ways that we are not satisfied with them and are seeking for something better, more stable, more complete. Nearly everyone is conscious of the fact of a 'missing link'; but as H. P. Blavatsky said of science in respect to its search for this debatable quantity, we are looking for it "at the wrong end of the chain." That chain is the vast chain of sentient life, extending down from Deity, the 'Father's house,' to the mire and entanglement of matter. The 'missing link' is of spirit, not matter. We shall never find it in compromises nor intellectualisms nor in any institution bearing the stamp of material things. The only path that can lead us to it lies through the open heart, for it is hidden in the Soul of Man.



F. J. Dick, *Editor*

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

SUNDAY SERVICES IN ISIS THEATER

'KARMA: Relentless Executioner or Beneficent Friend?' was the subject of an address on Nov. 7th by Mrs. Grace Knoche of the International Theosophical Headquarters.

The speaker defined 'Karma' as an ancient term adopted into our own and other modern languages because these possessed no word that could convey so briefly and succinctly the full meaning of the Law of Cause and

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

Man creates Effect. Continuing, she said: "This is a universal
Causes, Karma law, and Paul's statement of it is already familiar:
adjusts Effects 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'

But it is not understood, nevertheless, and thus our knowledge of it has little effect upon human conduct, which it should affect profoundly. H. P. Blavatsky, the first Theosophical Teacher, writes of this law of Karma: 'This law, whether conscious or unconscious, predestines nothing and no one. . . . It is not Karma which rewards and punishes, but it is we who reward and punish ourselves according to whether we work with, through and along with nature, abiding on the laws on which that harmony depends, or — break them. Nor would the ways of Karma be inscrutable were men to work in union and harmony, instead of disunion and strife. We stand bewildered before the mystery of our own making and the riddles of life that we will not solve, and then accuse the great Sphinx of devouring us.

" 'Karma creates nothing, nor does it design. It is man who plants and creates causes, and Karmic law adjusts the effects, which adjustment is not an act but universal harmony, tending ever to resume its original position, like a bough, which, bent down too forcibly, rebounds with corresponding vigor. If it happen to dislocate the arm that tried to bend it out of its natural position, shall we say it is the bough which broke our arm or that our own folly has brought us to grief? It has not involved its decrees in darkness purposely to perplex man, nor shall it punish him who dares to scrutinize its mysteries. On the contrary, he who unveils through study and meditation its intricate paths, and throws light on those dark ways, in the windings of which so many men perish owing to their ignorance of the labyrinth of life, is working for the good of his fellow-men.' "

'The Eternal Pilgrim' was the subject of an address on Nov. 14th by R. W. Machell, Director of the Art Department of the Râja-Yoga College, and member of the literary staff of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society at Point Loma. Referring to the fact that "under one

Allegories
about the
Reincarnating
Higher Ego

disguise or another the 'eternal pilgrim' has been the subject of innumerable legends, myths, fables and historical romances," and that "all the wanderings of ancient legendary heroes are fashioned upon the same foundation," Mr. Machell said: "Why is this theme so popular? Why is hero-worship universal? May it not be because there is indeed in every one of us a potential hero hidden beneath the mean and commonplace personality, who would behave himself heroically if that same personality would but give him the chance to display his beauty and courage? It may be that the whole evolutionary process is concerned with the unfolding of the spiritual possibilities of this inner, unknown, potential hero.

"The 'eternal pilgrim' is the most universal fact in human life, for every human soul is such a pilgrim, traveling in search of self-knowledge and

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

gathering experience, helpful or harmful as the case may be; eternally urged onward by the evolutionary impulse. The great fact that man is a soul, inhabiting a body, once recognised, becomes the key to every problem. The fact that the soul of man is an 'eternal pilgrim,' wandering in search of jewels of wisdom, will prove its truth to man continually in the unfolding of his character, and the recognition of this simple fact is the first step towards self-consciousness in the higher sense.

"The 'eternal pilgrim' is the reincarnating ego of the personal man: the man who never dies and who, in his deeper consciousness, may carry the memory (or its equivalent) of many lives. The 'eternal pilgrim' is the real, the higher, self within. Some inquirers complain of the coldness and impersonality of the Theosophical ideals, not finding in them much encouragement for that sentimental 'gush' so dear to the emotional ones; but the student of Theosophy learns to distinguish between the real self and the false or lower self, and this can only be accomplished by a constant invocation of the true self, a continual effort to control the lower by the higher, for the lower is a usurper of authority."

"Theosophy agrees with those philosophers who declare that much that is called Progress is merely Change," said Professor Charles J. Ryan of the Theosophical University at Point Loma, in his address on Nov. 21st. Tracing standards of progress in the rise and fall of the great nations of antiquity, in some of which so-called progress along material lines reached a point beyond anything we have today, the speaker said:

"Very few changes on the material plane are of real importance in the long run except those which positively help in the evolution of the soul.

**What are the
Criteria of
True Progress?**

It is a remarkable fact that the Great Spiritual Teachers of the world have said little or nothing about material progress. Character-development by discipline and interior illumination is the kind of progress the sages have urged upon mankind as the way to peace and joy. Man's great need has always been to learn the reality of his higher, divine nature, and the object of religion is to help him find it. In finding this he discovers the truth of human brotherhood. Every founder of a great faith has brought the vital message of brotherhood, and every religion has departed from it and become exclusive and sectarian in greater or less degree.

"What are we going to put before ourselves and our children as the true ideal of progress? Is it worldly prosperity and power, the god of the short-sighted and spiritually ignorant? Is it intellectual advancement, the praise of men? Theosophy says, No. Where is the glory of vanished civilizations? These things turn to dust and ashes, but the cup of cold water given in the name of that which is above all personal desire becomes a source of eternal joy.

"In plain language, the only progress which we can afford to spend time and thought to bring about is the divine principle of Universal Brotherhood. Collective effort has been tried lately in warfare, and with surprising-

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

ly successful results. How marvelous would be the results if we could try it in peace! But instantly the pressure of enthusiasm was removed, the compulsory bond of unity was broken, and the old selfishness showed its evil head again. The bond was only a temporary, and not a spiritual, unification. The essential thing to consider is what kind of efforts should be made to develop the divine in man and reduce the animal to its proper place. These efforts will all lie in the direction of brotherhood; more unselfishness, more kindness for all that breathes."

Mme. Katherine Tingley spoke on Nov. 28th on 'The Spirit of Thanksgiving.' The house was crowded to capacity. She said in part:

"To celebrate Thanksgiving in the truest sense we should be ever working, ever serving, ever bringing ourselves to a realization of the grandeur

**True Life is
not the same as
the Transient
World-Life**

and sacredness of the great divine plan of human life. This is something we should think about in the spirit of an unselfish desire for knowledge. Effort along such lines brings lasting happiness, and all the great teachers of humanity, including Christ, sound in their teachings the keynote that man must evolve his own happiness; that he must become absolutely self-directed in his evolution.

"To one who is advancing on lines of self-directed evolution there comes a sense of thanksgiving that cannot be expressed in words, a realization that the true life is not the transient life of the world, but that beyond and above it are those powers of mercy, justice, and love, which belong to the divine side of man and are ever seeking expression. When that conviction becomes a power in the life, the aspirant has found his God, for he has found the divinity within. He has found himself and in so doing has found the key, the magic talisman of human life. With the picture before him of the perfection that can be attained he can shut the door on the past and step out into the glory of that state of consciousness which comes from inner conviction.

"The vitality, responsiveness and power of the great throbbing laws of life are all about us and if we could only take the simple way and find our own divinity, we should find our God. When a knowledge of these great laws sweeps in upon the mind and brings the conviction that just behind the curtain there are these supreme forces, then man, with this new knowledge, with the desire to avoid evil and work on lines of least resistance, would find a new life. He would find a higher interpretation of justice and a conviction of man's inhumanity to man. If those in places of power all down the ages had accentuated in their lives a real love for humanity and had realized that brotherhood is a fact in nature, they would have been able to smooth out the difficulties between the nations and bring home to each and all a knowledge of something that has not been active in human life for ages — the divine knowledge of duty, duty to oneself, to one's neighbor and to the world. Then we should have the true Thanksgiving."



THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Mme. Katherine Tingley on Dec. 5th spoke upon 'The Shut-ins of the World.' Preceding the lecture one of the Rāja-Yoga students read a letter recently received by the Theosophical Leader from the Secretary of her Theosophical class in Folsom prison, where a large work has been carried

**Self-imposed
Bars to Spiritual
Knowledge**

on for some time. The Theosophical Leader, however, while dwelling at some length on the shut-ins of the prisons, declared that those held in mental bondage to false or limited ideas, scientific or religious, were "the real shut-ins of the world." Continuing, she said:

"These are the limitations that keep man away from spiritual knowledge, and because of them we find shut-ins of every type and must expect to find them until man puts his mental house in order and opens the door to trust. We trust those whom we love. Why cannot we then trust ourselves? Let each man trust himself, sound the depths of his own inner nature and open the door to the revelations of truth that he holds within his soul. Books are useful guides, but the inner knowledge, the consciousness of soul-life, is only to be found by reflexion, by meditation, by the breaking down of the barriers between man's higher self and the mind, and by making man's mental house the arena, the great amphitheater for the evolution of higher things. Man must learn that he is divine, and through the teachings of Theosophy he can learn how to combat and control that part of his nature that keeps him in the shadows. Two forces are ever playing in man's mind, and when the intellect is so trained that it can set aside the convictions of yesterday and replace these with higher ones, then man can move out on the superb path of self-evolution. Then the great universal laws of life will be understood.

"We can so easily find the path that leads to happiness. Could we but lift the curtain, now held down by the limited thought of the world's mental shut-ins, so glorious would be the revelation that it would touch every atom in the universe, it would sanctify life and purify the very air we breathe. And believe me, all these things are waiting for us, could we but clear away the obstructions and the débris of our mental life and find the true life of the soul."

A SPRIG OF BAY FOR A TRUE POET

BY YORICK

THERE are many beautiful things on Point Loma, but none more beautiful than the poesy of Kenneth Morris. Its bardic fervor blends with the contemplative mood of Gothic runesmiths poring over mystic symbols writ by the Druid priests of the sacred oak upon the stones of Skarkind or Torvik. His inspiration is from far distant singers whose minstrel strains may have soothed or roused the war wrath of the turbulent princes of wild



A SPRIG OF BAY FOR A TRUE POET

Wales and the Cymric chieftains who followed the victorious banner of Griffith ap Cynan, of the royal house of Gwynedd, in fierce onslaught upon the invading Norman barons. There is somewhat exotic in the music of this singer's lyric even as he sings of the matchless sunsets that curtain the night before the stars are hung in the purple deeps that canopy fair Lomaland; something akin to the rude melody of the harps of Gwalia in his apostrophe to the faery blue of the larkspurs that bloom in these canyons dipping to the western sea. There's a vigor in the verse that is reminiscent of a time when the clashing of shields drowned the gentler outcries of poet lovers symbolizing their love in madrigals to the flowers of the field and the mating of the birds in the heather. Let me quote you a sample of this true poet's quality, in rondel form, from his 'Rondels of Lomaland,' published in the current number of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH:

Beauty hath donned her secret shroud
And her funereal diadem,
And the envoys of vast Night proclaim
Above the mountains, crying loud
Out of the mournful glory of cloud
That rims them like an altar-flame,
"Beauty hath donned her pomp of shroud
And high funereal diadem!

"She hath grown so deep of heart, so proud,
Even to be her-seemeth shame;
Wherefore, to go back whence she came,
Where God sits dreaming, starry-browed,
She hath donned this sacrificial shroud
And proud funereal diadem!"

There are many beautiful things in Lomaland — music of the choiring hearts of master musicians, interpreted on strings vibrant to the skill of a kindred comprehension of its meaning; a philosophy that finds consolation for the bitter things of this life experience in the knowledge that the test of fortitude is but the forerunner of infinite reward for the courage of achievement in well doing; love of beauty in all things; faith in the goodness of this human expression of the Infinite; the joy of companionship with the wondrous phenomena of earth and air and sea and sky, the sunshine, the trees, the flowers, the purple hills in the distance, the clouds that float like galleons golden-freighted on zephyrs in a land where it is always afternoon; the sweet content of lives that have found their fit abiding-place; there are indeed, many beautiful things in Lomaland, but none more beautiful than the thoughts that sing in the poesy of Kenneth Morris.

— San Diego *Evening Tribune*, Nov 13, 1920

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded in New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma, with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either 'at large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large,' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress. To all sincere lovers of truth, and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



M. 386799

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VOL. XX NO. 2

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

FEBRUARY 1921

SINGLE COPY Domestic 30c. Foreign 35c. or 1s. 6d. SUBSCRIPTION \$3.00; Canadian Postage \$0.35; Foreign \$0.50

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian
Monthly



Nonpolitical
Illustrated

Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.



HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY
FOUNDRESS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN 1875
IN NEW YORK CITY. FIRST LEADER OF THE
THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT THROUGHOUT
THE WORLD. 1875 — 1891

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR


VOL. XX, NO. 2

FEBRUARY 1921

"There is one path, however, which is narrow, and straight, and rough, and is not much frequented, but which leads to the end of the journey. Weary and laborious souls, who aspire after the region to which this road conducts, who love the mysteries and predict their beauty, scarcely, and with much molestation, labor, and sweat, arrive through this path at the desired end. But when they have arrived thither they rest from their labor and cease to desire. . . . Come, then, be initiated, ascend to this region, embrace the good, and you will not desire anything greater than this."—MAXIMUS TYRIUS, *Dissertation* xxiii; trans. by Thomas Taylor

"YOURS TILL DEATH AND AFTER, H. P. B."

BY WILLIAM Q. JUDGE*

UCH has been the manner in which our beloved teacher and friend always concluded her letters to me. And now, though we are all of us committing to paper some account of that departed friend and teacher, I feel ever near and ever potent the magic of that resistless life, as of a mighty rushing river, which those who wholly trusted her always came to understand. Fortunate indeed is that Karma which, for all the years since I first met her, in 1875, has kept me faithful to the friend who, appearing under the outer *mortal* garment known as H. P. Blavatsky, was ever faithful to me, ever kind, ever the teacher and the guide.

In 1874, in the city of New York, I first met H. P. B. in this life. By her request, the call was made in her rooms in Irving Place, when then, as afterwards, through the remainder of her stormy career, she was surrounded by the anxious, the intellectual, the bohemian, the rich and the poor. It was her eyes that attracted me, the eye of one whom I must have known in lives long passed away. She looked at me in recognition at that first hour, and never since has that look changed. Not as a questioner of philosophies did I come before her, not as one groping in the dark for lights that schools and fanciful theories had ob-

*Originally published in *Lucifer*, (London) 1891.

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scured, but as one who, wandering many periods through the corridors of life, was seeking the friends who could show where the designs for the work had been hidden. And true to the call she responded, revealing the plans once again, and speaking no words to explain, simply pointed them out and went on with the task. If was as if but the evening before we had parted, leaving yet to be done some detail of a task taken up with one common end; it was teacher and pupil, elder brother and younger, both bent on the one single end, but she with the power and the knowledge that belong but to lions and sages. So, friends from the first, I felt safe. Others I know have looked with suspicion on an appearance they could not fathom, and though it is true they adduce many proofs which, hugged to the breast, would damn sages and gods, yet it is only through blindness they failed to see the lion's glance, the diamond heart of H. P. B.

In 1888 she wrote to me privately:

"Well, my *only* friend, you ought to know better. Look into my life and try to realize it — in its outer course at least, as the rest is hidden. I am under the curse of ever writing, as the wandering Jew was under that of being ever on the move, never stopping one moment to rest. Three ordinary healthy persons could hardly do what I *have* to do. I live an artificial life; I am an automaton running full steam until the power of generating steam stops, and then — good-bye! . . . Night before last I was shown a bird's-eye view of the Theosophical Societies. I saw a few earnest reliable Theosophists in a death struggle with the world in general, with other — nominal but ambitious — Theosophists. The former are greater in numbers than you may think, and *they prevailed*, as you in *America will prevail*, if you only remain staunch to the Teacher's program and true to yourselves. . . ."

Such she ever was; devoted to Theosophy and the Society organized to carry out a program embracing the world in its scope. Willing in the service of the cause to offer up hope, money, reputation, life itself, provided the Society might be saved from every hurt, whether small or great. And thus bound body, heart, and soul to this entity called the Theosophical Society, bound to protect it at all hazards, in face of every loss, she often incurred the resentment of many who became her friends but would not always care for the infant organization as she had sworn to do.

Once, in London, I asked her what was the chance of drawing the people into the Society in view of the enormous disproportion between the number of members and the millions of Europe and America who neither knew of nor cared for it. Leaning back in her chair, in which she was sitting before her writing-desk, she said:

"When you consider and remember those days in 1875 and after, in which you could not find any people interested in your thoughts, and now look at the wide-spreading influence of Theosophical ideas — it is not so bad. We are not working merely that people may call themselves *Theosophists*, but that the doctrines we cherish may affect and leaven the whole mind of this century. This alone can be accomplished by a small earnest band of workers, who work for no human reward, no earthly recognition, but who, supported and sustained by a belief in that Universal Brotherhood of which our Teachers are a part, work steadily, faithfully, in understanding and putting forth for consideration the doctrines of life and duty that have


HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

come down to us from immemorial time. Falter not so long as a few devoted ones will work to keep the nucleus existing. You were not directed to found and realize a Universal Brotherhood, but to form the nucleus for one; for it is only when the nucleus is formed that the accumulations can begin that will end in future years, however far, in the formation of that body which we have in view."

H. P. B. had a lion heart, and on the work traced out for her she had the lion's grasp; let us, her friends, companions and disciples, sustain ourselves in carrying out the designs laid down on the trestle-board, by the memory of her devotion and the consciousness that behind her task there stood, and still remain, those Elder Brothers who, above the clatter and the din of our battle, ever see the end and direct the forces distributed in array for the salvation of "that great orphan — Humanity."

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

BY WILLIAM Q. JUDGE*

HAT which men call death is but a change of location for the Ego, a mere transformation, a forsaking for a time of the mortal frame, a short period of rest before one reassumes another human frame in the world of mortals. The Lord of this body is nameless; dwelling in numerous tenements of clay, it appears to come and go; but neither death nor time can claim it, for it is deathless, unchangeable, and pure, beyond Time itself, and not to be measured. So our old friend and fellow-worker has merely passed for a short time out of sight, but has not given up the work begun so many ages ago — the uplifting of humanity, the destruction of the shackles that enslave the human mind.

I met Mme. Blavatsky in 1874 in the city of New York where she was living in Irving Place. There she suggested the formation of the Theosophical Society, lending to its beginning the power of her individuality and giving to its President and those who have stood by it ever since the knowledge of the Theosophical teachings. In 1877 she wrote *Isis Unveiled* in my presence, and helped in the proof-reading by the President of the Society. This book she declared to me then was intended to aid the cause for the advancement of which the Theosophical Society was founded. Of this I speak with knowledge, for I was present and at her request drew up the contract for its publication between her and her New York publisher. When that document was signed she said to me, "Now I must go to India."

*From an article published in *The Path* (New York), 1891.

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In November, 1878, she went to India and continued the work of helping her colleagues to spread the Society's influence there, working in that mysterious land until she returned to London in 1887. There was then in London but one Branch of the Society — the London Lodge — the leaders of which thought it should work only with the upper and cultured classes. The effect of Mme. Blavatsky's coming there was that Branches began to spring up, so that now they are in many English towns, in Scotland, and in Ireland. There she founded her magazine *Lucifer*, there worked night and day for the Society loved by the core of her heart, there wrote *The Secret Doctrine*, *The Key to Theosophy*, and *The Voice of the Silence*, and there passed away from a body that had been worn out by unselfish work for the good of the few of our century but of the many in the centuries to come.

That she always knew what would be done by the world in the way of slander and abuse I also know, for in 1875 she told me that she was then embarking on a work that would draw upon her unmerited slander, implacable malice, uninterrupted misunderstanding, constant work, and no worldly reward. Yet in the face of this her lion heart carried her on. Nor was she unaware of the future of the Society. In 1876 she told me in detail the course of the Society's growth for future years, of its infancy, of its struggles, of its rise into the "luminous zone" of the public mind, and these prophecies are being all fulfilled.

Her aim was to elevate the race. Her method was to deal with the mind of the century as she found it, by trying to lead it on step by step; to seek out and educate a few who, appreciating the majesty of the Secret Science and devoted to "the great orphan Humanity," could carry on her work with zeal and wisdom; to found a Society whose efforts — however small itself might be — would inject into the thought of the day the ideas, the doctrines, the nomenclature of the Wisdom-Religion, so that when the next century shall have seen its 75th year the new messenger coming again into the world would find the Society still at work, the ideas sown broadcast, the nomenclature ready to give expression and body to the immutable truth, and thus to make easy the task which for her since 1875 was so difficult and so encompassed with obstacles in the very paucity of the language,— obstacles harder than all else to work against.

TRIBUTES TO H. P. BLAVATSKY

By Some of her Students*

IN the hearts of those who are endeavoring to make Theosophy a real factor in their lives, there must remain an overwhelming sense of gratitude to her who has inspired them with the will to do so; and this sense of gratitude, love and respect will never be content until it can find fit expression. No material memorial, nothing that money can purchase, will ever be judged a sufficient tribute to her memory. There is but one way in which the debt can be paid and that is by making the Theosophical Society a world-wide success and Theosophy known throughout the whole globe. The work to be done is one not only of head and hands but also of heart, the well-spring of all right actions and the real magnet-point of our humanity. The tremendous burden of responsibility that lay so heavily on H. P. Blavatsky, but which she so gladly bore for the Society, must now be shared among ourselves. No longer can H. P. Blavatsky stand as a 'buffer,' as she herself phrased it, to the Society and be the scapegoat of all its shortcomings. While she lived, every mistake and wrong-doing of those who surrounded her were set down to Mme. Blavatsky and she had to bear the blame for all. This is now no longer possible. The Theosophical Society and each of its members must stand upon their own merits, and the day of vicarious atonement is past. If the world is to respect Theosophy, we must make it first of all respect the Theosophical Society, both for its labors for others and for the immediate good it does to those who come within its pale. We must teach and exemplify: teach what Theosophy is in plain and simple words, and exemplify its redeeming power by our right conduct in all the affairs of life.— G. R. S. MEAD, F. T. S.

WHAT phenomenon could well be greater than the production of Mme. Blavatsky's monumental works, in a language and country foreign to her, unless it were the union in one individual of such great knowledge, such spiritual wealth, with so much geniality and consideration for the meanest brother or sister who showed aspiration for truth or goodness, so much sympathy and ready help in difficulties of every kind, material as well as psychical and spiritual.

Each can only speak as he or she has been personally affected; and such egotism, if egotism it be, is but a triumphant verdict in favor of her we fain would honor, whose greatest glory was the number of hearts and minds she won for the pursuit of truth and virtue.

— EMILY KISLINGBURY

THE OPINION OF A HINDŪ ABOUT H. P. BLAVATSKY

THOSE who call Mme. Blavatsky 'a fraud' are much mistaken, they do not know her. I would be glad to give up everything I have in this world to become such a fraud, if anybody will come forward to teach me. Is it not sufficient for the Westerns to know that a proud Brahman, who knows not how to bend his body before any mortal being in this world, except his superiors in relation or religion, joins his hands like a submissive child before the white *Yogini* of the West?— RAI B. K. LAHERI, F. T. S.

HOW AN AGNOSTIC SAW HER

SHE was neither pessimist nor misanthropist. She was simply an upright and romantically honest giantess, who measured herself with the men and women with whom she came in contact, and felt the contrast, and was not hypocrite enough to pretend she did not feel it. But she did not call even those who reviled and wronged her by a more bitter epithet than 'flap-doodles.' Such assailants as even the Coulombs and Dr. Coues she referred to with expressions equivalent to "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," even when these assailants were doing their best to cut her, soul and body, with numerous and ghastly wounds, and to fill them with salt and salve them with vitriol.

Theosophy or no Theosophy, the most extraordinary woman of our century, or of any century, has passed away. Yesterday the world had one Madame Blavatsky — today it has none. The matrix of hereditary environment in which she was molded has been broken. Through the coming ages of time or eternity shall the shattered fragments of that matrix be gathered up and refixed, and another Helena Petrovna Hahn be born upon the earth, when the earth is sane enough not to misunderstand her, to persecute her, and seek to bury her name in a cataclysm of falsehood, hatred, and slander?— SALADIN (In *Agnostic Journal*)

*Extracts from Tributes published in 1891, shortly after Mme. Blavatsky's death.

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To all who assisted her work she was ever ready to give counsel and help, and only those who received her help can appreciate it at its just value. But though they feel it, they cannot talk of it, for it is not possible to bring the deepest feelings to the surface. Personally, as I know her, I may say that I found in her the wise teacher, the loving friend who knew how to cut for the purpose of curing, and an example in practice when the need arose of how to regulate action to theosophical ideas. I may close by saying that I regard myself as most fortunate in the Karma which brought me in association with H. P. Blavatsky and enabled me to assist so far as I could in the work of the lion-hearted leader of the Cause of Theosophy.

— ARCH. KEIGHTLEY, M. D., F.T.S.

It is doubtful whether there ever was any great genius and savior of mankind, whose personality while upon this earth was not misunderstood by his friends, reviled by his enemies, mentally tortured and crucified, and finally made an object of fetish-worship by subsequent generations. H. P. Blavatsky seems to be no exception to the rule. The world, dazzled by the light of her doctrines, which the majority of men did not grasp, because they were new to them, looked upon her with distrust, and the representatives of scientific ignorance, filled with their own pomposity, pronounced her to be 'the greatest impostor of the age,' because their narrow minds could not rise up to a comprehension of the magnificence of her spirit. It is, however, not difficult to prophesy, that in the near future, when the names of her enemies will have been forgotten, the world will become alive to a realization of the true nature of the mission of H. P. Blavatsky, and see that she was a messenger of Light, sent to instruct this sinful world, to redeem it from ignorance, folly and superstition, a task which she has fulfilled as far as her voice was heard and her teachings accepted. . . .

In calling her 'the greatest impostor of the age' the agent of the Society for Psychical Research, who presented her with that title, merely certified to his own incapacity to judge about character, for H. P. Blavatsky — as all who were acquainted with her will testify — was never capable of disguising herself, and any imposture, great or little, which she could have attempted, would have immediately been found out, even by a child. Mme. Blavatsky was in possession of that in which most of her critics are sadly deficient, namely, *soul-knowledge*, a department of 'science' not yet discovered by modern scientists and would-be philosophers. The soul that lived in her was a great soul. This great soul, and not the dress which she used to wear, should be the object of our investigation, not for the purpose of gratifying scientific curiosity — but for profiting by the example.— FRANZ HARTMANN, M. D.

How keenly she felt the shameful attacks upon her character we who knew her well, realized and regretted; and I often tried to reason her into a feeling of indifference for the opinions of those who knew nothing of her except what they gathered from garbled and prejudiced accounts in newspapers. But although she personally felt these slanders, a large part of her suffering arose from a fear that the Cause which she had at heart, and for which she worked as I have never seen anyone else work in any other cause, would be injured by the calumnies against her. I always felt astonished at the untiring energy which she displayed; even when ill she would still struggle to her writing-table and go on working. It fills one with contempt and anger to think that even when she was beyond the reach of slander some of the papers degraded their pages with abuse, and republished the falsehoods which have found credulous audience among a class who pride themselves on their incredulity. . . .

Still to show that I had ample opportunities for knowing her well, I will mention that during both her visits to Simla I saw her almost daily, in fact I was in the same house for three months, in and out of her room at any and all times of the day. She was always affectionate towards me, and I had a real affection for her, and shall always, as hitherto, defend her before the world. And we who know what a wonderful woman she was, and how interesting and profound is the philosophy which she has brought prominently forward, know also that a day will come when the world will acknowledge her greatness, and will realize that we who defend and reverence her memory are not such foolish and gullible people as the conceited and usually ignorant public of today assume.— ALICE GORDON, F. T. S.

WHAT SHE TAUGHT US

If I were to write this short memoir simply as an imperfect expression of what H. P. Blavatsky was to me personally, and of the influence of her life and teachings upon my own life and aspirations, I should merely be adding one more testimony to that affection and reverence which she inspired in all who learnt to understand her in some degree. There were those who were attracted to her by the magnetism of her personal influence, by her extraordinary intellect, by her conversational powers, and even by her militant unconventionality. But I was not one of these. It was her message that attracted me; it was as a teacher that I learnt to know and love her. Apart from her teachings I might have looked upon Mme. Blavatsky as an

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interesting and unique character, but I do not think I should have been attracted to her, had not her message spoken at once right home to my heart. It was through that message that I came to know her, not as a mere personal friend, but as something infinitely more.

Let me dwell therefore upon Mme. Blavatsky as a teacher, let me endeavor to express what it was that she set before me, and before so many others, the acceptance of which united us by ties which death cannot sever.

First, and above all else, she showed us the *purpose of life*. And when I say this I mean much more than might be commonly understood by this phrase. I mean much more than that she gave us an interest and a motive in this present life, and a belief or faith with regard to the next. Those who have learnt the lesson of the illusory nature of that which most men call *life*, whether here or hereafter, need to draw their inspiration from a deeper source than is available in the external world of forms. . . .

And thus she did something more than teach us a new system of philosophy. She drew together the threads of our life, those threads which run back into the past, and forward into the future, but which we had been unable to trace, and showed us the pattern we had been weaving and the purpose of our work.

She taught us *Theosophy* — not as a mere form of doctrine, not as a religion, or a philosophy, or a creed, or a working hypothesis, but as a *living power in our lives*.

It is inevitable that the term *Theosophy* should come to be associated with a certain set of doctrines. In order that the message may be given to the world it must be presented in a definite and systematic form. But in doing this it becomes *exoteric*, and nothing that is *exoteric* can be permanent, for it belongs to the world of form. She led us to look beneath the surface, behind the form; to make the *principle* the real motive power of our life and conduct. To her the term *Theosophy* meant something infinitely more than could be set before the world in any *Key to Theosophy*, or *Secret Doctrine*. The nearest approach to it in any of her published works is in *The Voice of the Silence*; yet even that conveys but imperfectly what she would — had the world been able to receive it — have taught and included in the term *Theosophy*. . . .

Individualism is the keynote of modern civilization; competition and survival of the fittest, the practical basis of our morality. Our modern philosophers and scientific teachers do all that is possible to reduce man to the level of an animal, to show his parentage, his ancestry and his genius as belonging to the brute creation, and conditioned by brutal laws of blind force and dead matter. What wonder then that one who believed so ardently in the divine nature of man, in the divine law of love, should oppose with scornful contempt the teachings of both religion and science which thus degrade humanity.

And she paid the inevitable penalty. Misunderstood, slandered, and vilified to the last degree, she lived a hero's life, and died a martyr's death. Only those who were her intimate friends knew how she suffered, mentally and bodily. The man who dies with his face to the foe, fighting to the last though covered with wounds, is accounted a hero. But in the heat of battle there is oblivion of pain, there is a superhuman strength of madness and frenzy. How much more should she be accounted a hero who could hold on to life, and work as no other woman has worked, through years of physical and mental torture. . . .

She chose the cross. And thus not merely did she teach us the meaning of Theosophy by precept, but also by example. She was herself the greatest of the Theosophists, not merely because she founded the movement, and restored to the world the treasures of ancient wisdom, but because she herself had made the "*Great Renunciation*." — WILLIAM KINGSLAND, F. T. S.

FROM INDIA

"Gone is the glory from the grass,
And splendor from the flower!"

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY has ceased to exist on this earthly plane. She is gone from among us. Madame Blavatsky's death is a blow to all the world. She was not of this nation or that. The wide earth was her home, and all mankind were her brothers, and these brothers are now plunged in mourning for the loss of a priceless sister. . . .

Madame Blavatsky was decidedly the most remarkable person that this age has produced. The whole of her life was simply extraordinary. There is no existing human standard by which to judge her. She will always stand out alone. There was only one Madame Blavatsky, there never will be any other. It was always difficult to understand her at all points, she was often the greatest puzzle to her most intimate friends, and the mystery of her life is yet only partly revealed. — BABULA

FROM SPAIN

EVERY time I saw Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, my affection, loyalty and admiration for her increased. To her I owe all that I know, for both mental tranquility and moral equilibrium were attained on making her acquaintance. She gave me hope for the future; she inspired me

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with her own noble and devoted principles, and transformed my everyday existence by holding up a high ideal of life for attainment; the ideal being the chief object of the Theosophical Society, *i. e.*, to work for the good and well-being of humanity.

Her death was a bitter grief to me, as to all those who are working for the common cause, Theosophy, and who having known her personally, have contracted a debt of undying gratitude towards her.

I have lost my Friend and Teacher, who purified my life, who gave me back my faith in Humanity, and in her admirable example of courage, self-sacrifice, and disinterestedness, and virtue, I shall find the strength and courage necessary for working for that cause which we are all bound to defend.

May her memory be blessed!

These, dear brethren and friends, are the few words which I wished to say to you, greatly desiring to declare before you all that I shall never forget what I owe to H. P. Blavatsky.

Let enemies and materialists explain, if they can, the power and attraction of H. P. Blavatsky, and if they cannot, let them be silent.

The tree will be known by its fruits, as actions will be judged and valued by their results.

— JOSÉ XIFRE

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H. P. BLAVATSKY AND "THE SECRET DOCTRINE"

"WHO am I," she said, answering one question with another, "who am I that I should deny a chance to one in whom I see a spark still glimmering of recognition of the Cause I serve that might yet be fanned into a flame of devotion? What matter the consequences that fall on me personally when such an one fails, succumbing to the forces of evil within him — deception, ingratitude, revenge, what not — forces that I saw as clearly as I saw the hopeful spark: though in his fall he cover me with misrepresentation, obloquy and scorn? What right have I to refuse to any one the chance of profiting by the truths I can teach him, and thereby entering upon the Path? I tell you that I have no choice. I am pledged by the strictest rules and laws of occultism to a renunciation of selfish considerations, and how can I dare to assume the existence of faults in a candidate and act upon my assumption even though a cloud may fill me with misgivings?" . . .

At this time I learned little more concerning *The Secret Doctrine* than that it was to be a work far more voluminous than *Isis Unveiled*, and that it would give out to the world as much of the esoteric doctrine as was possible at the present stage of human evolution. "It will, of course, be very fragmentary," she said, "and there will of necessity be great gaps left, but it will make men think, and as soon as they are ready more will be given out." "But," she added after a pause, "that will not be until the next century, when men will begin to understand and discuss this book intelligently." . . .

Incidents, such as this [referring to one who had come to her, asking for help, but later turned against her], of ingratitude and desertion, affected Mme. Blavatsky most painfully. I mention it here to show an example of the mental distress which, added to physical maladies and weakness, rendered progress with her task slow and painful.

Her quiet studious life continued for some little time, and the work progressed steadily, until, one morning, a thunderbolt descended upon us. By the early post, without a word of warning, Mme. Blavatsky received a copy of the well-known *Report of the Society for Psychical Research*. It was a cruel blow, and, in the form it took, wholly unexpected. I shall never forget that day nor the look of blank and stony despair that she cast on me when I entered her sitting-room and found her with the book open in her hands.

"This," she cried, "is the Karma of the Theosophical Society, and it falls upon me. I am the scapegoat. I am made to bear all the sins of the Society, and now who will listen to me or read *The Secret Doctrine*? How can I carry on my work for Humanity? . . ."

Her sensitive nature was too deeply wounded, her indignation at unmerited wrong too strongly stirred, to listen at first to counsels of patience and moderation. Nothing would serve but she must start for London at once and annihilate her enemies with the truth. Every post only increased her anger and despair, and for a long time no useful work could be done. She recognised at last that for her there was no hope or remedy in legal proceedings in this country any more than in India. This is proved by a passage from a "Protest" which she contributed to Mr. Sinnett's reply to the *Report* entitled "'Occult World Phenomena' and the Society for Psychical Research," and which I will quote.

"Mr. Hodgson [the agent of the Psychical Research Society and author of the P. R. S. report] knows," she wrote, "and the Committee doubtless share his knowledge, that he is safe from actions for libel at my hands, because I have no money to conduct costly proceedings against him." . . .

To conclude this episode I may perhaps be permitted to quote a letter of my own, addressed to —:

"From a worldly point of view Madame Blavatsky is an unhappy woman, slan-

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dered, doubted, and abused by many; but, looked at from a higher point of view, she has extraordinary gifts, and no amount of vilification can deprive her of the privileges which she enjoys.

"On account of the extensive knowledge which she possesses, and which extends far into the invisible part of nature, it is very much to be regretted that all her troubles and trials prevent her giving to the world a great deal of information, which she would be willing to impart if she were permitted to remain undisturbed and in peace.

"Even the great work in which she is now engaged, *The Secret Doctrine*, has been greatly impeded by all this persecution. . . ."

In the following year [1888] another account appeared in *The Theosophist* for July, which may also be of interest to my readers:

"Madame Blavatsky continues to labor as ceaselessly as ever, and under conditions of such physical disability as render not simply her working, but actually her living truly marvelous. I may say as a physician and not simply upon my own authority, but as a fact known to some of the leading medical practitioners of London, that never before has a patient been known to live even for a week under such conditions of renal disorder as have been chronic with her for very many months past. Lately they have been somewhat modified by the action of strychnia, of which she has taken a little over six grains daily. Very frequently she has attacks of cerebral apoplexy, but without any treatment known to medical science wards them off and goes on, firmly confident as ever that her present life will not end before its work is fully accomplished. And in that work she is indefatigable. Her hours of labor are daily from 6:30 a. m. to 7 p. m., with only a few minutes' interruption for a light meal just before the sun reaches the meridian. During that time she devotes a great deal of her time to preparing the instructions for the Esoteric Section, giving out such knowledge as is permitted her to impart and its members are capable of receiving. Then the editorial labor connected with the production of her magazine *Lucifer* devolves entirely upon her. And she also edits the new French Theosophical monthly magazine *La Revue Théosophique*, published by the Countess d'Adhemar, who, by the way, is an American by birth. Her magazine is now publishing a series of brilliant articles by Amaravella, and a translation in French of Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*. . . .

"In the evening, from 7 until 11 o'clock, and sometimes 2 o'clock a. m., Madame Blavatsky receives visitors, of whom she has many. Of course many are friends, others are serious investigators, and not a few are impelled by curiosity to see a woman who is one of the prominent personages of the world today. All are welcome, and she is equally ready in meeting all upon any ground they select.

"Mr. G. J. Romanes, a Fellow of the Royal Society, comes in to discuss the evolutionary theory set forth in her *Secret Doctrine*; Mr. W. T. Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who is a great admirer of *The Secret Doctrine*, finds much in it that seems to invite further elucidation; Lord Crawford, Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, another F. R. S. — who is deeply interested in Occultism and Cosmogony, and who was a pupil of Lord Lytton and studied with him in Egypt — comes to speak of his special subjects of concern; Mr. Sidney Whitman, widely known by his scathing criticism upon English cant, has ideas to express and thoughts to interchange upon the ethics of Theosophy, and so they come."— A. K.

To return, we were hardly settled in the house before people began to call on Madame Blavatsky, and the visitors grew so numerous, and she was so constantly interrupted in her work, that it was considered advisable for her to have a day for reception. Saturday was chosen, and from 2 p. m. till 11 or 12 at night there would be a succession of visitors, and Madame Blavatsky would frequently have a group around her asking questions, to which she would answer with unvarying patience. All this time *The Secret Doctrine* was being continued, until, at last, it was put into the printer's hands. Then began the task of proof-reading, revising, and correcting, which proved to be a very onerous one indeed. . . .

But *The Secret Doctrine* finished, my task is done. Let me only add my small tribute of gratitude and love to the friend and teacher who did more for me than anybody in the world, who helped to show me the truth, and who pointed out to me the way to try and conquer self, with all its petty weaknesses, and to live more nobly for the use and good of others. "Thy soul has to become as the ripe mango fruit; as soft and sweet as its bright golden pulp for others' woes, as hard as that fruit's stone for thine own throes and sorrows." . . . "Compassion speaks and saith: can there be bliss when all that lives must suffer? Shalt thou be saved and hear the whole world cry?"* These are the precepts that Madame Blavatsky bade her pupils learn and follow, these are the ethics that her life of continual self-abnegation for the good of others has set like a burning flame in the hearts of those that believed in her.— COUNTESS W.

*From *The Voice of the Silence*.

WHAT IS GREATER THAN THINE OWN SOUL?

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

"We walk about, amid the destinies of our world-existence, accompanied by dim but ever-present *Memories* of a Destiny more vast — very distant in the bygone time, and infinitely awful.


"We live out a Youth peculiarly haunted by such dreams; yet never mistaking them for dreams. As Memories we *know* them. *During our Youth* the distinction is too clear to deceive us even for a moment.

"So long as this Youth endures, the feeling *that we exist* is the most natural of all feelings. We understand it *thoroughly*. That there was a period at which we did *not* exist — or that it might have so happened that we never had existed at all — are the considerations, indeed, which *during this youth*, we find difficulty in understanding. Why we should *not* exist, is, *up to the epoch of our Manhood*, of all queries the most unanswerable. Existence — self-existence — existence from all Time and to all Eternity — seems, up to the epoch of Manhood, a normal and unquestionable condition:— *seems, because it is*.

"But now comes the period at which a conventional World-Reason awakens us from the truth of our dream. Doubt, surprise, and Incomprehensibility arrive at the same moment. They say:— 'You live, and the time was when you lived not. You have been created. An Intelligence exists greater than your own; and it is only through this Intelligence you live at all.' These things we struggle to comprehend and cannot:— *cannot*, because these things, being untrue, are thus, of necessity, incomprehensible.

"No thinking being lives who, at some luminous point of his life of thought, has not felt himself lost amid the surges of futile efforts at understanding or believing that anything exists *greater than his own soul*. The utter impossibility of any one's soul feeling itself inferior to another; the intense, overwhelming dissatisfaction and rebellion at the thought:— these, with the omniprevalent aspirations at perfection, are but the spiritual, coincident with the material, struggles towards the original Unity — are, to my mind at least, a species of proof far surpassing what Man terms demonstration, that no one soul *is* inferior to another — that nothing is, or can be, superior to any one soul — that each soul is, in part, its own God — its own Creator:— in a word, that God — the material *and* spiritual God — *now* exists solely in the diffused Matter and Spirit of the Universe; and that the regathering of this diffused Matter and Spirit will be but the reconstitution of the *purely* Spiritual and Individual God."

— EDGAR ALLAN POE, in *Eureka*

 POE reached a very high level of thought in many of his writings, and his marvelous power of expression has availed him more than is usually the case with people who strive to convey to others the glimpses revealed to their own minds in such moments of exaltation. It will of course be understood that, in making the above quotation, we do not necessarily either indorse or reject anything that is said, but simply give it as the utterance of a gifted mind, to be judged by each reader in the light of his own intelligence. But we shall find in the beautiful language of this passage, somewhat over-emphatic perhaps in the desire to be perspicuous, many ideas familiar to Theosophists, which will nevertheless strike them with a new force from the novelty of their expression. The root-idea of Poe's celebrated essay is Unity, in which he finds the explanation of all phenomena both

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material and spiritual; and it would not be easy to find a passage anywhere in which the idea of the fundamental unity of all life, the essential oneness of all Souls, is more luminously depicted.

It will also be understood that, in asserting the greatness of the Soul, its equality with every other Soul, it is *not* that weak and wavering reflexion which we call our *personality* that is meant. The very circumstance of his attributing eternal existence in the past and the future to this Soul shows that the temporary and evanescent personality is not meant. In speaking of mere personality, we cannot patiently entertain the ideas of greatness and immortality at all; and a comparison instituted between one personality and another will be rather a rivalry of littleness. But when we rise, in moments of inspiration, to some sense (however faint) of the dignity of our *essential* nature, it is not with pride and vanity, but with awe and reverence, that we shall contemplate the grandeur of that infinite and eternal essence that lives in us all. Yet a great risk attends all who stand on such heights, a risk that has cast not a few headlong to the depths below. It is the danger that the littleness of personal vanity may intervene, making us say: "This is I; all this is mine"; instead of standing in silent respect of the sublimity in which we are privileged for the moment to share. "Be humble, if thou wouldst attain to wisdom," means that we must not try to make a personal possession of what is as free as the air and the light; a mistake whose consequences are seen in the self-deluded apostle of some cult or in the unfortunate wight who is shut into an asylum because he believes he is the Holy Ghost.

Was there ever a time when the Soul — our real Self — was not? "I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth; nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be." So says Krishna, speaking as the Soul; and so have said many other Teachers, speaking from the same standpoint. In the poet's remarks as to the intuition of childhood and its fading with maturity, we are reminded of Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*. In this light it would seem that the preaching of immortality is of the nature of a *reminder*, the pointing out of an obvious truth that has been overlooked.

The nearer we approach to the center of things, the nearer do we approach to Unity. Poe's definition of gravitation in this essay is that of a universal desire of matter to return to its original unity; and he sees the aspirations of man as a perpetual longing to return to the same unity. There is unity at the heart of our being; in the extremities there is diversity. The more people live in their personalities, the more unsocial and exclusive do they become.

Skeptics are always asking for 'proofs' of immortality; but we gather

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from the above passage that, in the author's view, the nature of the case does not admit of the possibility of such 'proofs' at all. He recognises a more certain kind of conviction than what is called 'proof' — namely, the convictions which arise in us from a deep contemplation of the nature of our own being. When people seek for conviction of immortality along the usual lines of scientific proof, we get spookism; which has been described by many as a proof, not of immortality, but of mortality; a proof of the temporary survival of certain disintegrating psychic remnants of the deceased person. To obtain conviction of immortality, we must examine the nature of Soul, as we find it manifested in our own being; and this is what is done by the poet as quoted. He finds, as so many like him have done, amid the medley of mortal elements, something that never was not and that will never cease to be.

The path of Knowledge implies the attainment of a realization of the infinity and immortality of the Soul; and this is to be achieved by a progressive purification of the mind from all that deludes and obscures its clear vision. The unity and brotherhood of mankind is not a thing to be brought about, so much as an existing fact that has to be recognised. We do not know what is the nature of that Individuality which distinguishes one Soul from another; but we know that, between Souls, there is no such separation and warring of interests as obtains between personalities. The light that shines in each of us is the same flame.

Death is seen to be a greater sleep, during which the Soul discards more of its temporal habiliments than it does in ordinary sleep; but it cannot perish, and the seed or essence lives on. Of its condition after liberation from the body it is not possible here to speak definitely.

One great lesson to be learned from all this is of course that we should not regard immortality as a matter relating to the after-life alone, but as a condition to be sought here and now. In essence we actually are immortal, and we have the power of living ever more and more in the immortal part of our nature, and less and less in its external and perishable features. Man is indeed utterly unimportant and insignificant, regarded as a mere personality; but in the mathematics of human nature, there is some mysterious property which makes the part, in some degree or manner, equal to the whole; and we cannot but feel, in our brighter moments, that, however insignificant may be our mere personality, we are indeed sharers in that which is infinitely vast and sublime. To find the real values in life, we must learn to forgo our concern for many things whose value is fictitious. To be really great, it is necessary to put off many littlenesses that ordinarily seem great.

It will be said that, however insignificant the personality may seem when contemplated from the isolated height of these meditations, yet

WHAT IS GREATER THAN THINE OWN SOUL?

it bulks large as an obstacle in actual life. And this observation will raise the whole question of the value of such philosophical contemplations at all. Here then we have to distinguish between two kinds of philosophy and two kinds of philosophers—the unpractical and the practical; and we should do well to remember the examples of such men as Socrates, Marcus Aurelius, and Epictetus, who found their philosophy a real support in all fortunes. Of course, if we are not in earnest in our desire to know and live rightly, we cannot expect our speculations to become more than an ornament of leisure; but, if we are in earnest, we shall find them a help, however much we may fail in realizing them as fully as we should like. Our ideal is the goal to which we tend; and by keeping it in mind we shall draw ever closer to it. It is a great help to know that the most enlightened efforts of the intellect confirm the great truths of universal religion, while the doctrines of unbelief and despair can only be supported on delusion and a blinking of the truth.

So it is a real help to keep before us these high ideals and conceptions; especially since we cannot do without ideals of some kind, and good ones are better than bad. And in the above passage we see, beautifully limned, the conception of three infinitudes—of space, of time, and of self; in which infinitudes the *Here*, the *Now*, and the *I* are three points each of which, like a geometrical point, may be considered either as infinitely small or as infinitely great.

Poe tells of two voices that speak within us: the voice of intuition, manifested so strongly in youth; and the voice of the World-Reason, which contradicts the other and tells us we were created and the sport of powers greater than ourself. What is this latter voice, if not that of the *limited* part of nature? This limited part of our nature *was* 'created'; there was a time when it was not; there will be a time when it will cease to be. It is the personal man, created gradually during the growth of this present earthly tenement. It is in this part of our nature that there arises *Fear*; for it knows its mortality. Yet what a privilege is ours, to be able to go beyond this and to reach up in thought and aspiration to that which is immortal! The personality is a bud put forth by the Soul. How suicidal are feelings of envy, disparaging criticism, and anger; since they intensify the sense of personal separateness and thus cause us to dwell in the mortal part of our nature. A realization of the oneness of life would render such feelings absurd. It is evident that the pursuit of objects of ambition and personal advantage, feelings of envy and anger, and all such qualities, tend to draw us away from knowledge, away from content, to harden our nature, to shut it up in a carapace; while it is the aspiring, expansive thoughts, the high ideals in mind and in action, that bring us ever nearer to knowledge and peace.

AN EPISTLE

KENNETH MORRIS

OUT in the brush I hear the crickets sing;
Down on the shore, the hoarse sea murmuring;
And through my upper window, o'er the pine,
Unquestioning Magnificences shine:
Arcturus in Boötes there, and there
Mizar, Alcaid and Alioth in the Bear;
And round my cabin in the austere night
The Spirit broodeth as a hushed delight.

Unmoved, those stars shone on the Druids' prime;
Unmoved, on Caesar's, on the Princes' time;
And only seven hours since, were shining down
Over the crowds and trams in Cardiff town:
Perfect, serene, unpartisan,— not to heed
Cromlech or cross or chapel, creed or creed.

Now truly, if I had the trick of prayer,
I'd whisper something on the mystiered air
Of night, and to the silence and the dew
And stars, confide some messages for you.
For you — so far, so near, for whom my heart
Beats, and perhaps will always beat, apart,
Because the changing thought-tides of this world
On two so distant shores our minds have hurled.

Not as from this Earth, but as from that Star
Alioth, I'd send my words whither you are;
That no repellent tones might reach your ears,
But only the impersonal language of the Spheres,
To say: —

Here's one would climb high, high, to reach
Some starry beautiful fruitage beyond speech,—
Thought, aspiration, wonder, poesie,—
And gather it,— your banquetings to be.
Here's one would dive down deep, deep, deep and deep

AN EPISTLE

Where the sea-motions sleep
Of that vast sea whose surface is Man's mind,
And in the unfathomable antres find
Pearls wonderful, wonderful gems,
Fit to make coronals, anadems, diadems,
The brow he loves and you love best, to bind.

Who, when he seeth mountains, sea, blue air,
Knows that God hath his treasure-chambers there:
And that the Morning is filled full with gold;
That Noon hath all the sapphires she may hold;
And that the Evening cometh forth to shine
In topaz, amethysts and tourmaline;
And that Queen Night upon her lonely throne
Wears that great Sirius for an opal stone;
And that, how bright soever each appears
To these eyes dimmed with tears,
In the incommensurable worlds within
They are riches richer than any riches be,—
Thought, wonder, aspiration, poesie,
The nourishment of grandeur;—and these to win
He is athirst, ambitious,—so to bless
With gifts of timelessness,
All hearts, and yours, and hers whom all our hearts caress.

For my hope is, the best that I might be
Flows from my aspirations, not to me:
By no means for this personality's sake
A breath of rumor round the world to awake,
(Uncovetable things, not worth to win)!
Nor to make me victorious,—not to quell
Mine own apportionate opponent hell,
And leave me nought to oppose of foes within;
But the Inner Worlds to lighten and endear,
That when you wend in thought out to the Unknown,
You may be more intrepid, less alone,
For signs strown of some kinsman pioneer.

For though it hap you shall not deem me friend,
But alien, till your life's and my life's end,
In the deep Heart this show of things beyond


THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

There surely is a bond;
And you have had bright hours and dark, I trow,
My sorrow o'ershadowed, my hopes set aglow.
Thousands of miles are nothing; minds apart,
Nothing: let one bright motion throb in a heart,—
One aspiration toward the Eternal Things,—
And it hath wings; yea, it hath more than wings:
Omnipresence it hath, and power to thrill
Instantly, keen, armipotent 'gainst ill,
Wherever in these flesh and mind built shrines
The light of the Spirit shines,
Quickening thought, aspiration, vision, will.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

EGYPTIAN SCENES

C. J. RYAN

YENE, now called Aswân, is known to the general public today as the place where the great dam stands, but this has been in existence about ten years only. It was built by British enterprise to preserve the waters of the Nile at the flood and so to regulate the irrigation and prevent failure of crops by drought or excess. It is unfortunate that this beneficent example of modern engineering skill has necessarily caused the submergence for part of the year of the lovely ruins of the temples of Philae some miles further up the Nile.

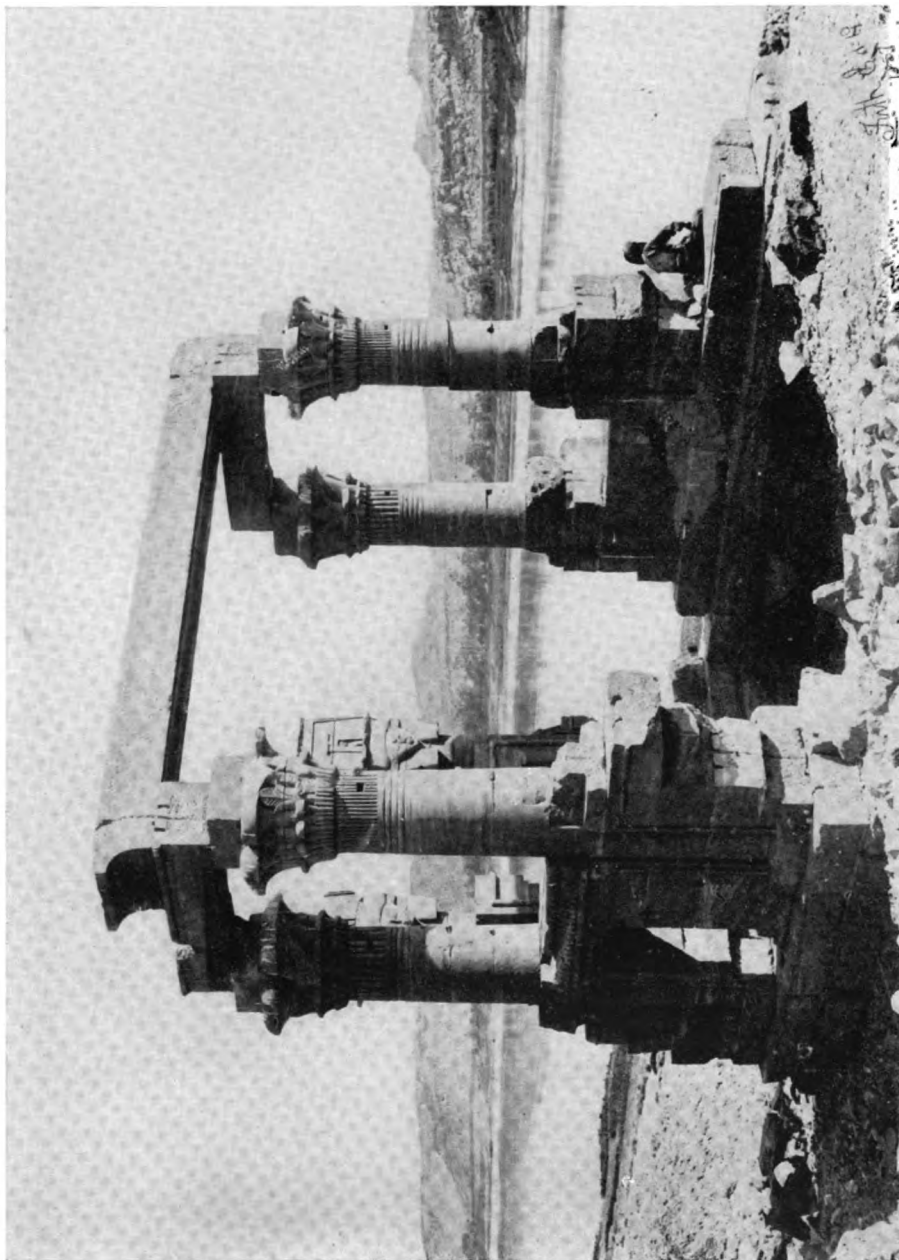
Syene has been an important place for many thousands of years on account of its splendid granite quarries. It stands at the frontier of Egypt, just below the first cataract, and where the Nile is divided into two streams by the sacred Island of Elephantiné. Herodotus and Seneca were told that the sources of the Nile gushed forth at Elephantiné, but the priests taught that the true sources of the river were a mystery, only to be revealed at the Twelfth Gate of the Underworld; they said the 'symbolical sources' were amid the eddies among the rocks of the cataracts south of Elephantiné. It is obvious enough that the Nile whose sources were a 'mystery' was the 'celestial Nile,' called in the Ritual *Nen-nau* or 'primordial waters.'

The ruins of many temples on the sacred island of Elephantiné and a



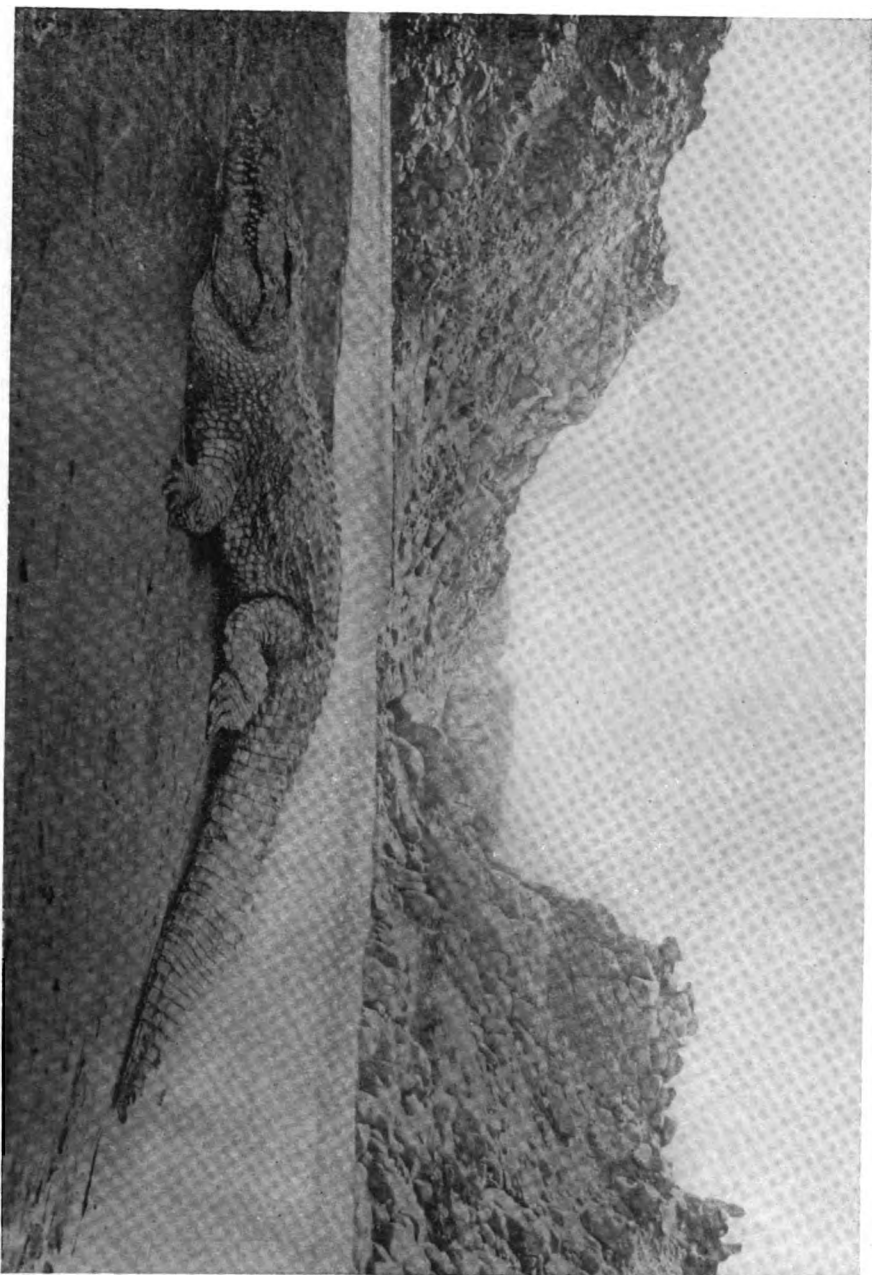
NILE BOATS AT ASSOUAN, UPPER EGYPT

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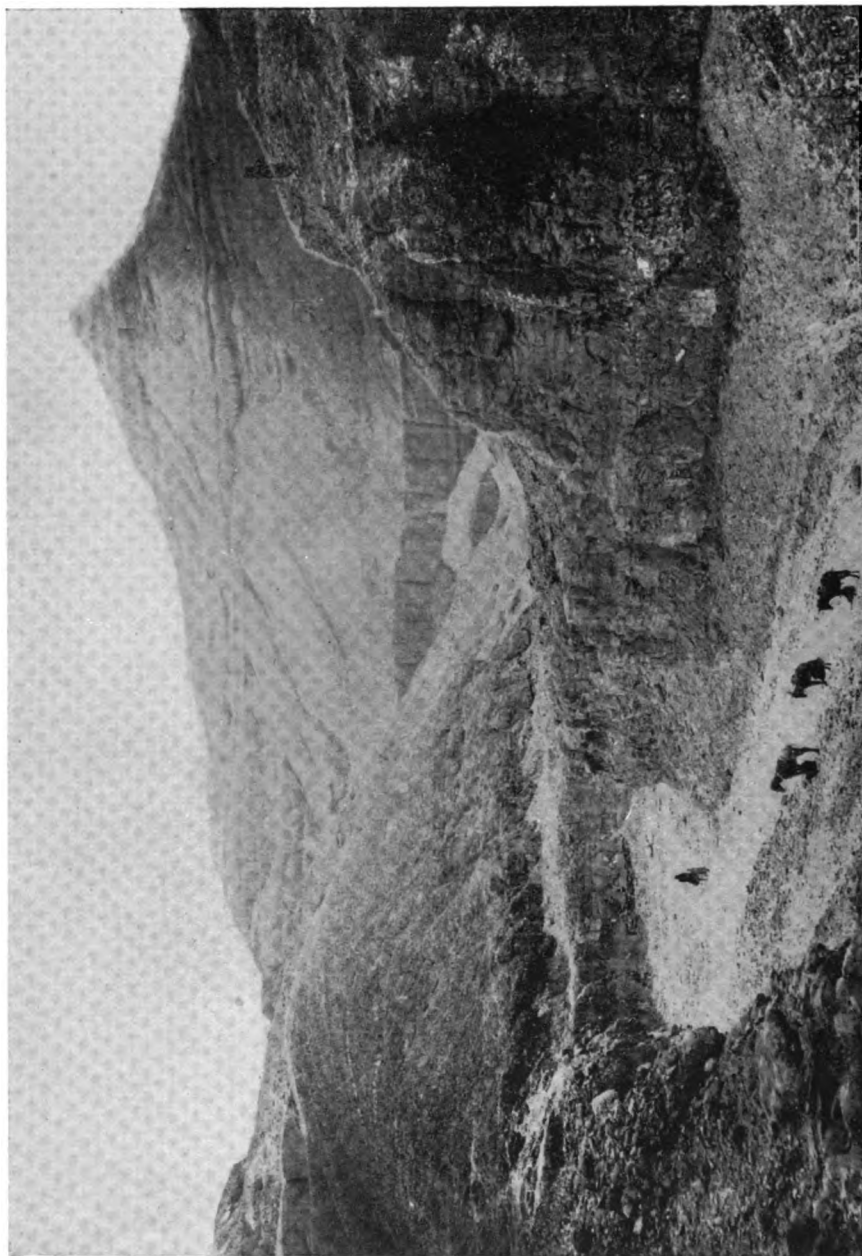
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THE TEMPLE OF WADY KARDASSY, NUBIA — PTOLEMAIC PERIOD



CROCODILE ON A SAND-BANK, UPPER NILE, EGYPT

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ENTRANCE TO THE VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS, NEAR THEBES, EGYPT

EGYPTIAN SCENES

few at Syene as well as numerous splendid tombs of the VIth and XIIth dynasties, give testimony to the importance of the district in very ancient times, but little of interest remains except the Nilometer, a well of excellent masonry, used to measure the rise and fall of the Nile. The association of Syene with the famous Athenian astronomer Eratosthenes (276-196 B.C.) has made it well known to the scientific world. While attached to the Museum of Alexandria, Eratosthenes' attention was attracted to Syene by the curious reputation possessed by a deep well in that city. He heard that no shadow could be seen at noon at the summer solstice on the sides of the well. This meant, of course, that the sun was exactly overhead at that moment, being at the most northerly point of its annual journey, and Eratosthenes saw that this would be an excellent place to use as the end of a base line to measure the size of the earth. By measuring the height of the sun at the same time (noon at the summer solstice) at Alexandria, he found that the difference was one-fiftieth part of a meridian circle, or $7^{\circ} 12'$. Knowing the popular estimate of the distance between Alexandria and Syene (5300 stadia) he was able to calculate the size of the earth within a close approximation of the truth. We do not know the exact length of the stadium; some say 5300 stadia equals 593 miles, others 518. The Greek astronomer was slightly out in his measurement of the angle; it was six and a half minutes too large, owing no doubt to the rough method he had to employ. In consequence of the gradual change in the inclination of the earth's axis, Syene no longer lies under the Tropic of Cancer, but a little north of it.

This interesting observation of Eratosthenes is probably the earliest truly scientific astronomical measurement of which we have public record in the West, but we may well remember that in ancient India, accurate observations of the planets have been made for enormous periods, also, in all probability, in Mesopotamia and neighborhood. In early periods astronomy was a secret science, only divulged to initiates in the temples, and it was by very slow degrees that the outside investigators became acquainted with the exact facts. During the Dark Ages astronomy again became a lost science in Europe, not to be revived till the Renaissance, with Copernicus and Galileo, Kepler and Newton. Even today only a very small percentage of the western world could give a reasonable account of the solar system, or even of the phases of the moon or Venus! And how many are there who could explain how Eratosthenes proceeded to calculate the size of the earth when he had obtained the difference in latitude between Alexandria and Syene! Astronomy is still very largely a 'secret science.'

The Temple of Kertassi is in Nubia, some distance above the first cataract of the Nile. It stands on a plateau a little above the highest

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level of the river, and is visible for miles in both directions. With its delicate columns standing out against the sky, it is a very beautiful object in the landscape, even in its ruinous state. In fact, although it is very small, it is one of the loveliest temples in Nubia. It bears a strong resemblance to the unfinished Kiosk or so-called Pharaoh's Bed at Philae, a little further down the Nile. The Temple of Kertassi was built in the age of the Ptolemies, the latest (though not the best) period of Egyptian art: its four standing pillars with their richly-carved floral capitals are particularly elegant. The Hathor-headed columns at either side of the northern door recall the famous Hathor-headed pillars of the great hypostyle hall at the Temple of Denderah, which was also rebuilt during the Ptolemaic dynasty. There are no inscriptions at Kertassi, and little decoration. The charm of the temple depends upon its proportions and general design.

Near Kertassi stands one of the few existing Egyptian fortresses, a large rectangular enclosure with the remains of some towers, one of which was evidently the citadel. A small Temple of Isis with six beautiful columns was to be seen within the court as recently as 1812, but it has now utterly disappeared. Owing to the comparatively little that remains of ancient Egyptian architecture and from the extremely ruinous state of what still exists, it requires the use of a trained imagination to bring to mind the magnificence of the great public buildings of the Egyptian Empire in its glory, but probably nothing more sublime or splendid has ever been created by the hand of man than the enormous Temple of Amen-Ra at Karnak, the Temple of the Theban Trinity at Luxor, and many others.

The surroundings of the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings of Dynasties XVIII, XIX, and XX, are in harmony with the solemn purpose to which the whole neighborhood is dedicated. A long winding road, starting from the Plain of Thebes near the Temple of King Seti at Gûrneh leads to an opening in the cliffs which marks the beginning of the celebrated necropolis. The Valley itself is a gorge with several side-branches cut in the hills at some far-distant period when plenty of rain fell in this now intensely arid district. It is wild and rugged, absolutely treeless and bare; an air of silent mystery and profound antiquity pervades it. The Arabs have many weird traditions of the Jinn that haunt the neighborhood of the ancient tombs and resent the presence of intruders; and at least one eminent archaeologist has told strange tales of singular experiences there, which are not easily explained on matter-of-fact lines. However this may be, the tourist who visits the wonderful rock-cut tombs in the bright sunny morning (they are closed in the afternoon) finds everything cheerful enough and prepared for his reception. Of the sixty or so tombs dis-

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covered, sixteen are open to the public and seven are specially lighted by electricity. They are in charge of the Department of Antiquities of the Egyptian Government and are carefully preserved from further vandalism by tourists or unauthorized explorers.

King Thothmes (Tehutimes) I, who lived about B. c. 1500 according to the accepted calculations, was the first Pharaoh to cut a tomb deep into the solid rock in this valley. It consists of two chambers, and his body was placed in the furthest with the utmost secrecy. Rameses XII, with whom the XXth dynasty closed, was the last monarch to be buried in the valley; his date is given as about B. c. 1100.

The chief object the Pharaohs had in view in going to the incredible labor and expense of cutting these elaborate and enormous cave-tombs, was to preserve their mummies and the gold, silver, jewels, and magnificent furnishings of various kinds placed with them, from desecration and robbery. The tombs were, therefore, constructed with great ingenuity to deceive intruders; the entrances were well hidden under piles of rubbish, and many clever 'blinds' were arranged. Some of the tombs were driven three hundred feet into the heart of the mountain, and most of them consisted of many chambers beautifully carved and painted. But the knowledge of the marvelous wealth hidden inside the tombs could not be concealed, and, in spite of all kinds of precautions, extensive robberies took place, even in early times. The situation became so desperate that the priests finally decided to hide the majority of the royal mummies in absolutely secret places. These proved satisfactory, and it was only in quite recent years that two of these hiding-places, which had defied the robbers for three thousand years, at the least, were discovered. The mummies of the greatest monarchs of ancient Egypt and their treasures are now safely preserved in the museum at Cairo. Or at least most of them, for one or two have been left in their original sarcophagi in their tombs where they can be seen lying in state as they wished. The following quotation from Mr. Weigall's *Antiquities of Upper Egypt*, gives a clear idea of one of the finest of the royal tombs, that of Amenhotep II:

"This sepulcher was so well hidden that the priests of the ninth century B. c., who possessed the secret of its location, decided to use it as a hiding place for the royal mummies, which, in their own tombs, were in danger of destruction at the hands of robbers. . . . One descends a flight of steps, and passes down a sloping corridor roughly cut out of the rock. A second flight of steps and a second corridor brings one to a deep well, across which a modern bridge has been placed. . . . The entrance to the farther chambers on the opposite side of the well was blocked, and hidden by plaster, across which the painting was extended, and thus the tomb appeared to end at the bottom of the well, where a little chamber was cut as a further blind. Crossing the bridge, one passes into a two-pillared hall, which is devoid of decoration. A stairway descends through the floor at the left-hand corner of the hall. These stairs were filled up after the funeral. . . . Descending the stairs one passes into a six-pillared hall,

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covered with inscriptions and scenes. . . . At the far end of the hall, the floor of which here is at a deeper level, the sarcophagus stands, and in it lies the mummy of the Pharaoh himself. The native custodian generally turns out all the lights except that which falls upon the mummy, and the effect thus produced is most impressive. The king appears to be lying peacefully asleep. . . . The wonderful preservation of the hall in which he lies, the fresh coloring on the undamaged walls, and the newly-polished appearance of the quartzite-sandstone sarcophagus, give the impression that Ancient Egypt is not as far removed from us as we had thought."

Many reasons for mummification have been suggested, but none is really satisfactory. Though the priests believed in reincarnation, it is absurd to suppose that they expected the original owner to inhabit the dried-up mummy again after the three-thousand-year period in which he lived in the spiritual world. Egypt lasted more than three thousand years, and the later inhabitants could see that the mummies of their ancestors had not come out of their tombs, but that reincarnation took place in the ordinary way by birth. Yet they kept up the practice of mummification. No doubt the embalming process prevented the 'Ka,' or astral double, from disintegration, but it is difficult to believe that the initiated sages of Egypt desired to keep the astral in a coherent condition for ages after it would have naturally dissipated into its elements. Sanitary reasons have been suggested for the practice of mummification; Egypt, having few trees, could not provide funeral pyres in large quantities,— as in India,— for cremation, and mummification was certainly a more hygienic method of disposal of the remains than ordinary burial in thick coffins, in cemeteries near cities. On the other side of the Atlantic, in ancient Peru, mummification was also the custom. Both the Egyptian and American practice may have been derived from funerary customs in the sunken continent of Atlantis, from which many of the nations of antiquity, as we call them, derived knowledge. In very ancient times, as Madame Blavatsky mentions in *The Secret Doctrine*, cremation was practically universal.

The crocodile of the Nile, represented in the plate, is a very formidable monster, sometimes reaching about thirty feet in length. Until the sixties of the last century these dangerous creatures were common enough in Upper Egypt, but they are now rarely if ever found in Egypt proper, and even in the Nubian Nile above the cataracts, they are getting scarce. So many European travelers used to shoot at the crocodiles, when they were common, (though the toughness of the hide prevented a high proportion of successes), that they became exceedingly shy and it was impossible to approach them within a hundred yards. In many parts of Egypt, the crocodile was worshiped and preserved in special lakes; in others it was vigorously hunted and killed. Mr. Weigall speaks of a feast at Ombos, near Thebes, at which some persons from Denderah killed a crocodile and thereby caused a serious fight. He says: "At Ombos the

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crocodile was held sacred, owing to its (now obscure) relation to Set; while for the same reason it was held in abhorrence at Denderah." Madame Blavatsky, however, clears up the obscurity to which he refers. The crocodile was the nearest physical representative of the mythical Dragon, a wide-spread and profound symbol of antique philosophy. Madame Blavatsky says:

"Seth, the reputed forefather of Israel, is only a Jewish travesty of Hermes, the God of Wisdom, called also Thoth, Tat, Seth, Set, and Satan. He is also Typhon — the same as Apophis, the Dragon slain by Horus; for Typhon was also called Set. He is simply the *dark side* of Osiris, his brother, as Angra Mainyu is the black shadow of Ahura-Mazda. Terrestrially, all these allegories were connected with the trials of adeptship and initiation. Astronomically, they referred to the Solar and Lunar eclipses, the mythical explanations of which we find to this day in India and Ceylon, where any one can study the allegorical narratives and traditions which have remained unchanged for many thousands of years."

— *The Secret Doctrine*, pp. 380-381

Also:

"The crocodile is the Egyptian dragon. It was the dual symbol of Heaven and Earth, of Sun and Moon, and was made sacred, in consequence of its amphibious nature, to Osiris and Isis. . . . The crocodile was moreover, the symbol of Egypt herself — the *lower*, as being the more swampy of the two countries."— I, p. 409

"In Egypt the defunct man — whose symbol is the pentagram or the five-pointed star, the points of which represent the limbs of a man — was shown emblematically transformed into a crocodile: Sebakh or Sevekh 'or seventh,' as Mr. Gerald Massey says, showing it as having been the type of intelligence, is a dragon in reality, not a crocodile. He is the 'Dragon of Wisdom' or Manas, the 'Human Soul,' Mind, the Intelligent principle, called in our esoteric philosophy the 'Fifth' principle."— I, p. 219

The photographs from which the engravings accompanying this article are reproduced, are interesting from the fact that they were taken sixty-three years ago, but there has been little change in the subjects since 1857. They were taken, of course, by the old wet-plate collodion process with all its inconveniences, especially in a hot country, and though printed on an albumenized silver paper, are in splendid condition today.

■

"Egypt is the birthplace and the cradle of chemistry. . . . The chemistry of colors seems to have been thoroughly well known in that country. Facts are facts. Where among our painters are we to search for the artist who can decorate our walls with imperishable colors? Ages after our pygmy buildings shall have crumbled into dust, and the cities enclosing them shall themselves have become shapeless heaps of brick and mortar, with forgotten names — long after that will the halls of Karnak and Luxor (El-Uxor) be still standing; and the gorgeous mural paintings of the latter will doubtless be as bright and vivid 4000 years hence as they were 4000 years ago, and are today."

— H. P. BLAVATSKY, *Isis Unveiled*, I, p. 541

MISSING PAGES IN HUMAN HISTORY

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

IT is reported that an eminent archaeologist is looking forward with eager anticipation to the unearthing of ancient sites in western Asia, thrown open to the spade of the explorer. He expects to find many lost chapters in the history of mankind, hidden in these buried cities. In passing we may contrast these hopes and enterprises with another also recently announced — the expedition to eastern Asia in search of the 'Missing Link.' Doubtless the various branches of science have their several uses as contributions to the whole; but also different people have their tastes as to which branch of study most enlists their sympathy. The history of the human mind and spirit may therefore command in some quarters more respect than the attempt to establish a most unwelcome genealogy for the human body.

This will naturally remind many students of the opening of H. P. Blavatsky's great work, *The Secret Doctrine*, from which we may accordingly take occasion to quote some passages.

In the introduction to Volume I she speaks of the teachings of the esoteric philosophy which reconciles all religions and which shows each beneath its outer garments to be sprung from the same root. But when once these teachings were transplanted from the secret and sacred circle of the Initiates into other countries less prepared than India to understand them, time and human imagination made short work of their purity and philosophy; so that we find them in greatly altered guise in Buddhist countries in general and even in some schools of Tibet. She recalls that towards the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century the great renaissance of oriental literature took place; but that in the hands of the orientalists it acquired a pedantic interpretation, so that the emblems and symbols were made to yield anything the symbolist wanted them to mean. There appeared a mass of works remarkable for ingenious speculations, and contradicting each other. For this reason, continues the author, the outline of a few fundamental truths of the Secret Doctrine of the ages, is now (1888) permitted to see the light; though much must still remain unsaid. This was all the more necessary in order to stem the world's mad rush to materialism.

The destruction of the Alexandrian and other libraries has not obliterated the records of the esoteric philosophy; for they were preserved by people whose duty it was to secure and conceal them. In all the large and wealthy lamaseries there are subterranean crypts and cave-libraries.

MISSING PAGES IN HUMAN HISTORY

"Along the ridge of Altyn-Tag, whose soil no European foot has ever trodden so far, there exists a certain hamlet, lost in a deep gorge. It is a small cluster of houses, a hamlet rather than a monastery, with a poor-looking temple in it, with one old lâma, a hermit, living near by to watch it. Pilgrims say that the subterranean galleries and halls under it contain a collection of books, the number of which, according to the accounts given, is too large to find room even in the British Museum."— I, xxiv,

"The collective researches of the Orientalists . . . have led them to ascertain as follows: An immense, incalculable number of MSS., and even printed works, *known to have existed, are now to be found no more*. They have disappeared without leaving the slightest trace behind them. . . . Most of them contained the true keys to works still extant, and *entirely incomprehensible*, for the greater portion of their readers, *without those additional volumes of Commentaries and explanations*. Such are, for instance, the works of Lao-tse, the predecessor of Confucius. He is said to have written 930 books on ethics and religions, and *seventy* on magic, *one thousand in all*. His great work, however, the *heart* of his doctrine, the 'Tao-te-King,' or the sacred scriptures of the *Taoisse*, has in it, as Stanislas Julien shows, only 'about 5,000 words,' hardly a dozen of pages, yet Professor Max Müller finds that 'the text is unintelligible without commentaries.'"— xxv.

Hence, in this as in so many other instances, we have not the true teachings, but only the veiled records without their keys and explanations.

"With the exception of these more than doubtful fragments, the entire Chaldaean sacred literature has disappeared from the eyes of the profane as completely as the lost Atlantis." — xxvii.

"The traces of an immense civilization, even in Central Asia, are still to be found. This civilization is undeniably *prehistoric*. And how can there be civilization without a literature, in some form, without annals or chronicles? Common sense alone ought to supplement the broken links in the history of departed nations. The gigantic unbroken wall of the mountains that hem in the whole table-land of Tibet, from the upper course of the river Khuan-Khé down to the Kara-Korum hills, witnessed a civilization during millenniums of years, and would have strange secrets to tell mankind. The Eastern and Central portions of those regions — the Nan-Shayn and the Altyn-tag — were once upon a time covered with cities that could well vie with Babylon. A whole geological period has swept over the land since those cities breathed their last, as the mounds of shifting sand and the sterile and now dead soil of the immense central plains of the basin of Tarim testify. The borderlands alone are superficially known to the traveler. Within those table-lands of sand there is water, and fresh oases are found blooming there, wherein no European foot has ever yet ventured or trodden the now treacherous soil. Among these verdant oases there are some which are entirely inaccessible even to the native profane traveler. Hurricanes may 'tear up the sands and sweep whole plains away,' they are powerless to destroy that which is beyond their reach. Built deep in the bowels of the earth, the subterranean stores are secure. . . ." — xxxii.

She then speaks of other similar sites and recalls that

"The Russian traveler, Colonel (now General) Prjevalsky, found quite close to the oasis of Cherchen, the ruins of two enormous cities, the oldest of which was, according to local tradition, ruined 3,000 years ago by a hero and giant; and the other by the Mongolians in the tenth century of our era." — xxxiii.

After further details of this discovery she continues:

"To this the famous traveler adds that all along their way on the river Cherchen they heard legends about twenty-three towns buried ages ago by the shifting sands of the deserts." — xxxiv.


We can quote no more at present, but the text will furnish the reader

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with additional information on this most interesting topic. To get a notion of what the future may hold in store, we have only to look at the past. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the discovery of America opened a vast new prospect to western humanity, and about the same time we recovered the literature of Greece and Rome. The translation of Sanskrit literature and the decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphs carried us on another stage in our recovery of the wisdom of our ancestors. The latest important discovery has been that of the ancient civilization of Crete. At intervals the vestiges of advanced and singularly modern-looking civilizations have been found elsewhere, as in Peru. The Aztec inscriptions still remain to be deciphered, thus revealing another lost chapter. It is known that whole chapters are missing from that part of history which precedes the Greco-Roman stage and which had its center in western Asia. It is this that the archaeologists now anticipate recovering, in part at least. As these discoveries go on, they tend more and more to confirm the teachings of Theosophy as to the antiquity of civilization and the existence of the Secret Doctrine. We are the heirs of a far greater ancestry than we have suspected. And in marked contrast are the speculations about the 'Missing Link.'

RESTORATION OF STONEHENGE

F. J. DICK, M. INST. C. E.

RCHITECTS and antiquaries are now busy with the restoration of the ancient structure at Stonehenge, Salisbury Plain, England. Mr. E. F. Shepstone writes that no one knows where the 'blue' or 'foreign' stones came from. They are said to be of diabase and other igneous rocks. It has been found that the large 'sarsen' blocks, which stand 13 to 20 feet above the ground and weigh from 20 to 40 tons each, "were usually set in the earth to a depth of only three or four feet. With such crude foundations it is wonderful how well the stones have stood." Rather a strange statement, seeing that the majority of them have fallen. He puts their date at about 4000 years ago, and adds that "those early builders knew nothing about cranes, and only possessed the crudest tools, yet they transported and erected blocks heavier than those found in our great cathedrals and other mighty edifices." He forgot to mention that the obelisk at Locmariaquer, Brittany, 67 feet in length, is of granite foreign to the neighborhood, and weighs 342 tons. This kind of argument, namely, that people

RESTORATION OF STONEHENGE

of archaic times had no tools, and in short, knew nothing about anything, has grown somewhat threadbare.

The structure at Stonehenge can hardly be said to belong to the class of masonry styled cyclopean. True cyclopean masonry implies the use, on an extensive scale, of very large and heavy stones, dressed, checked, mortised, and tenoned into one another. There are many thousands of miles of this kind of masonry in Peru, and undoubtedly of greater antiquity than the comparatively insignificant remains at Stonehenge. In Peru severe earthquakes, which have repeatedly razed to the ground the "mighty edifices" of modern cities, leave the cyclopean works of the 'ignorant' ancients intact. The cave of Kailâs, Himâlayas, cut out of the solid rock by man, is 401 feet in depth, and 185 wide. Inside is a conical pagoda (carved inside and out) 100 feet high, a music gallery, five large chapels, a large court, and a colonnade. Three immense elephants are there, cut out of the solid rock likewise. An image of Lakshmi reposes, with two elephants standing on their hind-legs as if pouring water over her. A passage then opens right and left. Thirty feet on, there are two carved obelisks, each 41 feet high and 11 square. There are sixteen pillars, twenty-two pilasters, and five entrances. The roof is carved to represent cross-beams, and each pillar is different from any other. The caves of Ajunta, twenty-seven in number, contain another series of wonders. In fact, all over the East are immense works of the remote past which we could not duplicate. Many are of an antiquity so great as to seem nearly incredible. Even the temple of the Sphinx, with its large granite blocks so accurately squared, fitted, stepped and checked into one another, and of an antiquity of probably not less than 70,000 years, would be modern in comparison.

William Q. Judge said we must not ignore the past, for to do so is to incur a just though mysterious retribution, because that past belongs to ourselves and was a part of our own doing and begetting. It is only by means of a broad survey of Pleistocene and prior periods embracing the cyclic rises and falls in human development, in the light of the facts disclosed in H. P. Blavatsky's works, that we can attain the necessary standpoint that affords a glimpse of the true place of Stonehenge in the historical drama.

There are two hundred ancient stone circles in the British Isles. The menhir of Champ Dolent, near St. Malo, rises thirty feet above the ground, and is fifteen in depth below. Menhirs and dolmens, many of considerable size, are found in the Mediterranean basin, Denmark, Orkney, Shetland, Sweden, Germany, Spain (near Malaga), Africa, Palestine, Algeria, Sardinia (*Sepulture dei giganti*), Malabar (tombs of the giants) and elsewhere in India, Russia, Siberia, Arabia, Peru, Bo-

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livia, and Greenland. The two stone circles at Sillustani, Peru, respectively 150 and 90 feet in diameter, are very similar to Stonehenge, but have a massive platform all round them on the outside, and the circle stones are still erect. The larger and heavier of these structures all over the world were the work of the *third* sub-race of our Fifth Root-Race:

“There are records which show Egyptian priests — Initiates — journeying in a North-Westerly direction, *by land, via* what became later the Straits of Gibraltar; turning North and traveling through the future Phoenician settlements of Southern Gaul; then still farther North, until reaching Carnac (Morbihan) they turned to the West again and arrived, *still traveling by land*, on the North-Western promontory of the New Continent (or on what are now the British Isles, which were not yet detached from the main continent in those days). . . . The archaic records show the Initiates of the Second Sub-race of the Aryan family moving from one land to the other for the purpose of supervising the building of *menhirs* and dolmens, of colossal Zodiacs in stone. . . . It was when the Pyramids of Egypt . . . were not yet in existence.” Cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, II, pp. 742-60.

In the foregoing extract it is important to remember that the words, “the Second Sub-race of the Aryan family,” mean the *third* sub-race of our Fifth Root-Race. For the first sub-race of the latter — ‘Atlanto-Aryan’ — ended its career when the cataclysm of a million to 870,000 years ago ended, when the Aryan race, properly so-called, took its rise. Thus the period of the land-journey referred to was about 400,000 years ago.

“The earliest Egyptians had been separated from the latest Atlanteans for ages upon ages; they were themselves descended from an *alien* race, and had settled in Egypt some 400,000 years before [the time of Herodotus].” — *Ibid.*, p. 750.

After the fourth glacial epoch, which ended some 180,000 years ago, the third *Aryan* sub-race, which to a degree seems to correspond with what W. Boyd Dawkins (*Early Man in Britain*) calls the Iberians, was approaching its end, having spread from Africa through Spain, France, Wales, and southern Ireland. These people also erected dolmens and stone circles, and it is not altogether improbable that the alinement of Stonehenge, including the altar and the stone called the ‘Friar’s Heel,’ and perhaps the ‘blue’ stones, was laid out some 150,000 years ago. At that time men of eight feet or so in height may not have been uncommon, though it should be remembered that Europe and Asia, as well as other continents, were also inhabited by degenerating descendants of earlier sub-races. But at the earlier period referred to, 400,000 years ago, the Aryans must have averaged nearer twelve feet. (Cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, II, p. 763.) And it should be kept in view that among the Aryans cremation was practically universal up to 80,000 or 100,000 years ago.

The ‘sarsens’ which compose the outer ring, as well as the trilithons at Stonehenge, were obtained on the spot (Lubbock: *Prehistoric Times*).

STONEHENGE

There had long been a tradition that the 47 'blue' stones came from Ireland. Whether they did or not may not seem of much importance except for a very old tradition that some of such stones in Ireland were originally brought from Africa, which happens to have been confirmed by the opinion of an expert geologist (cf. *The Secret Doctrine*, II, p. 343). The alleged Irish (proximate) source of these puzzling stones was woven into the romances of Nennius and Geoffrey of Monmouth, as is pretty well known to those who have read the literature about Stonehenge, which is said to extend to as much as a thousand volumes. Geoffrey asserted that those particular stones came from "Killara Mountain." Giraldus corrected this to "Kildare, near Naas," and added, "certain stones exactly resembling the rest [at Stonehenge], and erected in the same manner, are seen there to the present day," which of course means 700 years ago. Briefly, and plainly, certain stones and natural crystals have properties known to ancient teachers, but not to modern science; and let us leave it there. Some think 'henge' is a permutation of the Egyptian word *ankh*, which means 'living,' or 'life.'

The orientation of many ancient structures, including Stonehenge, was elaborately investigated by Sir N. Lockyer (see *Nature*, 1909), but he was hampered both by chronological misconceptions and by unfamiliarity with old astronomical data. So while accepting his geodetic facts, we do not endorse his interpretations of most of them. In the case of Stonehenge we have suggested the probability that the alinement (N. 50° 30' E.) was fixed about 150,000 years ago. Aldebaran was the star from which the Egyptians commenced all the calculations of the new cycle. Now it happens that Aldebaran rose at Stonehenge precisely on that alinement at that period — the ecliptic obliquity being then about 46° 30'. In summer the stars were then invisible for more than two months every summer, at that place.

As to the long land-journey of the Initiates of the second Aryan sub-race, H. P. Blavatsky in asking "What was the object of their long journey?" answered "for the purpose of supervising the building of menhirs," etc., as above. But the underlying reason stands out clearly enough in the whole second volume of *The Secret Doctrine*. And it is hopeful to find a modern anthropologist like W. Boyd Dawkins showing intuitive perception of a great truth when he remarks that the foreign stones at Stonehenge may have been obtained elsewhere "under the influence of strong religious feeling."

The truth is that a terrible and unprecedented disaster prematurely overtook the main body of the Fourth Root-Race several million years ago, owing to the misuse of nature-powers by the majority when at the zenith of a civilization which we moderns — with our gas-poisoning and

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other little ways — would probably dub ‘very wonderful.’ A similar thing happened, through the racial Karma, when the further cataclysm heralding the dawn of the Aryan race occurred. Alone relatively small groups throughout these long ages were able to “keep the link unbroken” — the link between the divine and the material in man. Finally, at the end of the second Aryan sub-race it became imperative to establish a means of conserving the spiritual element in man’s nature among at least some, during the dark shadows of the succeeding ages.

Thus the following extract, when read with the eye of intuition, will be appreciated by those who know, or suspect, that the ancient Wisdom-Religion, now called Theosophy, holds a message of the very utmost importance to the human race:

“Be ye *wise* as Serpents and harmless as doves.”

THE ARCH-ENEMY

LEOLINE LEONARD WRIGHT

T often happens that in the efforts of new students of practical Theosophy towards self-mastery, it is the quality of *Rajas* that appears to cause most of our sins and mistakes. *Rajas* is the active passionate quality of which we are all but too conscious.

Yet *Tamas*, the quality of ignorance and delusion — what of that? To many it seems something quite remote from the intense demands and activities of modern life. The words *civilization* and *progress*, which have become incorporated into our very idea of ourselves, lead us to feel that ignorance, mental darkness, and delusion, are not a serious part of our problem. We associate *Tamas* with the barbarian, the criminal, or the uneducated.

The wiser student, however, he who sees deeper into the foundations of human nature, knows that this *Tamas* — which is really the quality of passivity — is the arch-enemy of spiritual progress. Let us see what the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, that wonderful key to our psychology, designates as the qualities that spring from *Tamas*. Here are some of them: “drowsiness, fear, grief, vanity, rashness, sleep, idleness, carelessness, sloth, deceit, obstinacy, mischievousness, dilatoriness.”

A long list! and who dare say that not one of those limiting weaknesses has a place in his character? If closely analysed, every one of

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these defects will be found to originate in passivity. For passivity is the very essence of Tamas. It is a subtle quality because so often invisible to its possessor. Passivity is un-selfconscious — it does not recognise itself. It is a miasma that obscures the clear light of discrimination.

Passionate faults, such as anger, sensuality, or ambition, bring us into conflict with our environment and we soon learn to curb them. The passive faults that spring from Tamas, such as overweening vanity, vacillation, and idleness, eat into our own natures and seldom call forth from our neighbors their stimulating criticism.

Looked at even from the standpoint of material existence, passivity is the arch-enemy of progress. We need only compare the roles of the scholar and the business-man to see how high a value the world places upon commercial initiative. Even the man of genius, the man with real vision, cannot succeed without the publicity-expert who pushes that vision into publicity by means of that modern fetish — 'Propaganda.'

If this is true in the sphere of worldly endeavor, how much more deeply is it true in the subtler world of spiritual development. Here passivity is fatal. It is the arch-enemy of the living soul of man. To drain the foundations of his character of these stagnant qualities is the initial work of the earnest student.

There are, happily, very clear indications how this regulative work may be accomplished. Here are some lucid and practical suggestions from Katherine Tingley:

"You must first learn the value of a moment, then an hour, then a day. Hold to the power of self-mastery and self-development. If you slip over a moment, an hour, or a day now, you will have to go back and go over the same ground again, even over the victories you have won.

"This time should be a challenge to conquer in self-mastery. You should not be slaves to pleasure. All pleasure is transient. Find pleasure in your efforts toward self-mastery."

Direct and simple words, yet dynamic with spiritual power!

The one opportunity that lies ready for the student's effort is the present time. The hour at hand has always its duty, perhaps only some neglected mending or an overlooked letter that ought to be written. Yet there within that duty lies the soul's immediate opportunity for self-mastery. Faithfully performed, it finds the soul with a stronger, surer grasp of itself. If neglected because of laziness, vacillation, or indifference, the cloud of Tamas settles a little lower over the inner vision and obscures the path of development.

Opportunities for supreme self-sacrifice come to few. But every student, in every moment, has a vital opportunity to do some one positive thing, make one more definite step towards final perfection.

MYSTERIES OF MATHEMATICS

MAGISTER ARTIUM

IN a book on the history of elementary mathematics we find that the learned author sets out with the assumption that the quinary, denary, and vicesimal scales of enumeration and notation are due to the fact that man is equipped with five fingers on each hand and as many toes on each foot. He reinforces his argument by opining that, if man had been endowed with six digits per limb, instead of five only, we should have rejoiced in the duodecimal scale. What an oversight on the part of Mr. Chance or the Deity (whoever or whatever is responsible for the existing state of affairs), to condemn us to a scale number which will not divide by three and four! Having made this assumption, the author proceeds to treat it as an axiom.

It is surely remarkable that an author claiming such acquaintance with the history of his subject should have overlooked certain very obvious and well-known facts that militate heavily against his theory. In the regular polyhedra the number five plays a paramount part, and the mensuration of these figures abounds in ratios involving the root of five. Among the inscribed polygons we find that the chord of the decagon bears to the radius the ratio of the golden section. In botany the prevailing number of petals on a flower is five. Pythagoras attached great importance to the tetraktys, or synthesis of the first four numbers, whose sum is ten. In the Hindû systems of cosmogony and the analysis of human nature we find groups of five occurring oftener than those of any other number. It would be possible, without much research or reflexion, to give many more instances of the prevalence of the numbers five and ten in nature and of the importance assigned to them in symbology. Facts like these show that, so far from the quinary, denary, and vicesimal systems being based on the fact of man's digital equipment, they are far more likely to be based on primal facts in cosmic architecture; while the circumstance of man's anatomy is probably but one among many instances of the manifestation of this universal quinary principle.

It is not disputed that man did count on his fingers. He did. But these other facts require explaining.

It is customary for us to hear that the Pythagoreans and their successors made a great to-do about their alleged discovery of the existence and properties of the regular polyhedra; that they imparted this knowledge under great precautions and with vast solemnity, and that terrible penalties fell upon those who violated the secrecy. This sort of thing must

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be regarded as an instance of that august and solemn pedantry which would make us smile, were we capable of laughing and weeping at one and the same time.

Pythagoras was one of the most renowned and venerated sages of antiquity. After traveling in the East, among great Teachers, he settled in the Grecian world and founded a school of world-wide celebrity. It is impossible to believe that he and his followers, that Plato and his disciples, thus commanded the respect and attention of the greatest minds of their times by mere frivolities of geometry and mensuration. We have heard of the severe probations imposed by the Master upon candidates for initiation into the inner teachings of his school: of the years of silence, of the austerities, of the self-restraint and purity. We know that his moral teachings and his intellectual teachings were of a most exalted kind; and that those of Plato stand on the same lofty eminence. Yet in the same breath we accuse him of childish simplicity and frivolity. We take some of his parables literally, with solemn lack of humor: as when he "persuades an ox not to eat beans."

It is much easier to accept the hypothesis that mathematics was, for these great Teachers and Sages, something which afterwards it ceased to be. That it was a symbolism, beneath which they veiled their real esoteric teachings; a key, by means of which they unlocked the mysteries of cosmic architecture and of the constitution of human nature. Subsequently, it would appear that the mere machinery of the mathematics became a subject of industrious, pedantic, and barren research. In our own day we find it in much the same state, save that it has acquired an application to practical affairs so far as engineering and a few similar materialistic uses are concerned.

But is mathematics a thing apart, a purely abstract study? What thoughtful mind, in studying the mysteries of number and magnitude, has not felt that under them lie hid the profoundest and most momentous secrets of cosmic law? What are we really investigating when we study mathematics? Somehow we do not seem to possess the key which would render this study significant. Is it not conceivable that some ancient Sages did possess the key and were able, by means of mathematics, to impart to their disciples the mysteries which they held so sacred and so secret?

But observe: discipline had to precede knowledge. There could be no initiation without probation. And perhaps herein lies the lost key.

We have grown accustomed to regard knowledge as not conferring any particular obligation on the possessor, nor as being subject to any restriction as to its publication. The result is that the kind of knowledge we possess is that alone which is to be acquired under such conditions;

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and that knowledge which can only be attained by the severer conditions is no longer ours.

Students of *The Secret Doctrine* know that the author, in interpreting the Secret Doctrine through illustrations from many ancient philosophies, has to deal constantly with the mystery of numbers and their use in symbolism. By means of a symbol we attempt to denote, in a kind of shorthand, some general principle which we find pervading in numerous forms the manifested world. This is nothing else than what all scientific thinkers do when they generalize or construct a formula; and the symbols of chemistry, mechanics, and other sciences, are not different in principle from those used by the ancient philosophers in their systems of cosmogenesis and anthropogenesis. Now what more general, more universal, more abstract, can we find than a number or a geometrical form?

Numbers — the One, the Two, the Three, etc.— are thus symbols of a most abstract and general nature; and it seems evident that, when Plato, Pythagoras, and other Teachers used these numbers, they were speaking of them not merely in a mathematical sense, but in reference to their meaning as symbols. For instance, the problem of how to make the One into Two, or the Two into One, may have a purely intellectual interest for the mere mathematician, and yet mean something very important for the aspirant to wisdom and self-knowledge, who is striving to overcome the duality in his own nature and to arrive at unity and harmony. The number Four is peculiarly associated with the physical plane of manifestation; and Pythagoras, by his Tetraktys, did not mean simply ten dots arranged in a pyramid, but four successive planes of evolution, beginning with a unity and ending with a quaternary.

The real significance of the numbers is evidently a matter of supreme importance to the student of the *Secret Doctrine*. When we seek to enter realms where words no longer suffice, and even the ideas in which we are wont to think fail to serve us, we must resort to symbols more abstract and general than words or than the ideas which words express. What kind of knowledge or thought may have been present to the mind of a candidate prepared by the probations for initiation into one of these ancient Schools, we can only conjecture; but we may well suppose that teachings were there conveyed which could not be put into language at all, and could only be expressed in symbolism.

The abstract science of number and quantity, as studied today, may be but the husk; and those who imagined they had stolen the secrets of the Mysteries, when they had merely published the mathematical symbols thereof, were their own dupes.

The pursuit of pure mathematics, apart from any intention of entering upon the path of Self-Knowledge, would seem to lead to ever-increasing

SUNSET

complexity and wealth of detail, sufficient to condemn the most capacious mind to a lifetime of research, and leading to new and vaster vistas rather than to a goal. When our mind is still, flashes of intuition may enter; but, when the brain gets hold of them, it worries them to tatters. The road to knowledge is by learning how to control the mind—how to use it.

SUNSET

KENNETH MORRIS

NOW the sun goes meditating
down through amber fields of air
To some secret sea-hid palace
of the Dragon Dynasts there,
And the sea from Coronado
to La Joya bends, a bow
Strangely jewel-green and luminous
'neath the topaz sunset glow,—
Where the kelp-bed streaks the sea-face
oily bronze and gold and chrome,—
Where the shore-wave rises, glitters,
breaks in bluebell-tinted foam,—
Where in grape-dark bloom and purple,
midst the far sea's beryl gleaming
Floats yon cragged and looming island,
what Enchanted Presence dreaming
Sets its imprint superhuman
on the mystiered evening air,
Till we feel the august remoteness
immanent with Godhood there;
And a pulsing from the sunset,
systole, diastole
Of the Master's heart-beats throbbing
through this pomp of sky and sea?
That Eternal Meditation
in whose lone ecstatic peace
Sirius and the Polar Dragon
flame their cycles through, and cease,
Sheds upon these glittering waters
here between the day and night,

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Something of its boundless beauty,
its immeasurable delight.
Rayed through timeless spaceless spaces
rainbow-stained with wings of Aeons,
Radiant with the Stars of Morning,
ringing with their seraph paeans,
'Tis the thought of That whose thinking
thrills to life the grand Pleroma,
Dimly mirrored in these pageant
skies and waters of Point Loma.

*International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California*

THE PHENOMENAL SPREAD OF THEOSOPHY

R. MACHELL

THERE was a time when Theosophy was entirely unknown to Americans as well as to Europeans; when only a few scholars had heard the word and knew its significance; and of them not one perhaps regarded it as anything more than a lost and forgotten system of philosophy. Then came Madame Blavatsky and startled the materialistic world, and the world that considered itself educated, by the assertion that Theosophy was a live issue — in fact the only live wire in the whole field of religions and philosophies; and she shocked the fashionable world on two continents by her declaration that neither priest nor professor of philosophy had any real knowledge or understanding of the esoteric truths concealed beneath the dead shells of their own systems of religion and philosophy, and that modern science was hardly emerging from the darkness of complete ignorance as to the meaning of life and its most simple elementary problems.

But perhaps the statement that was most hotly disputed was her assertion that there still exist living teachers of Theosophy, who knew more about science, religion, philosophy, and art, than all the leading lights of modern institutions put together, and who could control forces as yet unsuspected by scientific men. She further declared that she herself was a disciple of such teachers, and proceeded to found a Theosophical Society in accordance with instructions received by her from them.

In a very short time the word Theosophy was known, and all who wished to be considered intelligent made themselves acquainted with its dictionary meaning; while a large number of seekers for hidden truth

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flocked to the new society and endeavored to persuade the new theosophical exponent to give them all the keys to the knowledge of life without any special study on their part. In many cases she did bring forward facts that greatly disturbed the scientific world, and brought upon her both denunciations and accusations of a kind that seemed by the nature of the attacks to be impossible for anybody to repudiate. This apparently impossible task she accomplished in a measure that is in itself the most stupendous marvel of modern times. For despite the hostility of the vast majority of orthodox scientists, she gathered around her a nucleus of men and women of devotion and intelligence who understood to some measure her message to the world, and who pledged themselves to the cause of Theosophy.

The new society grew stronger, and before her death, Madame Blavatsky saw the word 'Theosophy' familiar in all cultivated circles of society and the principal teachings of the new movement accepted by thousands on two continents. It was about that time that I remember hearing a fashionable lady in a London drawing-room say scornfully: "We don't want any Theosophical Society to teach us Reincarnation, we know all about that already."

I thought that was the most sincere tribute to the great Teacher of Theosophy, because it was so entirely involuntary and so perfectly conclusive. That was in 1890, or thereabouts. The same thing has been said by many since, no doubt: for the plan of appropriating the teachings while rejecting the teachers has been well carried out in every civilized community, so that today it is hardly possible to take up any popular magazine without meeting the word reincarnation several times in a single issue. The word was practically unknown when Madame Blavatsky founded her society in 1875, in New York.

Already Reincarnation is a topic for novelists, so irresistible as to be almost unavoidable; and numbers of novels have been built around some misconception of the real teaching. The 'movies' have got it, but in such a distorted way that it is a question whether one can take it seriously or not, for it is just such distortions that hold people back from the truth.

If the teachings of Theosophy were not the clearest statements of truth their general acceptance would be impossible; for truth is simply the inherent nature of things, and exists everywhere, even beneath the distortions of the human mind, which so dearly loves falsehood. Truth is like sunlight, the ocean is like the mind of man, the broken reflexions of the light on the waves are like the innumerable distortions of truth that the mind delights in, which, false as they may appear, are also true reflexions of the light from a disturbed reflector. Such is the mind of man, a disturbed reflector. So the mind loves falsehood, even while reflecting

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truth: and the teachings of Theosophy suffer, as the sunlight suffers, by reflexion in a moving mirror. But so the light is spread, and so Theosophy is spread throughout the world.

Intolerance forbids the reading of Theosophical books and thereby advertises their existence and stimulates the curiosity of the mind. The enemies of Theosophy spread lying slanders as to the Teacher of Theosophy who lives at Point Loma, which sends many visitors to our gates to see for themselves what sort of a place this is, this Theosophical Headquarters; and some of these have intuition as well as common sense and see the absurdity and incongruity of the charges loosely flung around. Sometimes the Leader of the movement, Katherine Tingley, finds herself forced to prosecute the slanderers and to exact retractions, thus compelling more publicity. And where truth is beautiful, publicity is beneficial. So the work of spreading a knowledge of Theosophy goes on, and even the enemies of the truth are forced to aid it. The lies that they have circulated would have sunk the ship if they had been more than ripples on the surface of the ocean of mind, on which the good ship of the Theosophical Society sails safely with a pilot at the wheel who understands the ocean-currents and steers the ship accordingly.

Theosophy would not have spread as it has done if the Leader, Katherine Tingley, had not understood the human mind and had not felt in her own heart the needs of those who seek the light. She has not spent the energies at her command in catering to the morbid curiosity of dabblers in occult mysteries, whose motives are too closely blended with vanity and love of mere emotionalism.

The teachings of Theosophy are spreading rapidly, because they meet the demands of people whose hearts yearn for more light upon the dark problems of life and darker mysteries of death. Those who are actively engaged in Theosophic propaganda know how wonderfully widespread is the demand for the books published at Point Loma, which go to every corner of the earth. Visitors come to Point Loma who have read of it on steamers far away, or found our literature in foreign libraries and hotels. From such inquirers one learns how wide is the demand for knowledge of Theosophy, the very name of which but a short while since was utterly unknown, and which has not been popularized in the ordinary way by spending millions upon millions in advertising. No millions have been spent, but the work goes on, and every effort of the individual workers seems to gain added power from the source that furnished the original impulse and that still sustains the work.

But there is another explanation of the strange spread of the Theosophic teachings throughout a world that but a short time ago was steeped in absolute materialism and wholly absorbed in mere commercialism.

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These things have brought about calamities; and millions of people have been forced to ask themselves what they are doing here on an earth so full of misery. Some are inquiring what has brought down on them this terrible visitation, what has so suddenly upset the calm self-satisfaction of the wealthy and turned their famous civilization into a mockery, a barbaric chaos, in which the most destructive energy is stimulated to its limits 'in the interests of peace.' Some are beginning to suspect that there are truths that have escaped their observation: some to discover that they have no sort of a philosophy of life by which they can explain the evident insanity of the age in which they live. And so they turn towards Theosophy for light, finding none where they thought that it was stored for their future use in just such a crisis as has come upon them.

Theosophy is spreading because its teachings are what the world needs, and because so many people realize that the great disaster that threatens to swallow up their civilization has come about by lack of just such a system of philosophy, and by the neglect of universal brotherhood. Some are still dreaming the old dream of selfish wealth and personal prosperity, not realizing that the whole edifice of this civilization is actually tottering to its fall, and will go down in such a ruin as will leave the earth a desert once again, unless a nucleus of universal brotherhood can be established so securely as to redeem the errors of the past and create a civilization worthy of the name.

Such thoughts are coming now to minds that formerly were closed to anything but pleasure or excitement; and such minds are seeking for the solution of this great problem, how to save our civilization from collapse and our race from mutual extermination. Seeking, they find Theosophy; and finding that, they find the key to all the mysteries of life.

To find the key is but the first step towards the unlocking of the doors that bar the path of progress, but it is a big step, and there are thousands who have taken it and who know now that the key is within reach. The war has made people think about life in a new way, and the aftermath of the war is forcing them to search the teachings of the various religious systems which were formerly considered adequate. The result is in so many cases disillusionment that the real truth-seekers are bound to look deeper into the sources of religious and philosophic systems in order to find the principles of life; and when found, those fundamental principles are bound to be recognised as pure Theosophy.

So in a sense Theosophy is being sought for by thousands of people who do not yet know what they are looking for; or rather, I should say, who know that they are looking for the light of truth, but who do not know just in what form it will appear to them. Naturally many will expect a revelation of new truths, not understanding that truth is eternal,

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and that every revelation of truth is new simply because the truth that is revealed is so extremely old.

The terms *old* and *new* lose their significance in presence of the truth which is eternal. What is new is the application of an eternal truth to immediate necessities. Every new occasion calls out a new expression of fundamental principles. Every new well taps buried sources from which the same old water flows to satisfy the needs of man and fertilize the earth, changing a wilderness into a garden of delight. The water is no new invention and yet it is a great discovery, without which civilization in dry lands must fail. And when a spring is found the water is the newest, freshest thing on earth to thirsty mortals and to the parched earth.

Water is like Theosophy: it falls from above and rises from below; it may be found by digging deep enough in many barren lands; and it may be gathered in a temporary reservoir for useful distribution: but those who build the dam must build it wisely and provide the necessary outlets, else the stored water will not be available for irrigation, except in times of flood; and then the dam may break, and the stored water suddenly let loose may do more harm than good. There are a good many points of similarity between water and Theosophy, and the irrigation-problem has many lessons for the educator: for education is a means of distribution for the stored waters of acquired knowledge. The store of gathered wisdom must be carefully preserved, but solely for the purpose of its distribution to the people in useful quantities according to the general requirements. The reservoirs must not be turned into fishing-ponds, or be reserved for the delectation of those who have the charge of them. The water is for distribution to the people in the arid lands. If this little lesson had been learned in its application to the stores of acquired wisdom, hidden in the sanctuaries of ancient times, the people surely would not now be starving for want of knowledge of the mysteries of life. They would not now be trying to destroy each other in order to preserve themselves from quite unnecessary evils sprung from ignorance.

Another lesson might be learned from the same analogy. When such a reservoir of water has been found hidden in the mountains, it is not safe to allow some ignorant enthusiast to open a channel in the dam in order to let the water out; for if the outflow is not regulated it will wash the dam away and sweep the valley bare, and cause a terrible disaster.

The analogy holds good. Those who discover hidden stores of energy or knowledge, and who rashly liberate the stored-up forces, may find the flood of natural energy let loose without control become an element of general destruction.

It is a common misconception to suppose that all the evils arising out of ignorance may be at once removed by knowledge, more knowledge.

THE PHENOMENAL SPREAD OF THEOSOPHY

The ancients were more wise, who taught: "Discipline must precede instruction,"—a wise saying that is unpopular today, when discipline has come to mean punishment or tyranny. But discipline means self-control, without which more knowledge means simply greater opportunities for wrongdoing.

This is the reason why the true teachers of Theosophy reveal only so much of the old wisdom as can be assimilated by the people and can be usefully employed. This too may account for difficulties that the curious investigator may encounter in his search for knowledge. He has to qualify himself to handle the powers he aspires to control, so that he shall not be a danger to the whole community. There are those who sin in this way through simple ignorance and vanity, who publish to the wholly ignorant some fragmentary knowledge of some psychic energy that may easily be aroused in nature or in themselves without any adequate assurance that the knowledge will be used with any sort of care or consideration.

Katherine Tingley, in establishing her Râja-Yoga system of education, has made self-control an absolute essential. In that school "discipline precedes instruction" and is recognised as simply the first step in wisdom, without which knowledge is valueless. It is also taught that such self-discipline is the very foundation of all happiness. The Râja-Yoga motto is "Life is Joy"; and joy in life is not to be attained by self-indulgence, which is the root of all unhappiness.

Hardly a day passes now without parents, who have seen the Râja-Yoga boys and girls, and who have understood what they have seen, making inquiries as to the possibility of giving their own children similar opportunities. And these inquiries frequently come from people who have no knowledge of Theosophy, but who act on the old axiom that "a tree is known by its fruit."

Those who are working under Katherine Tingley are not trying to dazzle the eyes of the beholder or to acquire reputations as occultists by publishing their personal experiences for the stimulating of public curiosity. They find their whole energies can be more profitably employed in the attempt to satisfy the legitimate demands of those who want to know what help Theosophy can give them in the daily task of finding a solution to life's problems. Point Loma stands for the Theosophy of human service rather than for the Theosophy of individual accomplishment as preached and practised by some misguided students of the occult arts, whose thirst for knowledge is a fever that consumes the soul.

The ocean of Theosophy is wide and deep. Its pure waters may be used for irrigating the waste lands as well as for navigation, but this vast ocean must be revealed to the dwellers in the desert before its ut-


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most depths or distances need be explored. Those who believe its magic waters are for the healing of men's woes, will spend their lives in the endeavor to reveal the presence of the lake and to make roads by which it may be reached, and irrigation systems by means of which its waters may be made serviceable to those who live in lands of drought. When these most urgent needs are satisfied it will be time enough to think of pleasure-trips across the lake in astral boats to devachanic health-resorts, at rates proportioned to the credulity of the would-be tourists.

The world is calling for the water of life, which is Theosophy; and there is work to do for those who hear the cry and understand the desperate need that prompts it. But there are some who have seen a mirage in the desert and who are leading others in pursuit of the delusion. The waters of Theosophy are not a mirage. Let each one look for himself. The mirage will not quench your thirst nor make grass grow upon the burning sands, though it may make a pretty picture for a little while. The ocean of Theosophy is not a dream, it is Eternal Truth: it is the fabled fountain of eternal life. Its waters have not lost their virtue. Seek and ye shall find!

SOUND AND SILENCE

KATE HANSON

OUND is the servant of silence. Out of the stillness that is All, at the dawn of the world's day there proceeds an unspoken Word. Thrilling across space in measured vibrations, it calls universes into being. This voice of the silence, the Logos of infinity, is the will of the Absolute bringing life into manifestation. As warriors leap to arms at a trumpet-call at night, so does this unuttered Word waken and marshal the forces that create "all worlds and systems of worlds." Not until the first Logos forms itself in the universal mind is the first faint image of primordial matter reflected into space, for the spoken Word to shape it.

Through seven planes it vibrates, as the great Geometer speaks. Thus the evolution of cosmos was the first poem; for poetry is "the power that makes," as Greek and Goth well believed. In their languages they preserved a memory of this mystery, deriving the word for poet from the verb — the word of action — 'to create,' 'to make': — in Greek *poietae* from *poiein*; in German *Schöpfer* from *schöpfen*, and the noun *Schöpfen*, the Creation; and in West-English the word *Maker* from *make*.

The universe is built on number; and on the number and quality of vibrations in a given sound depend the strength and beauty of the

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forms into which it throws the atoms of cosmic dust. The atmosphere we call empty space is laden with these forms. The quality of the vibrations is influenced by the sound-board which emits them, and in their turn, they react upon the person or body which sent them forth. Musical instruments are among the best examples of this. In an old violin, the instrument gives back something of its own, implanted in it by the perfect vibrations of a master's playing, making the particles of wood sympathetic and responsive as nothing else can. The most powerful agent for producing sound-forms is the human voice, because to the possible development of its quality and number of vibrations are added thought, will, and feeling, in the production of acoustical forms. The low standard of physical development prevalent today: the feeble vitality and vitiated morality consequent upon the nervous tension of our race-life: have made of the physical organism an instrument of deadly use. It is a sound-board that emits, and responds to, astral forms of low type. Ungoverned talking is a disease of our day. It is not only a constant escape of energy, but by reflex action, subjects the victim to harmful influences from without. Talking opens the sluices of the mind, letting loose wild ungoverned words, which are a man's worst foes. They return to confront him long after, and he wonders at the progeny of his own lips, and the difficulties they raise up before him. Gossip, slander, idle or malicious talk, have wrecked as many lives as any other vice, strewing the surface of life with their prey. But in the untroubled depths are the vast continents and hidden worlds of long past splendor.

The sages and philosophers of antiquity were well acquainted with the power of words and their connexion with the forces and beings of the occult world. Among the Greeks, Pythagoras in particular made practical application of this knowledge. In his famous school at Croton, the students underwent a discipline of silence from two to seven years long. Such a course would be an unspeakable hardship for modern students, with their intense objective life and aggressive individualism. By imposing outer silence, till a measure of inner silence and control had been established in the mind, the Greek sage surely saved his pupils from many pitfalls, by not allowing them to overburden the atmosphere with these dangerous and unsymmetrical forms, until the students understood the forces they were dealing in.

H. P. Blavatsky states that in the schools of the mysteries no instruction was given, and no replies were permitted, in which events and persons were spoken of in simple definite words. This was to prevent the return of the forces connected with the event. Things were communicated in symbols, and thus grew up such symbolic languages as the Egyptian and the Chinese, the former claiming that the forms on

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their monuments and in their scripts were drawn from the figures of the unseen world.

The Orientals had a deep knowledge of the power of words and sounds. The Chinese use a different system of diatonics for the three periods of the day, because the vibrations of the air are different, and affect human beings, as well as musical sounds, differently. In their temples, mantrams have been sounded for so many centuries that the atmosphere is charged with musical vibrations, caused by the repetition of sacred texts. They say that these holy words have occult powers that attract higher beings, and keep the temples purged from all evil influences. Hence their atmosphere of mystery and repose, and the power to uplift the mind and feelings of those who are sensitive to it.

Stories of a mystery-language come from many of the older races. These survive, and are copied in modern tales, as in Juan Valera's story of *The Green Bird*. In it he tells of a magician who knew a language so powerful that he dared not speak it for fear of the convulsions it would cause, and the djinns it would raise. The Egyptians and Finns have very similar beliefs as to the power the real name of a person or thing has to call up occult properties connected with that object or being. The Finnish God of creation sang the sky and stars and earth into being, and heroes chanted words of wisdom that would forge for them swords and shields. The name was closely associated with the individuality, or soul, and even the gods could be compelled to serve men if called upon by their secret names. When an Egyptian commanded a god to come to his help, it meant that by the force of his will he identified himself with that god — evoked that power in his own nature, and so became possessed of the power and properties of the god addressed. In view of our ignorance as to our real natures, it is rather suggestive to think what might happen if we knew our own secret names, and the godlike possibilities that go with them.

Poetry, which is probably the latest form of the mystery-language — built on vibration, color, number, and the magical forces attached to each letter, has been recognised as a creative force on all planes. Thus, in the mouth of the Druids, or their Teachers, it became an active magical power, by which, legend says, they raised the trilithons of Stonehenge. The natives of India claim that Chandra-Gupta's palace at Pâtaliputra was raised in a night by powerful djinn to the sound of unearthly music. Old Indians in Peru will tell you that their ancient fortresses were built by the use of magic words, which commanded the huge blocks of stone to rise and take their places in the cyclopean walls.

These legends still find their way into modern literature. In the following passage from *Gareth and Lynette*, Merlin tells Gareth:

SOUND AND SILENCE

"For truly, as thou sayest, a Fairy King
And Fairy Queens have built the city, son;
They came from out a sacred mountain-cleft
Toward the sunrise, each with harp in hand,
And built it to the music of their harps.
For an ye heard a music, like enow
They are building still, seeing the city is built
To music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built forever."

The Bible-story of Joshua's seven trumpets that were to blow down the walls of Jericho is but another instance of this widespread and applied knowledge. Only a flippant mind will say that Pythagoras dealt in pretty fancies when he taught that the spheres make music in their evolutions. Confucius and other Chinese sages said that music is the most powerful means of communicating with the gods. H. P. Blavatsky wrote: "Sound is the most potent and effectual magic agent, and the first of the keys which opens the door of communication between Mortals and the Immortals."

In one of the Egyptian stories of the Creation, sound was the third and highest gift in the power of Osiris when he had made the world, and was seeking to cheer his creature, man, who was sad and silent in the dumb world in which he had been placed.

That speech is a god-given power, one can well believe, and properly belongs to man as the most highly evolved being on our earth. As to the abuse of this power, there are equal proofs; and when W. Q. Judge said, "Use with care those living messengers called words", he meant that they can cause moral disease as well as material destruction.

The development of speech has kept pace with the evolution of intellect, until with the temporary predominance of brain-mind over Soul, we have attained the brilliant, but rather hard-boned languages of the present race. While eminently fitted for some needs of the age, of which they are an outgrowth, they also are woefully lacking in terms for spiritual knowledge. As a result, when Theosophy came, it had to borrow an eastern vocabulary from those races whose spiritual attainments had felt the need of, and consequently had fashioned a vehicle for, these teachings.

As in all departments of life, Theosophy is producing a change in the realm of words, and is teaching the knowledge of Silence. Discouraging lip-talk as waste of time and energy, it encourages the student to accentuate those moments of mental silence in which the soul has time to grow.

Besides reviving the practical knowledge of the laws of sound and vibration known to the ancients, Theosophy is bringing into the West an entirely new stream of philosophy and sciences, and therefore causes the need for new words to express new ideas. Such a stimulus upon the

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the resources of the race-mind will quicken it to evolve its own words and methods of expression. When the poetry of the next few centuries is written, it may be that we too shall move stones, and charm the brutes, and summon the gods at our will. Having returned along the spiral of evolution to the changed language of our 'spiritual prototypes,' plus all we have gained through aeons of struggle and pain in conquering the world of matter and its illusions — our language may be

"like an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute."

SERMONS IN STONES

CLARK THURSTON



AMID ruins of massive buildings in the depths of tropical forests, are still standing gigantic monolithic statues of an Atlantean race of men — a race of men that are known to have been conscious of their divine nature. Their portrait-faces look out from the sculptured stone; instinct with a virile individuality and force of character incomparably superior to those of any of the existing races.

In a nimbus surrounding their forms the stone is sculptured with symbolic faces and figures interlaced with glyphic designs that, viewed in the light of Theosophy, tell some part of the history of the mighty cycle in which such men lived.

Their living descendants are known to hold in their possession the knowledge acquired by their grand ancestors — a knowledge held to be indispensable to the welfare of the human race, in the near future, if it is safely to pass on to the greater responsibilities confronting it.

Archaeology is one of the sybilline books that modern man must learn to decipher and understand if he is to go further forward in this cycle of the life of humanity; for there are 'sermons in stones' that are of the greatest practical consequence to the human race both individually and collectively; and, when the time comes, they must and will be read and their knowledge added to the very meager stock that Christendom has thus far been allowed to avow.


There, with quiet composure, in the impassable shades of the forest, still stand these monoliths of men like sentinels between the ancient and modern world. Remote from spoliating hands, hidden in their leafy seclusion, they await the appointed time and its authorized messenger to pass on their knowledge, garnered through thousands upon thousands of years.

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919.*

XXIII — "THE DRAGON, THE APOSTATE, THE GREAT MIND"

HE time is the middle of the fourth century A. D. The top of the Crest-Wave is in India, now the greatest country in the world. The young Samudragupta, about thirty years old now, has been filling the whole peninsula with his renown as warrior, poet, conqueror, patron of arts and letters, musician. The Hindûs are a busy and efficient people, masterly in this material world. Their colonies are spread over Java, Sumatra, and the other islands; Formosa (think where it lies) has a Sanskrit, but not yet (so far as we know) a Chinese, name; all those seas are filled with Indian shipping. — And with Arab shipping, too, by the way; or are coming to be so; and spray of the Wave (in the shape of Indian and Arab ships) is falling in the port of Canton. But China as a whole is in a deep trough of sea: an intriguing, ceremonious, ultra-elegant, and wily-weak court and dynasty have lately been expelled from precarious sovereignty at Changan in the North to Nankin south of the Yangtse; there to abide a little while un-overturned, looking down in lofty impotent contempt on the uncouth Wether Huns, Tunguses, and Tibetans who are sharing and quarreling over the ancient seats of the Black-haired People in the Hoangho basin, after driving this same precious House of Tsin into the south. — Persia is on the back of the Wave, something lower than the Crest: Sapor II, a dozen or so years older than Samudragupta, has been on the throne since some months before his (Sapor's) birth; and has now grown up into a particularly vigorous monarch; conquering here and there; persecuting the Christians with renewed energy since Constantine took them into favor; — and of late years unmercifully banging about Constantius son of Constantine in the open field, and besieging and sometimes taking his fortresses. This, you may say, with one hand: with the other he has been very busy with his neighbors in the north-east, the nomads: he has been punishing them a little; and incidentally founding, as a protection against their inroads, the city of New Sapor in Khorassan, — famed later as Nai-shapur, and the birthplace of a certain Tent-maker of song-rich memory. In Armenia an Arsacid — that is, Parthian — house has survived and holds sovereignty: and Armenia is a sort of weak Belgium between Persia and

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Rome; inclining to the latter, of course, because ruled by Arsacids, who are the natural dynastic enemies of the Sassanids of Persia. Rome has turned Christian; so, to cement his alliance with Rome and insure Roman aid against powerful Persia, the Armenian king has had himself converted likewise, and his people follow suit with great piety; — which sends Shah Sapor, King of the kings of Iran and Turan, Brother of the Sun and Moon, to it with a missionary as well as a dynastic zeal; and a war that is to be of nearly thirty years' duration has been in process along the frontier since 336. Persia, better called a kingdom, perhaps, than an empire, commands about forty millions of subjects; as against imperial Rome's — who can say? The population there must have gone down by many millions since the days of the Antonines, with all the civil wars, plagues, pestilences, and famines that have harrowed the years between.

The sons of Constantine have succeeded to the throne of their father; and the portions of Constantine II, the eldest of the three, and Constans, the youngest, have at last fallen into the hands, or the web, of Constantius, — a sort of cross between a spider, an octopus, and an elderly maiden aunt, — and in general about as unpleasant a creature as ever sat on a throne. Constantine the Great, indeed, had willed the succession into the hands of a much larger number of his relatives; but this Constantius, his father once decently buried, had taken time by the forelock, and insured things to his two brothers and himself by killing out two of his uncles and seven of their sons; so that now, Constantine II and Constans being dead, no male scions of the house of Constantius Chlorus remain as possible rivals to him, except two boys who had been at the time of the massacre, the one too young, and the other too sickly, to count. We shall come to them by and by.

Christianity is well established; though Constantius, following his father's wise example, is deferring his baptism until the last possible moment: he partly knows the weakness of his nature, and desires to have license for a little pleasant sinning until the end, with the certainty of a glorious resurrection to follow in despite of it. — Dismiss your kindly apprehensions; God was good to Constantius; no untimely accident cut him off unbaptized; his plan worked excellently, and providing an Arian heretic may go to heaven, in heaven he is to this day, singing his Alleluias with the best of them, — and perhaps between whiles arguing it out with the various uncles and cousins he murdered.

Meanwhile, however, priests and bishops are the great men of his empire; and they enjoy immunities from duties and taxation to an extent that throws the whole rational order of government out of gear. Thus, for example, the upkeep of the great roads and the posts system, — the lines of communication, — falls upon a certain class called the Decurions,

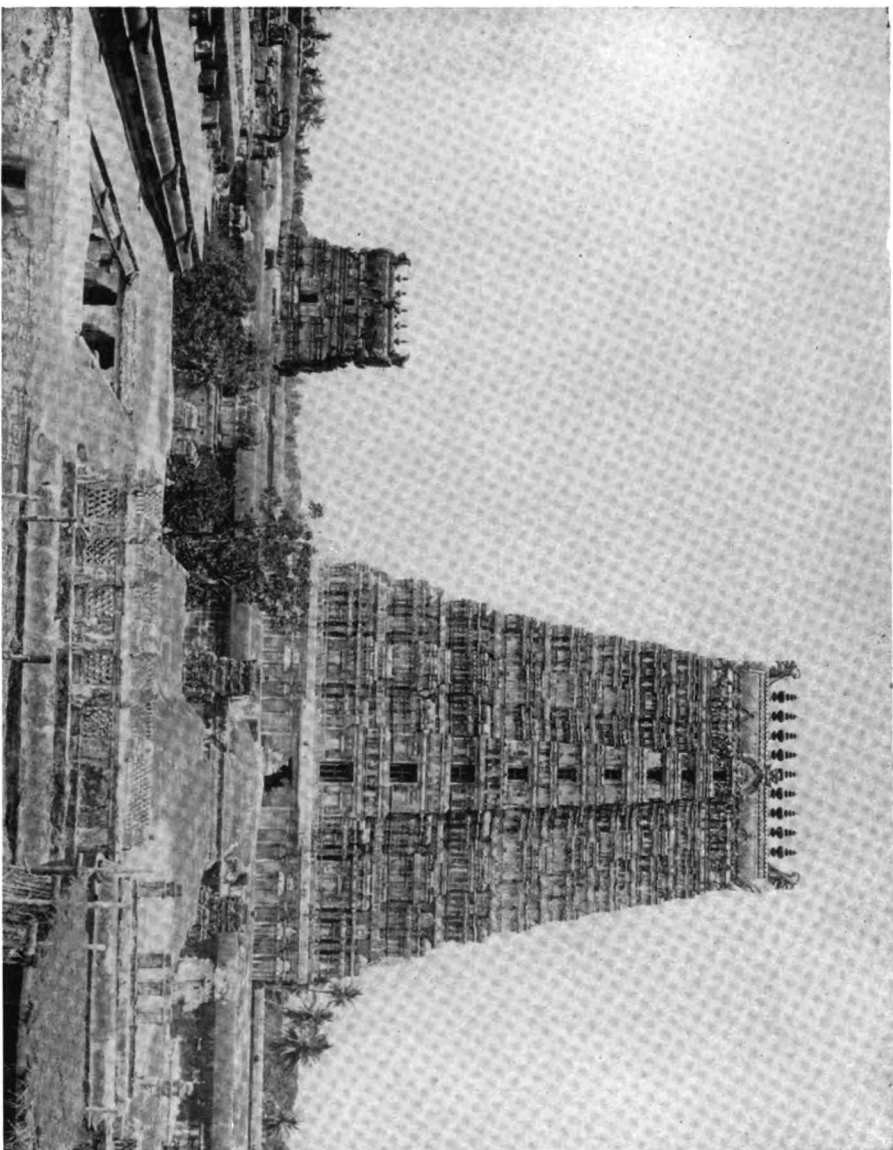
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who in each district at their own expense have to maintain all in order. But churchmen,— an enormous class now,— are immune from the decurionship; and are allowed further the use of the post-horses and inns free of cost; — with the result that, practically speaking, no one else can use them at all. Because these churchmen are forever hurrying hither and thither to conference, council, or synod: there each sect,— Arian and Athanasian chiefly,— to damn to eternal perdition (and temporal excommunication when possible) the vile heretics of the other: Homoiousian to thunder against Homooousian, Homooousian against Homioousian: *Arius contra Athanasium*, and *Athanasius contra mundum*: — till the air of the whole Roman world is thick with the fumes of brimstone and the stench of the Nether Pit. Taxation, on those left to tax, falls an intolerable burden; — we have seen how Shah Sapor is dealing with one end of the empire; — at the other end, in Gaul, one Magnentius rose against Constantius, and the latter thoughtfully invited in the Germans to put him down and help themselves to what they found handy; — and a certain Chnodomar, a king in those trans-Rhenish regions, has taken him much at his word. Result: a strip forty miles wide along the left bank of the Rhine from source to mouth has been conquered and annexed; three times as much this side is a perfectly desolate No-man's land; forty-five important cities, including Cologne and Strasbourg, have been reduced to ashes, with innumerable smaller towns and villages; all open towns in north-eastern Gaul have been abandoned; the people of the walled cities are starving on what corn they can grow on vacant corner lots and in their own back-gardens; hundreds of thousands have been killed out, or carried off into slavery in Germany; and King Chnodomar has every reason to think that God is behaving in a very reasonable manner. — As for the rest of the empire, whatever may be its population in human bodies, there is a plentiful lack of human souls to inhabit them; the Roman world has fallen on evil years, truly, but is by no means unchanged; — and the one thing you can prophesy with any decent security is that affairs cannot go on in this way much longer. Rome has conducted a number of funerals in her day, of this nation and that conquered and put an end to; not much intuition is required now, to foresee that the next funeral will be her own. — (Though indeed, I doubt you should have found half-a-dozen in the Roman world who could foresee it.)

Now there is a Way, narrow and most difficult to find,— a Way of conducting the affairs of this life and this world, in balance, in equilibrium: in that fine condition through which alone the life-renewing forces from the vaster worlds within may flow down, and keep existence here in harmony, and forefend decay. This was, of course, the essence of Chinese thought, Confucian and Taoist. You maintained the inner harmony,

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and the forces of heaven might use you as their channel. You found Tao (the Way), and grew never old; you succeeded in all enterprises; walked through life unruffled,— duty flowing, beautifully accomplished, at every moment from your hands. You met with no snags or downfalls; adjusted yourself always to conditions as they arose, and over-rode them in quietest triumph. — They said that, possessing Tao, one might live on many times the common threescore years and ten; very likely there is some truth in it; it seems as if it were true, at any rate, of the life of nations. China caught glimpses, and lived on and on; grew old, and renewed her youth time and again. But normally, what do we find with these un-Taoist nations of the West? — They go easily for some period; then it becomes harder and harder for them to adjust themselves to conditions. They become clogged with the detritus of old thought and action. What is the meaning of the incessant need we see for reform? Under whatever form of government a nation may be, it arises perpetually; it carries us round the ring of the -archies and -cracies, and there is no finality anywhere. — No; there is no straight line of political progress; but round in a ring you go! You turn out your kings, because they are tyrannical: which means that their government is no longer efficient, and cannot cope with affairs: there is a lack of adjustment between the inner and the outer, between the needs and the provision made to meet them. The monarchy, which was at first representative and the true expression of the nation,— because it, or anything else, when there was no detritus, but things were new and the inner air uncluttered, gave freedom to the national aspirations to pour themselves out in action,— gives such freedom no longer: it irks; it misfits; you feel it chafing everywhere. And yet it has not ceased by any means to be representative: it represents now a nation which has lost its adjustment to the inner things and is clogged up by the detritus of old thought and action; and it is that detritus that irks and misfits and chafes you. So you rise and smash an astral mold or two: turn out your kings; shout freedom and liberty, and are very glorious for a time under a totally free and independent republic; — which means, at once or after a while, government by a class. And this succeeds just as well and badly as its predecessor: neither has found Tao, the Way,— following which, your detritus should be consumed as it goes, and life lifted above the sway of Karma. So once more the detritus accumulates, and blocks the channels; and the life of the nation labors and is oppressed. Need arises for reforms; and the reforms are difficultly carried through: the franchise is extended, and there is loud talk about political growth and what not; we see the Millennium at hand, and ourselves its predestined enjoyers. And the old process repeats itself, till you have a very full-fledged democracy: you make all the men vote,



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RAMESWARAM: ONE OF THE GREAT DRAVIDIAN TEMPLES OF SOUTHERN INDIA

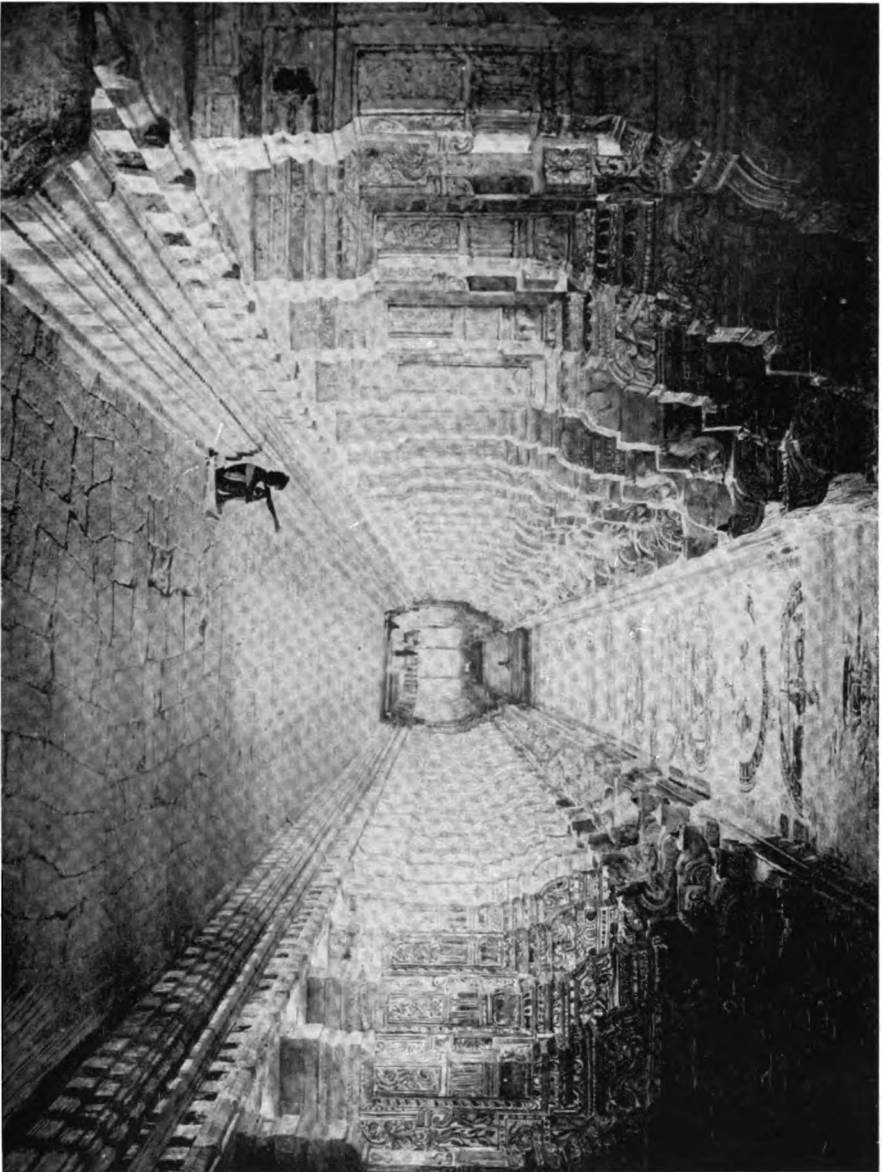
The Temple and its Tower Gateways as seen from the eastern side. Rameswaram is one of the chief places of pilgrimage to which all Hindus are expected to go, and one of the most venerated Hindu shrines of India. According to tradition, the Temple was founded by Rama himself on the occasion of his journey to Ceylon in search of Sita. In ancient times, an artificial land-bridge is said to have connected with Ceylon the island on which the Temple stands. — The architecture of the Temple exhibits all the beauties of the Dravidian style in their most highly developed form.



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A CORRIDOR IN THE TEMPLE OF RÂMESWARAM

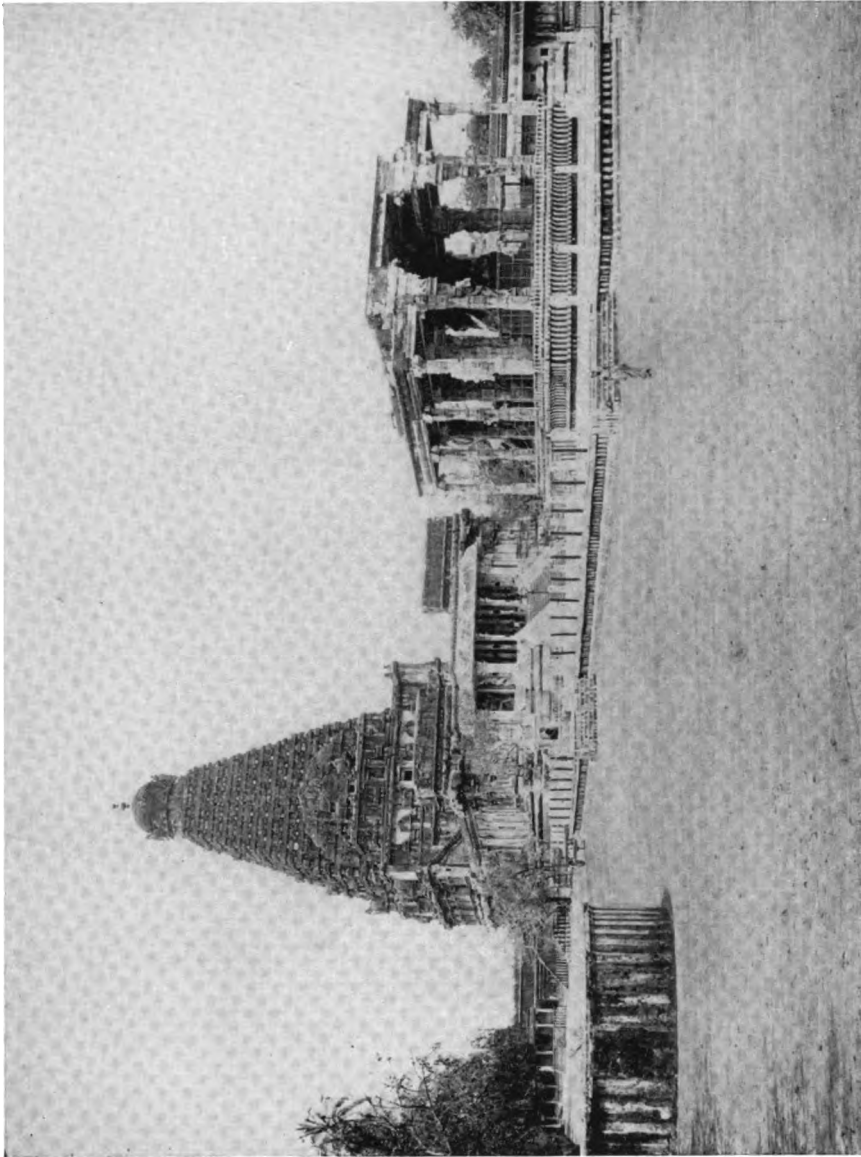
The corridors, which are the chief glory of the Temple, are here and in the illustration following, seen in part. All of the corridors taken together extend to nearly 4000 ft. in length: their breadth varies from 17 ft. to 21 ft., and their height is about 30 ft. from the floor to the center of the roof. The ceilings and colonnades are embellished with paintings now much faded.



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ANOTHER OF THE CORRIDORS IN THE TEMPLE OF RÂMEŚWARAM

Daily along these corridors, gorgeous oriental processions of Brâhman priests and worshippers take their way; and the echoes of the music and chanting vibrate throughout the vast extent of the Temple.



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TANJORE: ONE OF THE GREAT DRAVIDIAN TEMPLES OF SOUTHERN INDIA

General View inside the enclosure of the great Temple of Tanjore. This is regarded as the most perfect type of a Dravidian Temple taken as a whole, but it lacks the vastness and complexity of the great Temple of Rameswaram. This style arose under the Chola Kings of Tanjore in the 11th century A. D.

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and all the women; and presently no doubt all the children; but even when you have all adult dogs and cats and cows voting as well,— you will not find that that order is Tao, the Way, any more than the others were. The presence of a cow or two, or an ass or two, more or less, in your parliament will not really insure efficiency of administration. The detritus grows again, under the most democratic of democracies; and weighs things down; — and you cast about for new methods of reform. Democratic government, somehow, does nothing of what was expected of it; is not the panacea; — you see that, to bring the chaos of affairs into order, you must stop all this jabber and tinkering, and set up some undivided council,— some *Man*, for God's sake!— a Dictator who can keep his own and other people's mouths shut and hands busy, and get things done unimpeded. So you make one more grand reform for the sake of efficiency, and set up your Emperor, and have peace, and decent government; and you have, wittingly or not, started up old bugbear Monarchy again; and things go well for a time. But, bless you, you have not found the Way; you know nothing about Tao, which is not to be discovered in the fields of politics, and has nothing whatever to do with forms of government. So you go in search once more for a political method of dealing with that one and only oppressing thing, the detritus,— your karma; — and away you go squirreling round the changes again; — and all this you call political evolution, as I dare say the squirrel does his own gyrations in his cage; — whereas if you found Tao,— if you lived balancedly,— if you kept open the channels between this and the God-world,— there would be no political evolution at all — no squirreling,— but only calm, untrammelled beautiful life. All the claptrap about Western Superiority to the Orient, and the growth of freedom in the West, in contrast with Eastern political immobility, simply means that the Orient is less fond of squirreling than we are; taking its ages by and large, there has been a little more Tao with them than with us: more consuming the detritus as they went; more balanced living, and thus more keeping the channels open. — At least, I imagine so.

Now Rome was very old; and, since Augustus' day, the detritus had grown and grown. Diocletian had devoted a political sagacity amounting in some respects to genius to setting things right, and had accomplished something. He had moved out of Rome itself, where the psychic atmosphere was too thickly encumbered; had gone eastward, where the air, after long pralaya, was clearer; had propped up imperial authority, now for the first time, with the definite insignia of imperial state: wore a tiara, was to be kneeled to, addressed as *Dominus*, and so forth: — all outward expedients, and Brummagem substitutes for that inner adjustment which Laotse called Tao: the Way that you are to seek by retreating within,

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and by advancing boldly without; and not by any one road, because it is not found by devotion alone, nor by religious contemplation alone, or by ardent progress, self-sacrificing labor, or studious observation of life, alone; but the whole nature of man must be used wisely by the one who desires to enter it. Diocletian knew nothing of this; so, great statesman as he was, his methods were effective only while he sat on the throne: in his old age and retirement he had to watch, from his palace at Spalato, the empire he had piloted banging about in a thousand storms again; and to plead in vain to those to whom he had given their thrones for the safety and life of his own wife and daughter; — the total failure of his life and labors thus miserably brought home to him before he died.

“Where there is no vision the people perish,” said that learned Hebrew of old, King Solomon; and by that one saying proclaimed his right to his title of ‘the Wise.’ Look into it, and you have almost the whole philosophy of history. The incessant need of humanity is this thing *Vision*: men and nations go mad for lack of it: they seek in hell the joys of heaven which should be theirs, and which they cannot see. It means, vision of the Inner Worlds, of the heaven that lies around us. Oh, nothing spooky or foolish; one is far from meaning the Astral Light. People who go burrowing into that are again seeking a substitute for Vision, and a very poisonous one. — If I may speak of a personal experience: coming to Point Loma from London was like coming from the bottom of the sea into the upper ether. There, in the heart of that old civilization, the air is thick with detritus; here — if only because a long pralaya and fallow time have made the land new,— the detritus is negligible; perhaps it is not even forming, but consumed as we go; because at least we have glimpses of the Way. Result: the mental outlook that extended there, in visionary moments, to some six inches before one’s nose, here has broadened out to take in some seas and mountains; — in comparison, it runs to far horizons. I take it that this is the experience of us all. So this is what that wise Solomon meant: “When the detritus has accumulated to the point where, like a thick fog, it shuts away all vision of the True, then the nation must go into abeyance; it must fall.” — Rome was very near that point.

One wishes one could say something about those Inner Worlds of Beauty. When the voices of self are silenced, and desires abashed and at peace,— how they shine through! This outer world, truly, reflects them; but another and ugly world of our own making

“is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

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The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers,—
For this, for everything, we are out of tune."

Sometimes; not always, thank God! Look again: there are the mountains, and above them the mournful glories of the anti-sunset; the mute and golden trumpeting of the dawn; — there is the sea, and over it the wistfulness and pomp and pageantry of the setting sun, and the gentleness of heaven at evening; — there is the whole drama of Day with its tremendous glories; and the huge mystery of Night-time: Niobe Night, silent in the heavens,

"Glittering magnificently unperturbed;"

— and there are the flowers in the garden, those *Praeclarissimi* and *Nobilissimi* in the Court of God, the Pansy, the Blue Larkspur, the Purple Anemone; — and what are all these things? — Just symbols; just mirrorings of a beauty in the World of Ideas within; just places where the Spirit has touched matter, and matter, at that fiery and creative touch, has flamed up into the likeness of God, which is Beauty. — What is Vision? — It is to have luminous forms rising in the imagination, like Wordsworth had, like Shelley; it is with shut eyes to see the beauty and wonder of the Gods; it is to have no grayness or dearth or darkness within; but to have the 'bliss of solitude' crowded with beautiful squadrons of deities, trembling with the light of legions on legions of suns. For

*Not all we are here
Where this darkness oppresses us;
Not this oblivion
Of Beauty expresses us.*

*Gaze not on it,
To be stained with its stain;
The Lonely All-Beautiful
Calls us again.*

*In galleried palaces,
Turquoise blue,
With the sweetness of many suns
Filtering through,—*

*In the Sun's own garden,
Where galaxies flame
For lilac and daffodil,
Each on his stem,—*

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*Where apple-bloom Capricorn
Hangs from his tree,
Glittering dim o'er
The dim blue sea,—*

*And billowing dim o'er
The dim blue lawns
Of heaven come the nebular
Sunsets and dawns,—*

*We too have the regallest
Part of our being,
Far beyond dreaming of,
Hearing of, seeing.*

*And the Lonely All-Beautiful
Calls to us here: —
“My knights, my commissioned,
My children dear!*

*“The hell where affrighted,
Enchanted, ye roam,—
Ye set forth to make it
A heaven for my home!”*

— And it is Vision, not to mistake mankind for less or other than Deific Essence cruelly encumbered over with oblivion; it is to see the flame of Eternal Beauty and valiant Godhood in all men; and not to rest or sit content without doing something to uncover that Beauty, to rescue that Godhood. — You go into the slums of a great city; and you do not wonder that the God-essence, inmingling and involved in the clay which is (the lower) man, goes there quite distraught and unrecognisable; where life is so far from the great reflexion of the Worlds of Beauty; where the Sun is no bright brother and confidential friend, but a breeder up of pestilences; where the sky is shut away and there are no flowers to bloom; — whether we like it or no, these things, the unperturbed manifestations of the formative pressure of the Spirit, are needed to keep men sane. Beauty you must have, to nourish the Divine within you; alas for him that thinks he may attain to the Good or the True, and in a thin meager or Puritan spirit, strives to shut out their divine sister from his needs and aspirations! — But there, in our hideous modern conditions, there is no vision, without or within; so men go mad with fearful lusts and despairs; and it is the van of the Battle, in one sense, between Godhood and Chaos; and reeks with the slaughter and bloodshed and the madness

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of that conflict; — there too the Holy Spirit of Man is incarnate; there the Host of Souls; — but in the shock and din and the carnage, there on the slippery brink of yet unconquered hell,— all the divine descent and ancient glory of the Host is forgotten: — *there is no Vision, and the people perish.*

(It may seem I go a long way round to come to him; but in reality I am already trying to draw you a character-sketch of the subject of this evening's lecture: to present you the permanent part and significance of a strange incarnation of Vision that appeared in Rome's dark and dying days: the man to whom Saint Gregory Nazianzen, in his grand attack, applied that ringing triplet of epithets I have taken for the title of the lecture: "The Dragon, the Apostate, the Great Mind." Know him first in his impersonality thus: a great white flame of Vision; a tremendous Poet of the Gods in action; — and then, when you come to his personality, with what it might have retained of personality, of hereditary impairments, perhaps, that should have vanished had he lived past his young manhood, these will not hinder you from understanding the greatness and beauty and tragedy of that life apparently wasted. But we shall come to him in our time.)

Back in the sixth century B. C., when all those Great Teachers came: when the forces that until then had been pent up in the Mysteries were suddenly let loose upon the world,— and the more vehement for their having been so pent up, and their now being so let loose; — what a flood of vision they brought with them! In Greece, to rouse up almost at once that wonderful wave of artistic creation; in Persia, to create quickly a splendid and chivalrous empire; in India, (so far as we know) to pervade as an ethical illumination the life of the people for some centuries before manifesting in art or empire; in China, to work in a twofold current, on one side upon the imagination, on the other upon the moral conceptions of the race, until the Chinese manvantara began. Its effect in each case was according to the cyclic position of the country at the time: those, seemingly, being the most fortunate, that had to wait longest for the full fruition. Thus it struck China in the midst of pralaya, and lay in the soil fructifying until the pralaya had passed; then, appearing and re-appearing according to cyclic law, was a saving health in the nation for fifteen centuries at least; — India, I imagine, when the manvantara there was some five centuries old, and under a minor shadow; which shadow once passed, it produced its splendors in the Maurya time; and was in all effective for a thousand years. But it came to Persia in the autumn of the great cycle, when the forces it brought had to ripen quickly, and descend at once on to the military (the lowest) plane; — and to Greece just at noon or early summer,— just before the most intellectual moment,

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— and so there, too, had no time to ripen, but must burst out at once in artistic creation without ever a chance first to work in and affect the moral life of the race. This last is what Pythagoras at Croton had in mind to do: had Croton endured, there would have been a stable moral basis for the intellectual splendors. — I believe that you have here the very archeus and central clue to history. In China, it was enough for Laotse to float his magical ideas, and for Confucius to give out his extremely simple (but highly efficient) philosophy, and to provide his grand Example; in India it was enough for the Lord Buddha to teach his Wisdom and to found his Order; he might trust the future to them; — for Persia, one cannot say: the facts as to Zoroaster are not enough known: there might seem to have been some failure there too; — but in Greece, it was imperative that Pythagoras should establish his Lomaland; nothing else could save the forces from squandering themselves at once, in that momentous time, on the intellectual and artistic planes, and leaving life unredeemed and unaffected.

Which indeed they did; and thence on in Europe we see century by century vision waning and the world on a downward path, until the moment comes when a new effort may be made. Augustus calls a halt then: moves heaven and earth; works like ten Herculeases, along all lines, to bring about an equilibrium in outer affairs: and so far succeeds that in his time one or two men may have the Vision, at any rate: — Virgil may catch more than glimpses of the Inner Beauty, and leave the outer world a little less forlorn. But in place of the rush and fine flow of the Grecian Age, what painful strivings we find in the Augustan! — When too, Teachers labor to illumine the vastnesses within: Apollonius; Moderatus; shall we add, the Nazarene? — So the downward tendency is checked; in the following centuries we see a slow pushing upward, — in the heroic effort of the Stoics, not after Vision — that was beyond their scope and ken, — but after at least that which should bring it back, — a noble method of life.

And then, at last, a dawn eastward: and the bugles of the Spirits of the Dawn heard above the Pyramids, heard over the shadowy plains where Babylon was of old; — and out of that yellow glow in the sky come, now that the cycle permits them, masters of the Splendid Vision. They come with something of light from the ancient Mysteries of Egypt; with some shining from Star Plato, and from Pythagoras; and at their coming light up the dark worlds and the intense blue deeps of the sky, — wherein you can see now, under their guidance, immeasurable and beautiful things to satisfy the highest cravings of your heart: winged Aeons on Aeons, ring above ring, — mystery emanating mystery, beauty beauty, from here up to the Throne of the Lonely All-Beautiful. — What growth

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there had been in Roman Europe, to prepare the way for the spread of Neo-Platonism, I cannot say; but imagine Gnosticism had something to do with it; and that Gnosticism was a graft on the parent stem of Christianity set there by some real Teacher who came later than Jesus. If we knew more of the realities about Simon Magus on the one hand, and Paul of Tarsus on the other, we might have clearer light on the whole problem; at present must be content with saying this much: — that Gnosticism, with its deep mystical truths, emerges into the light of well-founded history about neck and neck with orthodox Christianity; was considered a branch of the same movement, equally Christian; but was at least tinged with esoteric truth, and deeply Hellenized, and perhaps Persianized; — whereas the orthodox branch was the legitimate heir of exoteric Judaism. How much of real vision there may have been in Gnosticism; how much of mere speculation, which is but a step towards vision, — I am not prepared to guess; but have little doubt that Gnostic activities made ready the ground for Neo-Platonism; so that when the latter's Mānasaputric light incarnated, it found fit rūpas to inhabit.

This was the Lodge's most important effort to sow truth in Europe since Pythagoras. Says even the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (without help from Esotericism): —

"Neo-Platonism is in one aspect . . . the consummation of ancient philosophy. Never before in Greek or Roman speculation had the consciousness of man's dignity and superiority to Nature received such adequate expression. . . . From the religious and moral point of view, it must be admitted that the ethical 'mood' which Neo-Platonism endeavored to create and maintain is the highest and purest ever reached by antiquity. . . . It is a proof of the strength of the moral instincts of mankind that the only phase of culture which we can survey in all its stages from beginning to end culminated not in materialism but in the highest idealism."

It asserted the Gods, the great stars and luminaries of the Inner World; it asserted the Divinity of Man,—superior, truly, as the *Encyclopaedia* says to (the lower) Nature, but of the Higher, one part or factor in the whole. It came into Europe trailing clouds of splendor and opening the heavens of Vision. The huge menace and perils of the age, the multiplying disasters, were driving men to seek spiritual refuge of some kind; and there were, in the main, two camps that offered it: — this of Neo-Platonism, proclaiming Human Divinity and strong effort upward in the name of that; and that other which proclaimed human helplessness, and that man is a poor worm and weakling, originally sinful, and with nothing to hope from his own efforts, but all from the grace, help, or mercy of Extracosmic Intervention. It was a terribly comfortable doctrine, this last, for a race staggering towards the end of its manvantara under a fearful load of detritus, a culture old and thoroughly tired. No wonder Europe chose this path, and not the Neo-Platonist path of flaming

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idealism and endeavor. Ammonius, Plotinus, Porphyry, Iamblichus,— they had worked wonders; but not the crowning wonder of establishing that which could save the age and the ages to come: Plotinus had failed of that, because there was no tool at hand for the Gods, but a silly, weak Gallienus. — So now Constantine has made the great change; and the empire that was Roman is now Roman no longer: you owe your first allegiance now, not to the state or to the emperor at its head, but to an *imperium* within the state which claims immunity from laws and duties: the kingdom is divided within itself, and must look for the fate of divided kingdoms. Zeus on Olympus now weighs the Roman empire in his scales,— — and finds the fate is death, and no help for it: there are to be thirteen decades of moribundity, and then Christian burial, with Odoacer and sundry other the like barbarians to be mourners and heirs; and then — blackest night over the western world for God knows how long: night, with nightmare and horror, and no Vision, no beautiful dreams, no refreshment, no peace. For the party that Constantine has now made dominant despises cordially all the ancient light of Hellenism: Aeschylus, Homer, Plato, Sophocles, Euripides,— everyone you could call in any sense a light-bearer that came of old, to bring mankind even the merest brain-mind culture,— these people condemn and abhor for heathen, and take pleasure in the thought that they are now, and have been since they died, and shall be forever, frizzling in the nether fires: they condemn the substance of their writings, and will draw no ideas, no saving grace, from them whatever; — will learn from them nothing in the world but grammar and eloquence with which to thunder at them and all their like from barren raucous pulpits. So, Vision having gone, culture is to go too, and all you can call civilization; and therewith law and order, and the decencies of life: all that *soap* stands symbol for is to be anathema maranatha; all that the Soul stands symbol for is to be anathema maranatha; — a pretty prospect! Zeus sighs in heaven, and his sigh is a doleful thunder prophetic of the gloom that is to overspread all these western skies for many centuries to come.

— And then comes Helios, the Unconquered Sun, and lays a hand on his arm, and says: “Not so fast! Never despair yet; look down — *there!*”

And the Gods look down: to a gloomy castle upon a crag in the wild mountains of Cappadocia; and they see there a youth, a captive banished to that desolate grand region: well-attended, as befits a prince of the royal blood, but lonely and overshadowed; — not under fear, because fear is no part of his nature; but yet never knowing when the order for his death may come. They read all this in his mind, his atmosphere. They see him deep in his books: a soul burning with earnestness, but discontented, and waiting for something: all the images of Homer rising

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about him beckoning on the one hand, and on the other a grim something that whispers, These are false; I alone am true! — “What of him?” says Zeus; “he too is a Christian.” — “Watch!” says Sol Invictus; “I have sent my man to him.” — And they watch; and sure enough, presently they see a man coming into this youth’s presence, and pointing upwards towards themselves; and they see the youth look up, and the shadow pass from his eyes as a great blaze of light and splendor breaks before him,— as he catches sight of them, the Gods, and his eye meets theirs, and he rises, illumined and smiling; — and they know that in the Roman world there is this one man with the Grand Vision; this man who may yet (if they play their cards well) wear the Roman diadem; — that there is Vision in the Roman world again, and it may be the people shall not perish.

It was Julian, “the Dragon, the Apostate, the Great Mind”; — I thank thee, Gregory of Nazianzus, for teaching me that word! — and the one that came to him there in Cappadocia was Maximus of Smyrna, Iamblichus’ disciple. His story has been told and re-told; I expect you know it fairly well. How he was a son of Julius Constantius, son of Constantius Chlorus,— and thus a nephew of Constantine the Great, and a first cousin to the Octopus-Spider-Maiden Aunt Constantius then on the throne; — how he because of his infancy, and his half-brother Gallus because of a delicate constitution which made it seem impossible he should grow up, were spared when Constantius had the rest of the family massacred; — how he was banished and confined in that Cappadocian castle; — of Gallus’ short and evil reign that ended, poor fool that he was, in his being lured into the spider-web of Constantius and beheaded; — how Julian was called then to the court at Milan, expecting a like fate; — how he spent seven months there, spied on at every moment, and looking for each to be his last; — how he was saved and befriended by the noble Empress Eusebia (a strangely beautiful figure to find in those sinister surroundings); — and sent presently to the university of Athens, there to spend the happiest moments of his life; — then called back to be made Caesar: he who had never been anything but a student and a dreamer, called from his books and dreams at twenty-four, and set to learn (as Caesar) his elementary drill,— which he found very difficult to learn indeed; — and then sent to fight the Germans in Gaul. How Constantius tried always to thwart him while he was there: setting underlings over him with power to undo or prevent all he might attempt or do; — how in spite of it all he fought the Germans, and drove them across the Rhine, and followed them up, and taught them new lessons in their own remote forests; and took the gorgeous Chnodomar, their king, prisoner; and sent for him, prepared to greet friendly one so great in stature and

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splendid in bearing; but was disgusted when the gentleman, on coming into his presence, groveled on the floor and whined for his life,— where-upon Julian, instead of treating him like a gentleman as he had intended, packed him off to his (Chnodomar's) old ally the Maiden Aunt at Milan to see what they would make of each other; — how he fought three campaigns victoriously beyond the Rhine; restored the desolated Cishenish No-man's land, and brought in from Britain, in six hundred cornships, an amount Gibbon calculates at 120,000 quarters of wheat to feed its destitute population. — And this fact is worth noting: if Britain could export all that wheat, its surface was not, as some folks hold, mainly under forest: it was a well-cultivated country, you may depend, with agriculture in a very flourishing condition,— as Gibbon does not fail to point out.

— And you know, probably, how Julian loved his Paris, and governed Gaul thence in civil affairs in such a manner that Paris and Gaul loved him; — how his own special legions, his pets, his Tenth, so to say, were the *Celts* and *Petulants*, and after these, the *Herulians* and *Batavians* (or shall I say *Dutchmen*?); — how Constantius tried to deprive him of these, ordering him to send them off to him for wars with Sapor in the east; — how Julian sorrowfully bade them go, judging well by Gallus his brother's experience (whom Constantius had treated in the same way as a first step towards cutting off his head) what the next thing should be; — but how they, (bless their Celtic and Petulant and Herulian and Dutch hearts!) told him very plainly that that kind of thing would not wash with them: "Come!" said they; "no nonsense of this sort; be you our emperor, and condemn that old lady your cousin Constantius! — or we kill you right now." Into his bed-room in Paris they poured by night with those terms,— an ultimatum; whether or not with a twinkle in their eyes when they proposed the alternative, who can say? — What was a man to do, thus taken *in pyjamas*, so to speak? — What was a young hero to do, whom the Gods had commissioned to strike the grand blow for them; and who never should strike it, that was certain, if Constantius should have leave to take away from him, first his Celts and Petulants, and then his head? So he accepts; and writes kindly and respectfully to his Maiden Aunt-Spidership the Emperor telling him he must manage *without* the legions, and *with* a Co-Augustus to share the empire with him,— ruling (it was to be hoped in perfect harmony with himself) the west and leaving the east to Constantius. However, all will not do: Constantius writes severe and haughtily, Send the men, and let's hear no more of that presumptuous fooling about the second Augustus! — So Julian marches east; whither, accompanying him, the lately rebellious Celts and Petulants are ready enough to go now; and Constantius might after all have fallen

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in battle, and so missed his saving baptism; — but his plans had gone agley, and the whole situation was extremely disturbing; and you never knew what might happen; and really, when you thought how you had treated this Julian's father, and his two brothers, and numberless uncles and cousins, you might fear the very worst; — and so, good maiden-auntish soul, he fell into a sadness, and thence into a decline; and while Julian and his Petulants were yet a long way off, got baptized respectably, and slipped off to heaven.

And you know, too, probably, how Julian, being now sole emperor, reigned: working night and day; wearing out relays of secretaries, but never worn out himself; making the three years of his reign, as I think Gibbon says, read like thirty; disestablishing Christianity, and re-founding Paganism,— not the Paganism that had been of old, but a new kind, based upon compassion, human brotherhood, and Theosophical ethics, and illumined by his own ever-present vision of the Gods; — how he reformed the laws; governed; made his life-giving hand felt from the Scottish Wall to the Nile Cataracts; — instilled new vigor into everything; forced toleration upon the Christians, stopping dead their mutual persecutions, and recalling from banishment those who had been banished by their co-religionists of other sects; — made them rebuild temples they had torn down, and disgorge temple properties they had plundered; — and amidst all this, and much more also, found time in the wee small hours of the nights to do a good deal of literary work: Theosophical treatises, correspondence, sketches. . . . — And you will know of the spotless purity, the asceticism, of his life; and how he stedfastly refused to persecute; — whereby his opponents complained that, son of Satan as he was, he denied them the glory of the martyr's crown; — and of his plan to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem, and to re-establish Jews and Judaism in their native land: — of his letter to the Jewish high priest or chief Rabbi, beginning "My brother"; — of the charitable institutions he raised, and dedicated to the Lord of Vision, his God the Unconquered Sun; — of his contests with frivolity and corruption at Antioch, and his friendship with the philosophers; — and then, of his Persian expedition, with its rashness,— its brilliant victories,— its over-rashness and head-strong advance; — of the burning of the fleet, and march into the desert; and retreat; and that sudden attack,— the Persian squadrons rising up like afreets out of the sands, from nowhere; and Julian rushing unarmed through the thickest of the fight, turning, first here, then there, confusion into firmness, defeat into victory; — and of the arrow, Persian or Christian, that cut across his fingers and pierced his side; and how he fainted as he tried to draw it out; and recovered, and called for his horse and armor; and fainted again; and was carried into a tent hastily run up for

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him; — and of the scene there in the night, that made those who were with him think of the last scene in the life of Socrates: Julian dying, comforting his mourning officers; cheering them; talking to them quietly about the beauty and dignity of death, and the divinity of the Soul; then suddenly inquiring why Anatolius was not present,— and learning that Anatolius had fallen,— and (strange inconsistency!) the dying man breaking into tears over the death of his friend. — And you will know of the hopeless march of the army back under ignominious Jovian, all Shah Sapor's hard terms accepted; — and the doom of the Roman Empire sealed.

That was the Man: that is the record, outwardly, of a Soul fed upon the immensities of Vision. Vision is the keynote of him: the intense reality to him of the ever-beautiful compassionate Gods. . . . It is true there was a personality attached; and all his defenders since have found much in it that they wished had not been there. A lack of dignity, it is said; a certain self-consciousness. . . . Well; he was very young; he died a very boy at thirty-two; he never attained to years of discretion: — in a sense we may allow that much. You say, he might very well have followed the reasonable conventions of life; and condescended, when emperor, not to dress as a philosopher of the schools. So he might. They laughed at his ways, at his garb, at his beard; — and he went the length of sitting up one night to write the *Misopogon*, a skit upon his personality. Only philosophers wore beards in those days; it was thought most unsuitable in an emperor. I do not know what the men of Antioch said about it; but he speaks of it as unkempt and,— in the Gibbonistic euphemism,— *populous*; indeed, names the loathsome cootie outright, which Gibbon was much too Gibbonish to do. In the nature of things, this was a libel.

I read lately an article, I think by an Irish writer, on the eccentricities of youthful genius. It often happens that a soul of really fine caliber, with a great work to do in the world, will waste a portion of his forces, at the outset, in fighting the harmless conventions. But as his real self grows into mastery, all this disappears, and he comes to see where his battle truly lies. Julian died before he had had time quite to outgrow the eccentricities; but for all that, not before he had shown the world what the Soul in action is like.

Every great soul, incarnating, has still this labor to carry through as prolog to his life's work: — he must conquer the new personality, with all its hereditary tendencies; he must mold it difficultly to the perfect expression of the glory and dignity of himself. Julian had to take up a body in which on the one side ran the warrior blood of Claudius Gothicus and Constantius Chlorus, on the other, the refinement and culture of the senatorial house of the Anicii. Two such streams, coming together,

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might well need some harmonizing: might well produce, for example, an acute self-consciousness,—to be mastered. What he got from them, for world-service, was on the one hand his superb military leadership and mastery of affairs; on the other, his intense devotion to learning and culture. Thus the two streams of heredity appeared, dominated by his own quality of Vision. The paternal stream, by his generation, had grown much vitiated: it was pure warriorism in Claudius Gothicus, and even in Constantius Chlorus; it was warriorism refined with subtlety and cruelty in Constantine I; it was mere fussy treacherous cruelty in the Spider-Octopus,—and sensual brutality in Julian's brother Gallus. The vices of the latter may indicate how great a self-conqueror the unstained Julian was.

He was a Keats in imperial affairs, dying when he had given no more than a promise of what he should become. His laws, his valor, his victories, his writings, are no more than *juvenilia*: they are equal to the grand performance, not the promise, of many who are counted great. He came out from his overshadowment and long seclusion, from his books and dreams; was thrown into conditions that would have been difficult for an experienced statesman, and won through them all triumphantly; was set to conduct a war that would have taxed the genius of a Caesar, a Tiberius, or an Aurelius,—and swept through to as signal victories as any of theirs. He learnt the elements of drill, and was straight sent to conquer the conquering Germans; and did it brilliantly. He came to a Gaul as broken and hopeless as Joan of Arc's France; and found within himself every quality needed to heal it and make it whole.

Joan conquered with her Vision; Julian conquered with his. He set out with this before his eyes and in his soul: — The Gods are there; the beautiful Gods; uttermost splendor of divinity is at the heart of things. The glory of the Gods and of their world filled his eyes; and the determination filled his soul to make this outer world conform to the beauty of his vision. The thing he did not care about,—did not notice, except in a humorous way,—was that queer thing of a personality that had been allotted to himself. How could he have succeeded, in the world that then was? — And yet even a Christian poet was constrained to say,—and to rise, says Gibbon, above his customary mediocrity in saying it,—that though Julian was hateful to God, he was altogether beneficent to mankind.

I do not know how to explain the Persian expedition. He himself said, when dying, that he had loved and sought peace, and had but gone to war when driven to it. We cannot see now what were the driving factors. Did he go to reap glory that he might have used, or thought he might have used, in his grand design? Did he go to break a way into India, perhaps


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there to find a light beyond any that was in Rome? . . . Or was it the supreme mistake of his life . . . one would say the only mistake? . . .

It failed, and he died, and his grand designs came to nothing; and Rome went out in utter darkness. And men sneered at him then, and have been sneering at him ever since, for his failure. Perhaps we must call it that; it was a forlorn hope at the best of times. But you cannot understand him, unless you think of him as a Lord of Vision lonely in a world wholly bereft of it: a man . . . for whom all skies were transparent, and the solid earth without opacity, but with the luminous worlds shining through wherein Apollo walks, and all the Masters of Light and Beauty; — unless you think of him as a Lord of Vision moving in an outer world, a phase of civilization, old, tired, dying, dull as ditch-water, without imagination, with no little vestige of poetry, no gleam of aspiration,— with wit enough to sneer at him, and no more; by no means with wit enough to allow him to save it from itself and from ruin.

THE BATTLE OF THE AGES

ALFRED A. SMITH

HE Battle of the Ages is a constant effort of man towards perfection. It is a battle between the two sides of man's nature, known as the higher and the lower self. The battle takes place in man's mind, and when man knows more and understands better how like a sensitive plate his mind is, and how liable it is to take impressions and to be affected by the subtlest vibrations, it is then he will begin to realize how little he controls by will his own destiny, and how far more than he at present thinks, it is possible for him to control his own destiny.

No intelligent man can altogether have failed to notice how Nature seems to be ceaselessly playing a double part. Nature seems to be always constructively building up and as constantly breaking down. This is most readily seen in the physical world. The outer garments of plants, animals, and man grow, change and decay unceasingly. But the forces which produce these — growth, change, and decay,— are not so readily seen. That they really exist cannot be gainsaid. And what takes place on the physical plane of Nature is typical of what takes place on the mental plane and in the heart of man. But here the forces of construction and destruction are of far greater power and more subtil. The whole mental world is charged with the corresponding forces of construc-

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tion and destruction. It is on this plane that man's mind is all important. We are all familiar with the aphorism, "As a man thinks, so he acts"; but man is too seldom aware that his acts are the results of lack of thought, rather than of conscious intention. If we pause a moment, we must see that the mind is a sensitive plate receiving both noble and ignoble impressions, and our acts are oftener than not the result of impulses received unawares. If we realize this we can see what the battle is. It is so to polarize or sensitize our mind, which will also similarly affect our brain, that we receive thoughts from the higher and nobler side of our nature and so live and perform acts of a corresponding quality.

We are now openly instructed that we are each an immortal, divine soul. We are no longer satisfied to believe that we merely have a soul, and the truth is daily dawning on us that we are the soul. But the soul is immortal: it has always existed before we took on the present body that we function in and garner experience with. Now if the soul has done this once, as in the present bodily instance, does it not strike us it may have done so many times before? The truth put before us is that we have so lived before, hundreds of times, having a new mind and body for each life. Hundreds of lives have taken ages of time, and the battle in our minds that the soul has waged against the passions and desires and selfishness of our bodily nature, has gone on every time. The soul is destined and determined ultimately to gain the mastery over the lower pain- and misery-producing forces of the animal nature, and it is associated through the mind with the animal nature to gain the experience necessary to win that lower-self conquest.

But just here it would be well to notice that all souls have the same spiritual origin in the Universal Oversoul. This spiritual identity of all souls in the one Universal Soul is our Universal Brotherhood. Hence the self-conquest of one soul is the gain of all souls. But in the plane of the mind, where we will whether we shall delude ourselves into fancying we can live to and for ourselves alone and so follow the evil destructive and selfish lines of thought and life and thus hinder the progress of all; or whether shall to seek the truth and try to realize our spiritual unity and so learn to live unselfish lives for the benefit of all; — is the battle of the ages fought.

This battle when thought of seriously, shows the necessity of reincarnation as well as its great value, for we see friend after friend broken down in sickness and even death in the slipshod struggle for existence, and reaping falls and failure, troubles and trials — all the result of effortless or heedless indifference to the lessons of past lives, and even of the present life.


Yet if we thought out this law of reincarnation and the law of cause

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and effect known as Karma, we would know that no effort was wasted, and that mental efforts of a spiritual nature are most potent in building us up and helping us to gain that point where mastery is certain. Let us but be conscious that we are souls, and that by our resolves and efforts we can lift ourselves and all others towards that point, and we will so aid the coming of that day which savior after savior all down the ages has lived, suffered, and died, and returned again and again to achieve for us. They are working still and ever, but we know that against man's stupidity the gods fight in vain. They cannot help us if we do not will to be helped. We must resolve and act on our resolutions and they can and will help us, and through us the whole world. The battle you and I fight is fought for all, and the more who take part in it persistently the better and sooner will all know the reality of life, receive this enlightenment of the soul, and bring about the glorious reign of Universal Brotherhood.

THE "STATE INVISIBLE"

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

 IN the *Hibbert Journal* for July, Dean Inge of St. Paul's, London, writes on 'Religion and the State,' and sums up in his usual able manner the reflexions of the most earnest people of today. He surveys the various theories and forms of government that have been tried, diagnoses modern civilization, shows the causes of its trouble, and suggests the remedy in the "state invisible," which resembles the "church invisible" of the late Professor Royce.

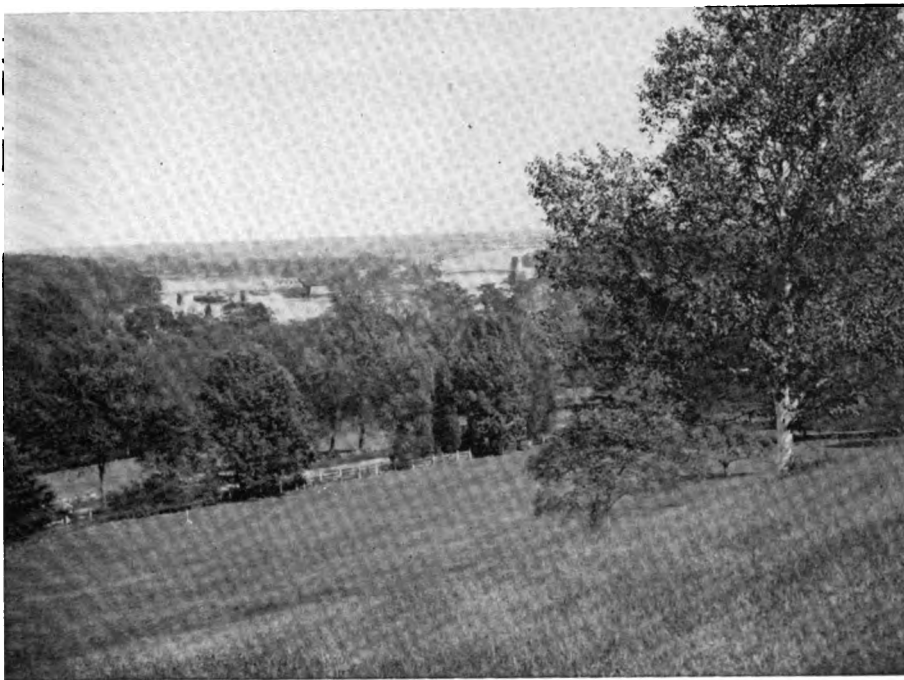
We are unhappy because "we have lost faith in the values which are the motive force of our social life." The Christian attitude is, "Value spiritual things for their own sake, and the things of sense for the sake of the spiritual."

"We are not to regard this world as an end in itself; its deepest reality is the complex of divine purposes which are being worked out in it; and since these purposes have their source and their goal in the eternal world, it is only by knowing the eternal world that we can know things temporal as they are."

"The State Invisible is the kingdom of absolute values, the kingdom of eternal life. It is because we have been misled into attaching absolute value to things that have it not . . . that our faith in immortality has come to burn so dim."

"The eternal values are commonly classified as Goodness, Truth, and Beauty, and we cannot improve on that classification."

Thus we have a definition of the church invisible as the informal union of all people who worship these real values; and the writer touches on the question whether this church can or should be formally organized.



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**(ABOVE) A CORNER OF KATHERINE TINGLEY'S NEW ENGLAND
ESTATE, LAUREL CREST, NEWBURYPORT, MASS.**

The Merrimac River, immortalized by the famous American Poet, John G. Whittier.
Chain bridge in the distance. the first bridge built in America.

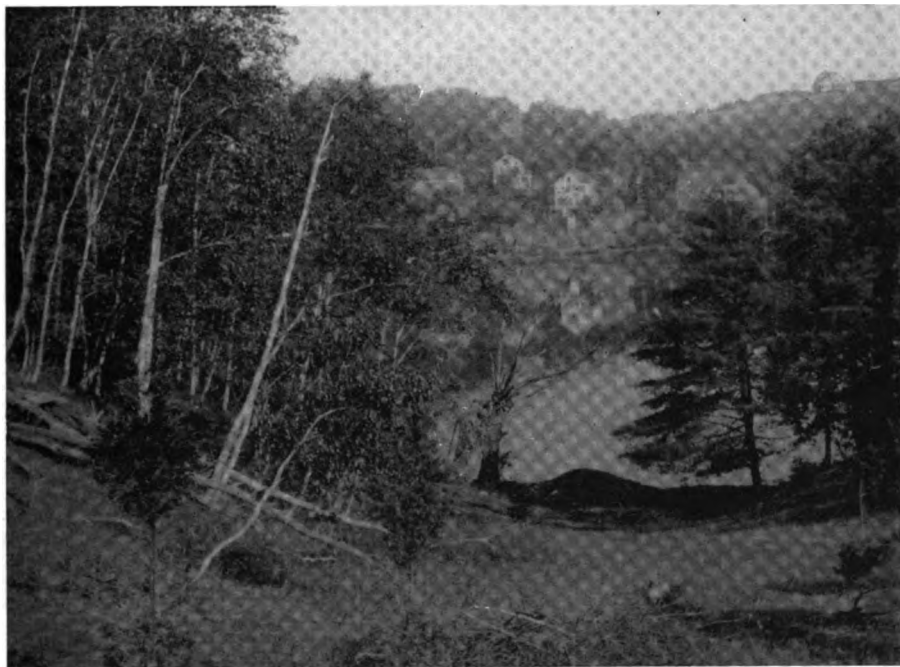
**(BELOW) LOOKING DOWN THE LONG WINDING DRIVEWAY
AT LAUREL CREST, OVERARCHED WITH ALTERNATING
PINES AND MAPLES**



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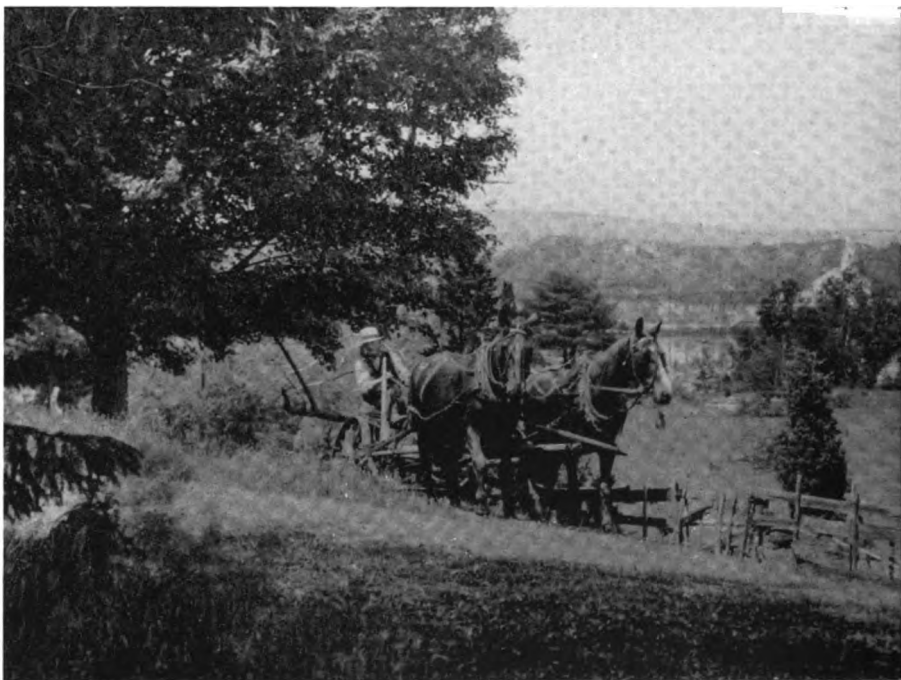
(ABOVE) GLORIOUS OLD PINES AND MAPLES AT LAUREL CREST
KATHERINE TINGLEY'S CHILDHOOD HOME

(BELOW) A SCENE OF SYLVAN BEAUTY ON THE OLD FERRY
ROAD RUNNING FROM HIGH STREET, NEWBURYPORT,
TO LAUREL CREST



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GLIMPSES OF THE MERRIMAC AND THE TOWN OF SALISBURY
FROM THE DRIVEWAY TO LAUREL CREST. AN OLD
FERRY-LANDING SHOWS IN THE LOWER PICTURE



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

(ABOVE) A BEAUTIFUL MEADOWLAND ON KATHERINE TINGLEY'S
LAUREL CREST ESTATE

(BELOW) PREPARING THE LAND FOR THE BUILDING OF THE
OUTDOOR THEATER AT LAUREL CREST

Here Shakespearean plays were presented last summer before large audiences
by the Rāja-Yoga Players under Katherine Tingley's personal direction.

THE "STATE INVISIBLE"

Some kind of mutual support he deems necessary. But his answer to the question is more the expression of a hope than the conviction of an immediate possibility or the indication of a means. He indorses the idea that the church is the nation under its spiritual aspect; but considers it impracticable while we have on the one hand the Roman and on the other the conflicting sects.

"But if the State could once more be placed under protection of religion — not in the sense that it should be controlled by priests, but that it should be recognised by all, as it was in Greek antiquity, as a moral institution, existing to promote the highest possible life among its citizens,— we might hope to see a great improvement in the lamentably low standard of international morality, and a diminution in the sordid corruption, class-bribery, and intrigue which make up the life of democratic politics. If politicians came to regard themselves as the priests or officers of a holy corporation, pledged to stand or fall by the noblest ideals, the whole spirit of political life would be altered. . . ."

He concludes by saying that some day

"The truths which underlie both Hebrew theocracy and Greek political philosophy may be brought together in some form of polity which can also find room for the ideals of a spiritual world-commonwealth, and of a purified and exalted patriotism."

At the beginning of his article the Dean opines that every form of governmental polity that has been tried contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction. This is of course markedly true of the period of history commonly accessible to our observation. But this period is brief in comparison with the whole extent of human history, and represents the cycle called Kali-Yuga or the black age, whose characteristics are the loss of faith in real values, the pursuit of false values, and a rapid and accelerated progress around the nadir of an evolutionary arc. Prior to this cycle there were civilizations which endured much longer; and to them the Dean's stricture applies less; they were grounded on more lasting principles. Yet, even so, we may well ask whether anything in this world can be permanent, seeing that we are dwellers in Time, and not in Eternity, and that all things in this world are characterized by that duality which involves a beginning and an end. We must not look in externals for perpetuity and continuity; these belong rather to that invisible and spiritual life that lies within the visible. Nevertheless we may combat the rapid disintegration of time and circumstance, and tend ever more to more enduring expressions of the eternal spirit; thus realizing the true work of mankind in molding earth to the pattern of heaven.

Diagnoses of civilization, like the above, are portrayals of a phase in human evolution, wherein we are witnessing the disruption of a former polity by the force of its inherent defects. But to what extent are we justified in viewing evolution as an automatic or self-accomplishing purpose, in which men are merely spectators or victims? This question be-

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comes more pregnant when we consider one particular circumstance of this evolution — that the air is full of high hopes and ideals, that our civilization has not crumbled utterly into despair and dust, that we bid fair to survive the disruption and steer safely into new and serene waters.

We cannot forget that evolution is accomplished by the efforts of minds; the *individual* element must not be left out. Nor can we ignore the fact that, nearly half a century ago, a titanic force appeared among men, breaking up the molds of current thought, boldly striking out new lines, and sounding the keynote of all subsequent thought. We allude to H. P. Blavatsky and her work, a work which will be better recognised by futurity than contemporary times; for we cannot get a true perspective of the times in which we live, and our views are warped by prejudices which death and lapse of time obliterate. Since the coming of H. P. Blavatsky her pupils have labored strenuously and continuously to till the field she cleared and to cultivate the seed she sowed.

In tracing the effects of all this work we can point to not a few overt instances, where the influence has been direct. There are some who have admitted their indebtedness to H. P. Blavatsky, and many more whose speculations suggest to students of Theosophy an indebtedness which is not acknowledged. But far more subtle and potent has been the influence conveyed through unseen channels; and here, be it noted, we need invoke no views of our own as to the reality or nature of those unseen channels. For we have the words of Dean Inge himself in support of the reality and potency of the "state invisible" and the world of spirit which contains the real values in life. Such being the case, we may reasonably ask what has been the effect upon current opinion and current sentiment of the vigorous and unceasing labors of Theosophists, who by pen, voice, and brain have done so much to color and people that invisible world with the ideas started by their Leader. Surely this cannot be ignored!

Cyclic law ordains that all organisms which are born shall grow to maturity, decay, and die; but it rests with the spiritual quality of the organism whether or not that outer death shall mean a total destruction. And if the spirit of our civilization survives the dislocation of its organism, it will be because of the strength of that spirit, which will have been preserved by the efforts of H. P. Blavatsky and her successors and pupils.

As to the question of organization, raised by the writer, we would point out that the organization of any external and visible form is the result and expression of its interior and invisible organization; that a thing must be organized within before it is organized without. The bodies of plants and animals are constructed on the invisible models that exist perpetually on their appropriate plane and are transmitted by

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the processes of heredity. In the same way we should look to see the church invisible or the state invisible (whatever we may call it) grow to coherence in the spirit ere it manifests an articulate outer form. The attempt to construct prematurely such a form would involve that artificiality which we at once recognise as a fatal objection.

For illustration we may refer to the Theosophical Movement itself, which, loosely organized in its inception, has grown, by degrees both continuous and discrete, to a condition of compact and efficient organization. Its loyal members had reached a point where they could recognise, appreciate, and even demand such a form of organization.

And here we arrive at an important point: that organization requires headship, leadership — the invariable rule in the organic world, the standard form of government wherever efficiency is demanded. But leadership, if it is not to be of priestcraft or tyranny, must rest securely on the confidence and willingness of those who are led. It may be that our civilization will be reduced to the necessity of seeking for guidance, and then they will accept it wherever they can find it. And it would be quite in accordance with the scheme of things that a supply would appear in answer to the demand.

Through the work of Theosophy the lines have been more sharply drawn between real and false values; the mixture in the crucible is separating into its clear and its turbid components, and the contrast becomes ever more patent. When compromise is no longer possible, choice must be made; and it may well be that humanity will be driven by the need of self-protection to forsake the old ideas of force and injustice in favor of those truer, better, and more beautiful ideals of which the writer speaks.

One part of his article, to which we have not yet alluded, is that which discusses the value of science. He denies that science is materialistic, but allows that the values which it seeks are not the real values.

"We are therefore compelled to reject the idea of a purely scientific State as the solution of our problem: not because science is 'materialistic,' for it is not; but because science concentrates itself upon a particular kind of values, leaving others out of account. And when an attempt is made to construct a rounded scheme of reality, those values which are excluded are virtually repudiated."

But *knowledge* is a very different thing; or perhaps we might say *science*, in a truer sense of the word, is a very different thing. In considering the *ethics* let us not forget the *dianoetics*; the Wisdom-Religion has its philosophical as well as its moral side. Religion should be contemplated under the form of a gnosis, as well as under the form of a moral law. And the Dean, we perceive, is quite a Platonist. A new world-view was presented by Theosophy; for the false world-view of secular-

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istic science was threatening to undermine our faith in the moral law and in the sanctions of religion. A world-view at variance with our intuitive perceptions of an all-pervading moral law foreshadowed disaster; and Theosophy has reassured us that the *facts* of nature cannot be inconsistent with the intuitions of our finer perceptions. It is evident that the state invisible must comprise not only hearts that yearn for justice and purity, but minds clear and open to the truth. In this connexion a quotation from 'Religion and Research,' in the same magazine, is appropriate:

"If we agree that there is a Moral Law in the Universe, our life and thought cannot proceed with impunity along lines contrary to it."

Also, remembering the category of Goodness, Truth, and Beauty, we may include each and all of these in Religion, and not the first alone; thus bringing into the religious sphere the domains of science and art. And here we give another quotation, from "Ethical Religion?" in the same magazine:


"A purely moral religion must probably be regarded as a somewhat incomplete one. If religion, in its most developed form, is, as I believe, concerned with ultimate values, it is concerned, directly or indirectly, with everything that contributes to human well-being. It is concerned directly with truth and beauty, and somewhat more indirectly with the promotion of individual health and happiness and of a stable and righteous social order."

Now, with the above in mind, turn to the program of Theosophy and observe how all-inclusive it is. In the world we find ethical movements, scientific movements, artistic movements; and we may add social movements and hygienic movements, etc. Theosophy embraces all these interests and applies to our whole life those key-principles which underlie every department, and which may perhaps be designated in their entirety by the words Truth and Right in their very widest sense. Living is at once an art, a science, and a duty: it is a privilege. If there is to grow up among us a church or a state invisible of faithful souls, it must include all of these categories. Theosophy, in the model it is shaping out, includes them all; its activities embrace the application of Theosophical principles to every concern of human life, from the greatest to the least, from social polity on the large scale down to the management of personal life and the home. It deals with laws physical, mental, and moral; includes physical hygiene along with moral right-living; finds new ideals and incentives for the artist and the researcher. Above all, it grapples successfully with the problem of youthful education and rearing.

In short, Theosophy sows and cultivates right ideas and ideals in the mental soil of humanity; thus planting the seeds of harvests to be.

BEAUTY AND WISDOM

*From a lecture to the young generation read in London,
the 14th of December, 1919, by Professor N. Roerich.*

 O the sacred ideals of nations in our days the watch-words: 'Art and Knowledge' have been added with special imperativeness. It is just now that something must be said of the particular significance of these great conceptions both for the present time and for the future. I address these words to those whose eyes and ears are not yet filled with the rubbish of everyday life, to those whose hearts have not yet been stopped by the lever of the machine called 'mechanical civilization.'

Art and knowledge! Beauty and wisdom! Of the eternal and still renewed meaning of these conceptions it is not necessary to speak. When but starting on the path of life, every child already instinctively understands the value of decoration and knowledge. Only later, under the grimace of disfigured life this light of the spirit becomes darkened, while in the kingdom of vulgarity it has no place, and is unknown. Yes, the spirit of the age attains even to such monstrosity!

It is not the first time that I have knocked at these gates and I here again appeal to you:

Amongst horrors, in the midst of the struggles and the collisions of the people, the question of knowledge and the question of art are matters of the first importance. Do not be astonished. This is not exaggeration, neither is it a platitude. It is a decided affirmation.

The question of the relativity of human knowledge has always been much argued. But now, when the whole of mankind has felt directly or indirectly the horrors of war, this question has become a vital one. People have not only become accustomed to think, but even to speak without shame about things of which they evidently have not the slightest knowledge. On every hand men repeat opinions which are altogether unfounded. And such judgments bring great harm into the world, an irreparable harm.

We must admit that during the last few years European culture has been shaken to its very foundation. In the pursuit of things, the achievement of which has not yet been destined to mankind, the fundamental steps of ascent have been destroyed. Humanity has tried to lay hold of treasures which it has not deserved and so has rent the benevolent veil of the goddess of Happiness.

Of course, what mankind has not yet attained it is destined to attain

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in due time, but how much man will have to suffer to atone for the destruction of the forbidden gates! With what labor and with what self-denial shall we have to build up the new bases of culture!

The knowledge which is locked up in libraries or in the brains of the teachers again penetrates but little into contemporary life. Again it fails to give birth to active creative work.

Modern life is filled with the animal demands of the body. We come near to the line of the terrible magic circle. And the only way of conjuring its dark guardians and escaping from it is through the talisman of true knowledge and beauty.

The time when this will be a necessity is at hand.

Without any false shame, without the contortions of savages, let us confess that we have come very near to barbarism. For confession is already a step towards progress.

It matters not that we still wear European clothes and, following our habit, pronounce special words. But the clothes cover savage impulses and the meaning of the words pronounced, although they are often great, touching, and uniting, is now obscured. The guidance of Knowledge is lost. People have become accustomed to darkness.

More knowledge! More art! There are not enough of these bases in life, which alone can lead us to the golden age of unity.

The more we know, the more clearly we see our ignorance. But if we know nothing at all, then we cannot even know we are ignorant. And that being so, we have no means of advancement and nothing to strive for. And then the dark reign of vulgarity is inevitable. The young generations are not prepared to look boldly, with a bright smile, on the blinding radiance of knowledge and beauty. Whence then is the knowledge of the reality of things to come? Whence then are wise mutual relations to arise? Whence is unity to come — that unity, which is the true guarantee of steady forward movement? Only on the bases of true beauty and of true knowledge can a sincere understanding between the nations be achieved. And the real guide would be the universal language of knowledge and of the beauty of art. Only these guides can establish that kindly outlook which is so necessary for future creative work.

The path of animosity, roughness, and abuse will lead us nowhere. Along that way nothing can be built. Does not a soul, does not a conscience, still remain in human nature? The real being in man still seeks to attain justice.

Away with darkness, let us do away with malice and treachery. Mankind has already felt enough of the hand of darkness.

Let me tell you, and, mind you, these are not platitudes, not mere

BEAUTY AND WISDOM

words, I give voice to the convinced seeking of the worker: the only bases of life are art and knowledge.*

It is just in these hard days of labor, in this time of suffering, that we must steadily recall these kindly guides. And in our hours of trial let us confess them with all the power of our spirit.

You say: "Life is hard. How can we think of knowledge and beauty if we have nothing to live on?" or "We are far away from knowledge and art; we have important business to attend to first."

But I say: You are right, but you are also wrong. Knowledge and art are not luxuries. Knowledge and art are not idleness. It is time to remember this: they are prayer and the work of the spirit. Do you really think that people pray only when over-fed or after excessive drinking? Or during the time of careless idleness?

No, men pray in the moments of greatest difficulty. So, too, is this prayer of the spirit most needful, when one's whole being is shaken and in want of support, and when it seeks for a wise solution. And wherein lies the stronger support? What will make the spirit shine more brightly?

We do not feel hunger or starvation; we do not shiver because of the cold. We tremble because of the vacillation of our spirit; because of distrust, because of unfounded expectations.

Let us remember how often, when working, we have forgotten about food, have left unnoticed the wind, the cold, the heat. Our intent spirit wrapped us in an impenetrable veil.

"The weapon divideth it not, the fire burneth it not, the water corrupteth it not, the wind drieth it not away; for it is indivisible, inconsumable, incorruptible and is not to be dried away; it is eternal, universal, permanent, immovable. . . . Some regard the indwelling spirit as a wonder, whilst some speak and others hear of it with astonishment; but no one realizes it, although he may have heard it described."—*Bhagavad-Gītā*, ch. ii

Of what does the great wisdom of all ages and all nations speak? It speaks of the human spirit. Penetrate in thought into the deep significance of these words and into the meaning of your life. You know not the limits to the power of the spirit. You do not know over what impassable obstacles your spirit bears you, but some day you shall awake, unharmed and everlastingly regenerated. And when life is hard and weary and there seems to be no way out, do you not feel that some helper, your own divine spirit, is speeding to your aid? But his path is long and your faint-heartedness is swift. Yet does the helper come, bringing you both the 'sword of courage' and the 'smile of daring.' We have heard of a family which in despair put an end to their lives with fumes

*From the standpoint of Theosophy, art and knowledge are but secondary aspects of the real basis of life. The basis of all life, conscious or unconscious, is the essential divinity underlying all, and of which the universe itself is a manifestation. See the three fundamental propositions in *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, pp. 15-18, by H. P. Blavatsky. Art and knowledge in their highest sense are manifestations of this essential divinity.—EDITOR.

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of charcoal. Now this was intolerably faint-hearted. When the coming victory of the spirit arrives, will not they who have fled without orders, suffer fearfully because they did not apply their labor to that to which they should have applied it? It matters not what labor. The drowning man fights against the flood by all possible means. And if his spirit is strong, then the strength of his body will increase without measure.

But by what means will you call forth your spirit? By what means will you lay bare that which in man is buried under the fragments of his everyday life? Again and again I repeat: by the beauty of art, by the depth of knowledge. In them and in them alone are contained the victorious conjurations of the spirit. And the purified spirit will show you what knowledge is true, what art is real. I am assured that you will be able to call your spirit to your aid. That spirit, your guide, will show you the best paths. It will lead you to joy and victory. But even to victory it will lead you by a lofty path, whose steps are bound together by knowledge and beauty alone. . . . An arduous trial awaits the whole world: the trial by assimilation of truth. After the mediaeval trials by fire, water, and iron, now comes the trial by assimilation of truth. But if the power of the spirit upheld men against fire and iron, then will that same power raise them also up the steps of knowledge and beauty. But this test is more severe than the trials of antiquity. Prepare to achieve! Prepare for that achievement which is a matter of daily life. Meanwhile have care for everything that serves to advance the perception of truth. Approach with special gratitude all that shows forth the stages of beauty. At this time all this is especially difficult.

And for us Russians, besides the knowledge pertaining to the whole world, stand apart our own Russian art and Russian learning. For us this universal language of the soul is of infinite importance. And it is with special care and tenderness that we should speak the names of those who realize in life that of which we are justly proud.

There are many serious questions before us, but among them the question of the true culture of the spirit will be the cornerstone.

What can replace this spiritual culture? Food and industry are but the body and the digestion. But it is enough for men to reach out temporarily to the body and the digestion while the spiritual life starves. The spiritual level of the nations has sunk. And in the face of all that has happened, in the face of the threatening indubitable return to savagery, any farther sinking of the level will be fatal. In the whole history of mankind neither food nor industry, nor intellect unenlightened by the spirit, have ever built up true culture. And it is with especial care that we should treat everything that yet may raise the level of the spirit. I am not dreaming, but asserting.

BEAUTY AND WISDOM

In every process of reconstruction the level of education and beauty should be raised; in no case should it be forgotten even for a moment. This is not an abstract judgment; on the contrary it is the task before us.

A great period of reconstruction awaits humanity. You of the new generation — apart from all your daily needs, prepare for the achievement of true joyous labor.

In Sweden I said: "We know that Russia has not ceased to be a great country; after enlightened reconstruction on popular principles it will assume a fit place in the sphere of culture, based on its spiritual and natural wealth. We know how incomprehensibly uninformed the West is concerning Russia — even the best of its people; we know with what injurious incorrectness they judge Russian possibilities. But while respecting all the cultural attainments of the East and of the West, we feel that we too can justly set forth truly universal treasures and in them express the cultural physiognomy of the great Russian people. For the language of art and knowledge is the only true and international language, the only language of a firmly established public life. In our internal reconstructions we must, under the benevolent standard of enlightenment, indefatigably introduce beauty and knowledge among the broad masses of people; we must introduce them firmly and actively, remembering that what now lies before is not ideology, not the work of formulating, but work itself, creation — the essence of which is clear and comprehensible, without saying many words about it. Not words, but deeds! We must remember that the image of beauty and knowledge will heal the people of slackness of thought, will inspire them with the bases of personal and public resources. It will make plain the essence of work and show the people, in a more comprehensible light, the path to the lofty attainments of the spirit.

"But to attain to these simple, basic forms of assimilation the Russian intelligentsia, despite the smallness of its numbers, must show, self-sacrificingly, mutual goodwill, union, and respect toward the manifold ways of spiritual searching.

"The intelligentsia must spiritually guard itself against the vulgarity and savagery surrounding it. Out of the fragments and the precious stones lovingly discovered it must build up the Kremlin of a great freedom, lofty beauty, and spiritual knowledge."

Again, we know that the material side of life has treacherously seized on mankind, but we do not conceal the fact that the intelligentsia must seek out the path of achievement.

And here in London it has already been said:

"We must by all means seek to proclaim and widely realize in life the tasks of true art and knowledge, remembering that art and know-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

ledge are the best international language, remembering that the strength of a people lies in its spiritual might, which is reinforced from sources of living water. Recollect the wise popular tale: the spring of dead water, *i. e.*, all that exists only for the body, caused the limbs of the body to be broken in pieces, but the body could only be brought to life again when sprinkled from the spring of living water. Those sacred springs must be laid open for the healing of Russia. There are no lookers-on, there are only workers."

We have to speak in plain clear language, as if we were in the open street. Now life is filled with the old banners of political parties, worn out like defaced, useless coins. Now life is filled with innumerable conventional names. Now 'man' is forgotten. Human words are plain and clear, but yet plainer and clearer is the universal language of creative effort with all its mysterious convincingness.

The young generation has before it the task of bringing art and knowledge into life. Art and knowledge have often existed in life like locked libraries, like pictures turned with their faces to the wall. But the generation of the young must approach this task actively, vitally, in an ideal way; and their work, the simplest everyday work, must be illuminated by searchings and victories. The paths of art in their age-long stratification lie so deep and are so innumerable, and the sources of knowledge are so bottomless! What a life of joyous labor lies before you, — you, who are beginning to work!

Beauty and Wisdom! It is the prayer of the spirit that will raise the countries to the level of majesty. And you, young men and women, can demand the opening of these paths by all means. That is your sacred right. But for the realization of this right you yourselves must learn to open your eyes and ears and to distinguish truth from lies. Remember clearly: what is needed is not ideology, but effectual effort.

Iron rusts. Even steel is eaten away and crumbles if not vitally renewed. So does the human brain ossify, if not allowed to perfect itself indefatigably. And therefore learn to draw near to art and knowledge. These paths are easy later, but difficult in the beginning. Surmount them! And you, young people, have before you one of the most wondrous tasks: to raise the bases of the culture of the spirit; to replace mechanical civilization by the culture of the spirit. Of course you are witnesses of the cosmic process of the destruction of mechanical civilization and of the creation of the foundations of the culture of the spirit. Among national movements the first place will belong to the re-valuation of work, the crown of which is a widely understood creation and knowledge. Moreover only these two motive powers make up that international language of which feverishly-seeking mankind stands in such need. Creation is the pure prayer of the spirit. Art is the heart of the people.

BEAUTY AND WISDOM

Knowledge is the brain of the people. Only through the heart and through wisdom can mankind arrive at union and mutual understanding. Now to understand is to forgive. The new governments will inscribe on their banners "the prayer of the spirit, art and knowledge," and will understand that he who bears with him the true spirit of national life must not even for a moment forget the achievement of spiritual life. Otherwise the builder will have no path before him and ruin will await him.

You, the young generation, have the right to demand from the governments the opening of the paths of art and knowledge. You must be able to say with clear conscience that even when circumstances were hardest you did not forget those great foundations of life — beauty and wisdom; that you not only remembered them, but according to your powers you realized in your lives this achievement which replaces the joy of destruction by the true joy of creation. And in the consciousness of this lies the guarantee of a brighter future for you. You know that outside of art religion is inaccessible; outside of art the spirit of nationality is far away; outside of art science is dark.

You also know that the achievement of the life of the spirit is not the privilege of hermits and anchorites alone. It may be achieved here, in our midst, in the name of that which is most sacred and nearest to the Great Spirit. And the consciousness of the achievement of life will open out to you new and daily possibilities of creation.

And so now I speak to you of the young generation about art and knowledge. I know that you, the knights of the people, the knights of the spirit, will not remain in the city of the dead; you will build up a country which will be bright and most beautiful and full of wisdom. Every word should end not in destruction, but in upbuilding. We know how mighty is creative thought. So now, in the presence of great searchings we must speak words which proceed from the best sources: "Put aside all prejudices; think freely!" And all that is thought in the name of beauty and wisdom, will be beautiful.

And again I will say unto you. Remember that the time has now come for harmonizing the centers. This condition will be of the first importance in the conflict with 'mechanical civilization,' which sometimes is erroneously called culture. The spirit, buried under the petty details of everyday life and barbarously ground down is already raising its head. Its wings are growing. O my young friends! preserve your bright enthusiasm and your eye of kindliness.

There is no other way, O friends now scattered! May my call penetrate to you. Let us join ourselves by the invisible threads of the spirit. I turn to you, I call to you: in the name of Beauty and Wisdom, let us combine for struggle and work.

THEOSOPHY EXPLAINS THE MYSTERIES OF HUMAN NATURE

T. HENRY, M. A.

"A complex sometimes grows until it seems to form a separate self which may gain the ascendancy over the normal self, and give rise to alternating personalities, as though two souls occupied the same body."— *Discovery*, March 1920

BUT what makes the 'complex' grow, and why does it grow sometimes and not grow at other times? This is the important practical point. We should be in a bad way if we were at the mercy of complexes, or anything else, which grew according to a plan of their own, thus making us the victims of their caprice or of some unknown law.

The fact is that all these things which take place in the psychology of man are reflexions of his own behavior and habits. The complex grows because the man feeds it. He dwells on it lovingly and lingeringly, recurs to it again and again, and puts more and more of his very life into it. Insanity is distinguished by fixed ideas which have become so real and solid that they delude the victim, who imagines himself haunted.

Alternating personalities: this lets in a little light as to the nature of personality. It would seem that, if a man dwells long enough and strong enough on any idea or set of ideas, it acquires at last a sort of personality of its own, and drives out his normal personality. Personality is a bundle of ideas and moods and memories and impressions, lighted up by our consciousness. We have none at our first cry; but one gradually grows up in us as we grow. It changes continuously throughout life; but gradually, so that there is no violent revolution and the sense of continuity and identity is preserved.

But this is hardly all; for it might be truer to say that in many cases two personalities at least thus grow up, one of them kept in the background. Sometimes the secondary or background personality becomes so strong that a case of Jekyll and Hyde ensues, and the man leads a double life. This of course explains many mysterious occurrences reported in the papers, where people suddenly kill their relatives and then themselves. The act looks sudden and isolated, but it must be the culmination of a long course of secret internal life, kept hitherto successfully in the background. One day this secondary personality becomes so strong that, seizing a weak moment, it breaks out.

It was stated long ago by H. P. Blavatsky, the Founder of the Theosophical Society, that humanity was due to become more sensitive and complex; and this is what is now happening. For this reason we need

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ways of dealing with delinquents different from the rough and ready methods that have sufficed for other times. We need more wisdom and patience, though we shall have to avoid a tendency to run to extremes in the direction of undue leniency and laxity.

Nothing can be more helpful at this juncture than that most enlightening key to the structure of human nature which was supplied by H. P. Blavatsky when she gave to the world her masterly interpretation of those ancient truths comprised in Theosophy. We find psychologists and sociologists alike at fault in failing to grasp the real facts as to the complex human nature; and it is easy for a student of Theosophy to see in what way the Theosophical teachings would solve their difficulties.

It is said that philosophical teachings do not count for much, but this is only half a truth. We are bound to have some notion or other about the nature of man, either right or wrong; and it is better to have a right notion. Moreover the Theosophical teachings do not speculate but point out facts — they demonstrate. Now a demonstrable truth is one that we can verify for ourselves; and if you show a man something about his nature that is really there for him to see, but which he did not see before, you have enabled him to learn something of real value; and his knowledge is not mere belief but actual knowledge of a fact. In this way the Theosophical teachings have been found to be a key for the interpretation to us of our own inner convictions. They give an explanation of facts which is seen to be reasonable.

Psychology confines its attention too much to the lower aspect of mind, and thus emphasizes unduly the influence of body on mind. But it is only the lower aspect of our mentality that thus comes under the influence of the body, the higher aspect of our mind being independent.

Now let us take a quotation from *The Key to Theosophy*:

"I have long tried to impress the distinction between the individuality and personality on people's minds. . . . To understand the idea well, you have first to study the dual sets of 'principles': the *spiritual*, or those which belong to the imperishable Ego; and the *material*, or those principles which make up the ever-changing bodies or the series of personalities of that Ego. Let us fix permanent names to these, and say that:

"I. *Ātmā*, the '*Higher Self*,' is neither your Spirit nor mine, but, like sunlight, shines on all. . .

"II. *Buddhi*, the spiritual soul, is only its vehicle. Neither *Ātmā* nor *Buddhi* separately, nor the two collectively, are of any more use to the body of man than sunlight and its beams are for a mass of granite buried in the earth, *unless the divine Duad is assimilated by, and reflected in, some consciousness*. . . . This consciousness or mind is

"III. *Manas*, the derivation or product, in a reflected form, of *ahamkāra*, 'the conception of I' or 'EGO-SHIP.' It is therefore, when inseparably united to the first two, called the SPIRITUAL EGO, and *Taijasa* (the radiant). This is the real Individuality, or the divine man. It is this Ego which — having originally incarnated in the *senseless* human form animated by, but unconscious of, the presence in itself of the dual monad, since it had no consciousness — made of that human-like form a *real man*. It is this Ego, this 'Causal Body,' which overshadows every personality into which Karma forces it to incarnate. It is this Ego which is held res-

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possible for all the sins committed through and in every new body or personality — the evanescent masks which hide the true Individual through the long series of rebirths.”

As to number III, we are further told that the source of *Manas* is *Mahat* or the universal mind. When individualized in man, this becomes the real permanent individuality, which, in reincarnating, puts on successive masks of personality. It assimilates the divine duad, *Âtmâ-Buddhi*; and, during the Devachanic state between incarnations, enjoys the bliss of that association.

The important point about this is that *Manas* is a principle which can associate or lend itself to either the divine principles above it or the animal instinctual ones below it. A further analysis of the septenary nature of man shows that next below *Manas* comes the principle called *Kâma*, often defined as the animal soul. Thus we find in ourselves a dual nature, one part due to the association of our mental consciousness (*manas*) with *Kâma*, and the other part due to the aspirations of *manas* towards the divine (*Âtmâ-Buddhi*). Hence the two souls that are said to dwell within our breast and the age-long struggle of the pilgrim Man.

The *Kâma* principle embraces a multitude of instincts, such as we see vividly illustrated in the animal kingdom; and these, reflected and illuminated by the human reason, become harmful passions, often much refined and beautified, but still selfish and personal. It is these that modern psychology for the most part studies; yet it is realized by most people that a large part of our nature is not to be included in this category. Theosophy affords the rational explanation of this: that we contain a higher soul as well as this instinctual one.

It is of great importance, now that the world has had a shock that has shaken people from their familiar moorings and shaken the confidence of religious authorities too, that the eternal foundations of Religion should be clearly defined. Religion is the power by which a man recognises what he really is, the power which keeps him ever in remembrance of his divine nature and enables him to resort thereto for aid and guidance. The divine nature of man speaks to the heart in the voice of conscience; it sheds upon his mind an intuition of the truth; it fills his soul with aspirations to beauty and harmony. In a word, it raises him above his lower selfish nature. The working of the higher nature in man can be witnessed in many different stages of its operation; for we see around us people of various grades, from simple uninquiring natures, up to the most complex and introspective characters.

The higher nature of man is what differentiates him absolutely from all animals; for no animal, however highly developed, has any trace of the human mind. Never in the eye of the animal do we catch the gleam that betokens the characteristic human quality of self-consciousness.

LIFE'S RICHEST GIFT

It is of no use for us to try and explain away this divine attribute which we possess. We have it, cannot get rid of it, and must therefore study it.

It is the inevitable destiny of man some day to take a further step in his mental evolution, which will make him more than the mere man of today; his nature and its evolution can lead to no other result. The strife between the higher and lower nature becomes ever more keen, and can only end in the triumph of one or the other. If we do no more than recognise the fact that we have a higher nature, this recognition alone will become a great power in shaping our lives; it will restore our faith.

Theosophists, like others, have dark hours; but their faith in the truth of the Theosophical teachings gives them a recuperative power, and this they wish others to share with them. As they have benefited by the noble work of others in making these teachings known, so it is their duty to do the same for yet others. It is always a consolation to be able to feel that the darkest hours can be turned into the brightest opportunities, so long as we realize that such trials force us to fix our eyes on the real source of help — the help that comes from within.

In fact, all these mysterious impulses which psychology tells us about are but intrusive forces that we have suffered to invade the sanctum of our mind and to steal away our emotional control; but we can oust them and subdue them by invoking the aid of that higher divine nature which we share in common with everything that is *human*.


LIFE'S RICHEST GIFT

WILLIAM C. WICHMAN, 31786 San Quentin

THIS is the richest gift Life can bestow,
Heart-Love, the sweetest joy man can e'er know.
Each one should prize it — the love that is true;
Heaven devised it,— for me and for you;
All Nature tells it, in words plain and few.
Rare are the shadows that love cannot chase,
Making a Rainbow shine forth in their place,
Oh, there's no burden that Love will not bear,
Were there a danger, yet love would it share!
Is there a heart-wound Love cannot heal?
Nameless the sympathy Love does not feel.
Heaven of Happiness shall for us make
Every day perfect and whole for Love's sake!
Spirit and Song of Life, harmonious, wake!

THE DIVINING-ROD

H. T. E.

CIENTIFIC minds, skilled and judicious in weighing circumstantial evidence, are often prejudiced and partial in estimating the value of human testimony. It is but a poor excuse to say that witnesses are often unreliable either from deceit or incompetency, since the skill of a judge is shown in discriminating between what is reliable testimony and what not. In considering the possibility of occurrences outside the range of ordinary experience, and for which no scientific explanation has been provided, we inevitably allow our prejudices to color our estimate of the value of testimony which we should unhesitatingly accept in support of a normal occurrence.

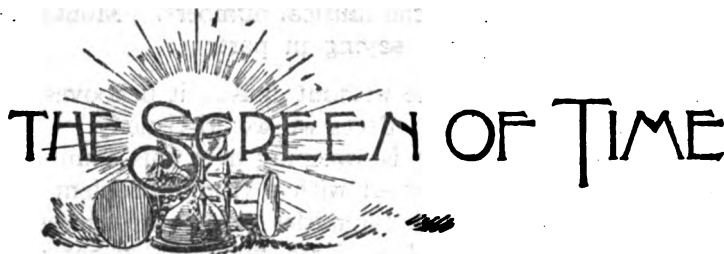
This has happened in the case of the divining-rod; but recently scientific authorities have shown a more tolerant disposition, influenced partly by the overwhelming character of the testimony in its favor, and partly by their own greater freedom of mind and decreasing 'cocksureness' as to the laws of nature.

Discovery for September reviews an article on the divining-rod by Sir William Barrett in another journal. It admits that the fact is well established and cites several cases of the successful use of the rod in test cases. As to explanation, resort is had to the theory that the dowser possesses a mysterious physical or psychical power which enables him subconsciously to detect the presence of the water and causes him to twist the twig by involuntary motion. We have heard it said, however, that the twig is often bent in the hands of the operator and even broken, as though pulled by an external force against the resistance of the hands. No mention is made of this in the article. The writer admits that there are so many forces in nature which we cannot explain that there may well be others. And in truth it seems always necessary to remind ourselves that we have not the ghost of a real understanding of some of the commonest and simplest phenomena — for example how the mind acts on the body in causing an ordinary movement of the arm. The usual mechanistic explanations given by science do not touch the root of the matter. These explanations are of course mere formulae, conceived mentally, and applied to actuality for the purpose of attempting to measure and define it. They enable us to achieve many things, but they do not explain the bottom mystery. No mechanistic formula can carry us further than the essential concepts of such formulae — particles separated by spaces. When we apply such a formula to actuality we find things which it does not explain: for example the phenomenon of attraction. Hence we are

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obliged to assume, to predicate, that phenomenon. To attempt, as some do, to explain the phenomenon of attraction by means of the atomo-mechanical formula, is futile. It is reasoning in a circle; it is trying to deduce our postulates from our theorems. Action at a distance has to be assumed before we can construct a mechanical theory; how then can we expect to explain action at a distance by deduction from the theory which we have deduced from that assumption?

As far as theory goes, then, one can see nothing more wonderful in the divining rod than in the power of sight or muscular movement. Both work by forces that are invisible and even inconceivable (in terms of our customary conceptions). The difference is that one is very familiar and the other not. But we know that human powers are largely influenced by our beliefs as to what we can do and what we cannot; so it is likely that the divining-rod, under encouragement, will become more familiar than it has been under contumely. Then we may feel as comfortable about it as we now do about wireless telegraphy, though the one is not a whit more wonderful or inexplicable than the other.



F. J. Dick, *Editor*

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

SUNDAY EVENING MEETINGS IN ISIS THEATER

MME. KATHERINE TINGLEY spoke on Dec. 12th upon 'Death; Doorway in the House of Life.' Declaring that we should have knowledge on this little-understood subject instead of merely faith, and that it was easier to believe in the justice and mercy of divine law than the opposite, she referred to the great general interest in the subject at the present time and to the many mysterious things connected with it that are now

attracting the attention of scientists, including Sir Oliver Lodge. **Knowledge of the Human Complex better than Faith** "Nine-tenths of these manifestations are impositions," she said, "but those that are genuine are explained under the teaching of Theosophy as due to the hidden forces of nature and human nature. Mme. Blavatsky, the most persecuted woman of the ages,

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

brought to the western world the teaching of the Wisdom-Religion, and in her great books she brought us a revelation in respect to this subject.

"When you realize that the greatest things have been done in the silence, can you not believe that in the silent places of your lives, in the chambers of your souls, you have the power to become that which the great universal scheme of life planned for you? Had we actual knowledge of life's divine laws, how differently we should interpret responsibility!"

After the address a communication was read from Iverson L. Harris, professor of law in the Theosophical University, entitled 'H. P. Blavatsky, a Refutation of Recently Published Slanders Against the Foundress of the Theosophical Society,' made by Count Sergius Witte of Russia in his memoirs, which are being given wide publicity at the present time.

Mme. Katherine Tingley, who had expected to speak on Dec. 19th, was obliged to disappoint the large audience, owing to a severe cold which made it impossible for her to be heard. The program was conducted by some of the Râja-Yoga students, with special musical numbers. Montague Machell spoke on 'Sowing and Reaping,' saying in part:

"Since effects are inconceivable without causes, it behooves us to study and understand the causes of the effects we would remedy. In relation to the frightful wave of crime which is sweeping over this country, this is of vital importance. We are confronted with a titanic problem of moral reform and may meet even greater calamities unless the causes are understood and adequately met. As Mme. Katherine Tingley has so often said

Cause and Effect

as related to

Human Conditions

from this platform, we are reaping the aftermath of the war, and if we are to stem the tide at its flood we are called upon to study the causes in a new way. We are called upon to understand our own natures more fully and the causes which, working in human nature, bring about these terrible violations of moral law. It is not enough merely to tamper with and palliate the present evil. What is imperatively demanded is a school of prevention, a school in which self-knowledge, self-discipline, and self-conquest shall sow the seeds of prevention and thus equip mankind to meet the dangers yet to come. For as are the causes set in motion in the recent carnage and frenzy of hate, so must be the effects flowing from them. Can we meet these effects understandingly, and meeting them can civilization stand the shock? It can do so only by the aid of KNOWLEDGE — knowledge of causes, knowledge of human nature and the laws governing human life, a knowledge that can only be gained from a complete and satisfying philosophy of life. And this is what Theosophy offers to mankind."

The musical program included two Quintette numbers, *Elsa's Wedding*

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Procession, Wagner, and *Intermezzo*, Bizet; Violin Solo by Olive Shurlock, Schubert's *Ave Maria*; Romberg's beautiful *Andante* for 'cello by Montague Machell, and as a special number *Fantasy on Melody by Chopin*, Demersseman, and a flute solo rendered by Professor E. A. Franklin of the faculty of the Isis Conservatory of Music at Point Loma.

The Theosophical meeting on Dec. 26th was conducted by Students of the Rāja-Yoga College and the Theosophical University at Point Loma of which Mme. Katherine Tingley is President. In addition to a special program of Christmas music by teachers and pupils of the Isis Conservatory of Music, three short addresses were given on the subject of 'The Spirit of Christmas' by Frances Hanson Eek, Iverson L. Harris Jr., and Montague Machell.

**The Christos-Spirit
the Key to
true Progress**

Mrs. Eek said in part: "While paying tribute to the historical Christ, the great helper of mankind, we shall endeavor to look a little deeper into the significance of the Spiritual Christ, the mystery of the ages, the Christos-Spirit in man. There is no time more fitting than the present to contemplate it and try to draw from it a little of that atmosphere of joy that so distinguishes Christmas time. For Christmas offers us a rare opportunity to express the most unselfish and brotherly side of our natures, to become united in closer bonds of fellowship, where the personality grows dim and the joy of giving illumines the day. It is the one time in the year when the feeling of separateness gives place to that of Brotherhood."

Mr. Harris said: "Unselfishness names the Spirit of Christmas — the Christos Spirit in Man. Let us but sincerely strive to live unselfishly, and Christ will live in us. Let us live selfishly and we will daily crucify the Christ within. A selfish man cannot be a true follower of Christ. 'Peace on earth, good-will to men' will remain merely a sentiment for use at Christmas-time and to be laid on the shelf at other times, unless it is coupled with a philosophy of life that explains to man who and what he is and what is his destiny, a philosophy that unfetters his mind and leads him into ever wider and deeper reaches of knowledge, and finally that points out to him a path of spiritual progress ending on the threshold of Divinity, where he can be 'at one' with 'the Father in Heaven.'"

Quoting from Mr. Machell's address: "God said, *Let there be light*. Verily, that is the message of Christmas — 'Let there be light,' and it is the message of the here and the now. Oh, let there be light this Christmastide! Pour into your singing, into your laughter, into your giving, the light of the living Christmas message — not that merely of a Savior who has been, but of the Savior who was and is and ever shall be."

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The special New Year services of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society at the Isis Theater on Jan. 2nd opened with the reading of quotations and the singing of a number of songs by a group of the youngest pupils of the Râja-Yoga School. At the close of their songs they left the

Theosophical stage crying: "A Happy New Year! A Happy New
Thoughts for the Year!" to the large audience. After a varied musical
New Year program Miss Kate Hanson delivered an address on
'The Call of the New Year.' She said, in part:

"Because Theosophy is complete, it works on all planes at once. It relieves physical want and pain, but, better than that, it infuses new influences and ennobling conceptions of life into the minds of the masses, without which mere physical philanthropy is worthless. Its philosophy gives hope and trust, and they are the weapons that turn aside the outer miseries of life. It meets the needs of all classes of minds, sweeping away cynicism, cant and dogma and setting its face unmovingly against this wild spiritualism that is laying many open to the gravest dangers from forces they play with, but do not understand. Above all, Theosophy is 'opening the way to the practical realization of the brotherhood of all men.' It has a place and purpose for all. None can be left out. It enjoins the tenderest compassion and the most unflinching principles of right action and morality.

"Let thy soul lend its ear to every cry of pain, like as the lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun. Let not the fierce sun dry one tear of pain before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer's eye. But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain; nor ever brush it off until the pain that caused it is removed."

"This and this alone is the balm for the world's wounds. This and this alone is real self-preservation. Adopt this principle of life and evil dies of itself. This is the path that leads to the gates of happiness and that great, white-winged guardian will no longer close the portals against us. His flaming sword becomes the light that guides us back and his voice will say, 'Enter in and partake of eternal life!' This is our path for 1921. Again, on behalf of Madame Tingley, the members and students, from our hearts we wish you a happy New Year."

✽

"THE love of money, a disease with which we are all of us now [this was written nearly nineteen centuries ago], insatiably infected, and the love of pleasure, make us their slaves — or, rather, I should say, plunge us, body and soul, into the abyss of degradation: the one a malady that dwarfs men, the other a malady that makes them ignoble. Nor, on reflexion, can I discover how it is possible for us, if we honor so highly, or, to speak more correctly, make boundless wealth a God, to guard our souls from the entrance of those evils which are inseparable from it. For wherever wealth is immoderate and unrestrained, extravagance, in close conjunction, follows it,

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so to speak, step by step; and as soon as the former opens the gates of cities and houses the latter straightway enters in and dwells there. And after a while these two build their nests in the lives of men, as philosophers have expressed it, and very soon propagate, breeding charlatanry and vanity and luxury, no bastard progeny, but quite legitimate. Should these children of wealth be allowed to come to maturity, they speedily beget inexorable tyrants in the soul, insolence, lawlessness, and shamelessness. And so it will be, necessarily, that men will no longer lift up their eyes, or have any regard for good report, but the complete ruin of such lives will gradually be wrought, the nobler faculties of the soul pining and fading away, and becoming despicable. . . . What wastes and consumes the geniuses of the present age is the apathy in which, with few exceptions, we pass our lives, merely working and striving to get applause and pleasure, never to do what is useful, and what would secure the regard which is worth having, and worth our effort."

—LONGINUS : *Treatise on the Sublime*

Theosophical University Meteorological Station Point Loma, California

Summary for November, 1920

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	62.90	Number hours actual sunshine	204.60
Mean lowest	50.70	Number hours possible	314.00
Mean	56.80	Percentage of possible	65.00
Highest	71.00	Average number hours per day	6.82
Lowest	46.00		
Greatest daily range	22.00	WIND	
PRECIPITATION		Movement in miles	3620.00
Inches	0.20	Average hourly velocity	5.03
Total from July 1, 1920	0.52	Maximum velocity	20.00

Summary for December, 1920

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	60.52	Number hours actual sunshine	204.00
Mean lowest	46.13	Number hours possible	310.00
Mean	53.32	Percentage of possible	66.00
Highest	72.00	Average number hours per day	6.58
Lowest	39.00		
Greatest daily range	26.00	WIND	
PRECIPITATION		Movement in miles	3800.00
Inches	0.57	Average hourly velocity	5.11
Total from July 1, 1920	1.09	Maximum velocity	36.00

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded in New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma, with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either 'at large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large,' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress. To all sincere lovers of truth, and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



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VOL. XX NO. 3

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

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SINGLE COPY Domestic 30c. Foreign 35c. or 1s. 6d. SUBSCRIPTION \$3.00; Canadian Postage \$0.35; Foreign \$0.50

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian
Monthly



Nonpolitical
Illustrated

Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethies, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

Edited by Katherine Tingley
International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

That Self is indeed Brahman, consisting of knowledge, mind, life, sight, hearing, earth, water, wind, ether, light and no light, desire and no desire, anger and no anger, right or wrong, and all things. Now as a man is like this or like that, according as he acts and according as he behaves, so will he be: — a man of good acts will become good, a man of bad acts, bad. He becomes pure by pure deeds, bad by bad deeds.

And here they say that a person consists of desires. And as is his desire, so is his will; and as is his will, so is his deed; and whatever deed he does, that he will reap.

And here there is this verse: "To whatever object a man's own mind is attached, to that he goes strenuously together with his deed; and having obtained the end (the last results) of whatever deed he does here on earth, he returns again from that world (which is the temporary reward of his deed) to this world of action."

So much for the man who desires. But as to the man who does not desire, who, not desiring, freed from desires, is satisfied with his desires, or desires the Self only, his vital spirits do not depart elsewhere,— being Brahman, he goes to Brahman.

On this there is this verse: "When all desires which once entered his heart are undone, then does the mortal become immortal, then he obtains Brahman."

Bṛihadâraṇyaka-Upanishad, IV, 4; verses 5, 6, 7.

Translation by Max Müller

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

Published by the New Century Corporation, Point Loma, California

Entered as second-class matter, July 25, 1911, at the Postoffice at Point Loma, California

Under the act of March 3, 1879

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COMMUNICATIONS

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to 'KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Editor THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, Point Loma, California.'

To the BUSINESS MANAGEMENT, including subscriptions, should be addressed to the 'NEW CENTURY CORPORATION, Point Loma, California.'

MANUSCRIPTS

The Editor cannot undertake to return manuscripts; none will be considered unless accompanied by the author's name and marked with the number of words. The Editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

SUBSCRIPTION

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Cuba, Mexico, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines' THREE DOLLARS payable in advance, single copy, THIRTY CENTS. Foreign Postage, FIFTY CENTS; Canadian, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

REMITTANCES

All remittances to the New Century Corporation must be made payable to

CLARK THURSTON, *Manager*
Point Loma, California

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HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY
FOUNDRESS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN 1875
IN NEW YORK CITY. FIRST LEADER OF THE
THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT THROUGHOUT
THE WORLD: 1875 — 1891

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR


VOL. XX, NO. 3

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"While there is one blind soul still held in the toil of drink or drugs, while there is hopeless poverty amongst us, while our laws are biased, prejudiced and unjust, while the horrors of the old torture-chambers are still practised in our laboratories, the occultist has work to do here,— for he cannot separate himself from any of these things; the meanest animal that utters a cry of pain or terror is himself. It is his duty to convert that pain into pleasure, that fear into faith — and so to destroy the evil which causes it."

THE SEARCHLIGHT *

KATHERINE TINGLEY

HE difficulties in the way of obtaining an unprejudiced consideration for the truths of Theosophy must be removed one by one. The word itself must not be regarded as sacred when it makes more difficult the task we have undertaken. New methods must be adopted as conditions change. We are called to be pioneers in one of the greatest humanitarian movements of the age. Personal limitations must not obscure the possibilities of the hour, and the criticism of the cynic should not be allowed to paralyse our efforts. To be in a position to do even the most insignificant thing to raise the veil which hides the divine from the vision of men should be regarded as an inestimable privilege. We should not for one moment overlook the fact that only as we are true to ourselves can we be true to our trust.

NEW ENERGY

A NEW energy is being liberated from the center of life. This stream of force, for such it is, is felt at first as a mighty Niagara, rushing forward with such rapidity that it threatens to engulf everything, but as it approaches a climax it spreads out in every direction; its currents circulate over the whole earth, and its influence pervades all things. Nothing can rest still; all things are pushed forward by the great solar energy now being set free. Care should be taken that it is not misdirected and all personal barriers should be removed before they are ground to powder. This force acts everywhere; the gods are its ministrants. There is no need to retire to the woods for the inspiration which it gives, for where the needs of humanity are greatest the presence of the Helpers can be felt most.

* Reprinted from *Universal Brotherhood*, Vol. XII, No. 8, 1897

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

HEROIC IDEALS

THE hero of today must be a hero of heroes. The ideal must no longer be remote from life, but made divinely human, close and intimate as of old. Now is the day of resurrection; man looking up will see the old ideals raised, and seeing live. The son of God is the son of Man.

'THE HEART TOUCH'

IN the 'heart touch' is the saving quality which will redeem humanity and bring about Universal Brotherhood. The word 'charity' should be eliminated. In the name of charity, men and women have been treated like so much personal baggage and labeled accordingly. Out of the great heart of Nature all things proceed, and all things lead back there at last; all worlds and systems of worlds, from the great central sun to the smallest particle in space must thrill responsive to the pulsations of that infinite heart of compassion. The great mother reaches forth to receive her own. All efforts to retard are less than insignificant. In every act which partakes of that divine quality of infinite compassion lies concealed the potency of all the spheres, and all nature obeys the command of the one whose heart beats constantly for others.

A NEW HOPE

A NEW HOPE is dawning on humanity as the new century approaches. This hope is the mainspring of progression and the evidence of it can be seen everywhere; the great heart of nature pulsates with joy, as it did in the days preceding the dawn of the dark age. Men and women who have so long borne the heavy burden of life, whose hearts have been well-nigh broken by the weight of many sorrows feel the new joy awakened by the great symphonies of harmony which are now being sounded. It is felt in the heart of man and gives rise to a constant aspiration; it is the quality which makes him great. The golden light is shining; the herald of the morning proclaims the message of love anew; the ripples of the waves on the sea-shore lisp the glad song; the breeze bears it on its bosom; the tints of the flowers convey it; it shines forth from the stars in their sparkling brilliance; the great blue dome above suggests it; the birds warble it forth from every tree; the new-born babe is a complete revelation of it; the eyes of the loved ones passing into the great beyond, impart the strength and courage of that great hope and point to a future day when they shall return again to carry on their work, for hope incarnates from age to age and where hope dwells beauty and love abide for ever.

The law is immutable, and love is eternal.

QUOTATIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

BEHOLD the Truth before you: a clean life, an open mind, a pure heart, an eager intellect, an unveiled spiritual perception, a brotherliness for one's co-disciple, a readiness to give and receive advice and instruction, a loyal sense of duty to the Teacher, a willing obedience to the behests of TRUTH, once we have placed our confidence in and believe that Teacher to be in possession of it; a courageous endurance of personal injustice, a brave declaration of principles, a valiant defense of those who are unjustly attacked, and a constant eye to the ideal of human progression and perfection which the Secret Science (*Gupla-Vidyâ*) depicts — these are the golden stairs up the steps of which the learner may climb to the temple of Divine Wisdom.

IF man by suppressing, if not destroying, his selfishness and personality, only succeeds in knowing himself as he is beyond the veil of physical Mâyâ [illusion] he will soon stand beyond all pain, all misery, and beyond all the wear and tear of change, which is the chief originator of pain. . . . All this may be achieved by the development of unselfish universal love of Humanity, and the suppression of personality, or *selfishness*, which is the cause of all sin, and consequently of all human sorrow.

TO merit the honorable title of Theosophist, one must be an altruist above all, one ever ready to help equally foe or friend, to act rather than to speak, and to urge others to action while never losing an opportunity to work himself.

FROM the Theosophist must radiate those higher spiritual forces which alone can regenerate his fellow-men.

The first of Theosophical duties is to do one's duty by all men.

LET once man's immortal spirit take possession of the temple of his body, and his own divine humanity will redeem him.

IT is only by close brotherly union of men's inner selves that the reign of justice and equality can be inaugurated.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

NATURE gives up her innermost secrets and imparts true wisdom only to him who seeks truth for its own sake and who craves for knowledge in order to confer benefits on others, not on his own unimportant personality.

HE who does not practise altruism; he who is not prepared to share his last morsel with a weaker or poorer than himself; he who neglects to help his brother man, of whatever race, nation or creed, whenever and wherever he meets suffering, and who turns a deaf ear to the cry of human misery — is no Theosophist.

THEOSOPHY will gradually leaven and permeate the great mass of thinking and intelligent people with its large-minded and noble ideas of Religion, Duty, and Philanthropy. Slowly but surely it will burst asunder the iron fetters of creeds and dogmas, of social and caste prejudices; it will break down racial and national antipathies and barriers, and will open the way to the practical realization of the Brotherhood of all men.

THAT light that burns in thee, dost thou feel it different in any wise from the light which shines in other men?

THE duty of a Theosophist: to fear no one and naught save the tribunal of his own conscience.


THE universal religion *can only be one* if we accept the real primitive meaning of the root of that word. We Theosophists so accept it; and therefore say we are all brothers — by the laws of nature, of birth, of death, as also by the laws of our utter helplessness from birth to death in this world of sorrow and deceptive illusions. Let us then love, help and mutually defend each other against the spirit of deception; and while holding to that which each of us accepts as his ideal of truth and unity — *i. e.*, to the religion which suits each of us best — let us unite to form a practical nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity without distinction of race, creed, or color.

TRUE knowledge is of Spirit and in Spirit alone, and cannot be acquired in any other way except through the region of the higher mind. . . . He who carries out only the laws established by human minds, who lives that life which is prescribed by the code of mortals and their fallible legislation, chooses as his guiding star a beacon which shines on the

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

ocean of Mâyâ, or of temporary delusions, and lasts for but one incarnation. These laws are necessary for the life and welfare of physical man alone. He has chosen a pilot who directs him through the shoals of one existence, a master who parts with him, however, on the threshold of death. How much happier that man who, while strictly performing on the temporary objective plane the duties of daily life, carrying out each and every law of his country, and rendering, in short, to Caesar what is Caesar's, leads in reality a spiritual and permanent existence, a life with no breaks of continuity, no gaps, no interludes, not even during those periods which are the halting-places of the long pilgrimage of purely spiritual life. All the phenomena of the lower human mind disappear like the curtain of a proscenium, allowing him to live in the region beyond it, the plane of the noumenal, the one reality. If man, by suppressing, if not destroying, his selfishness and personality, only succeeds in knowing himself as he is beyond the veil of physical Mâyâ, he will soon stand beyond all pain, all misery, and beyond the wear and tear of change, which is the chief originator of pain. Such a man will be physically of matter, he will move surrounded by matter, and yet he will live beyond and outside it. His body will be subject to change, but he himself will be entirely without it, and will experience everlasting life even while in temporary bodies of short duration. All this may be achieved by the development of unselfish universal love of Humanity, and the suppression of personality, or *selfishness*, which is the cause of all sin, and consequently of all human sorrow.

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY*

EW women in our time have been more persistently misrepresented, slandered, and defamed, than Madame Blavatsky, but though malice and ignorance did their worst upon her, there are abundant indications that her life-work will vindicate itself, that it will endure, and that it will operate for good. She was the founder of the Theosophical Society, an organization now fully and firmly established, which has branches in many countries, East and West, and which is devoted to studies and practices the innocence and the elevating character of which are becoming more generally recognised continually. The life of Madame Blavatsky was a remarkable one, but this is not the place or time to speak of its vicissitudes. It must suffice to say that for nearly twenty years she had devoted herself

*An Editorial published in the *New York Tribune*, May 10, 1891, (two days after Madame Blavatsky's death.)

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

to the dissemination of doctrines the fundamental principles of which are of the loftiest ethical character. However Utopian may appear to some minds an attempt in the nineteenth century to break down the barriers of race, nationality, caste, and class prejudice, and to inculcate that spirit of brotherly love which the greatest of all Teachers enjoined in the first century, the nobility of the aim can only be impeached by those who repudiate Christianity. Madame Blavatsky held that the regeneration of mankind must be based upon the development of altruism. In this she was at one with the greatest thinkers, not alone of the present day, but of all time; and at one, it is becoming more and more apparent, with the strongest spiritual tendencies of the age. This alone would entitle her teachings to the candid and serious consideration of all who respect the influences that make for righteousness.

In another direction, though in close association with the cult of universal fraternity, she did an important work. No one in the present generation, it may be said, has done more toward re-opening the long-sealed treasures of Eastern thought, wisdom, and philosophy. No one certainly has done so much toward elucidating that profound Wisdom-Religion wrought out by the ever-cogitating Orient, and bringing into the light those ancient literary works whose scope and depth have so astonished the Western world, brought up in the insular belief that the East had produced only crudities and puerilities in the domain of speculative thought. Her own knowledge of Oriental philosophy and esotericism was comprehensive. No candid mind can doubt this after reading her two principal works. Her steps often led, indeed, where only a few initiates could follow, but the tone and tendency of all her writings were healthful, bracing, and stimulating. The lesson which was constantly impressed by her was assuredly that which the world most needs, and has always needed, namely, the necessity of subduing self and of working for others. Doubtless such a doctrine is distasteful to the ego-worshippers, and perhaps it has little chance of anything like general acceptance, to say nothing of general application. But the man or woman who deliberately renounces all personal aims and ambitions in order to forward such beliefs is certainly entitled to respect, even from such as feel least capable of obeying the call to a higher life.

The work of Madame Blavatsky has already borne fruit, and is destined, apparently, to produce still more marked and salutary effects in the future. Careful observers of the time long since discerned that the tone of current thought in many directions was being affected by it. A broader humanity, a more liberal speculation, a disposition to investigate ancient philosophies from a higher point of view, have no indirect association with the teachings referred to. Thus Madame Blavatsky

TRIBUTES TO H. P. BLAVATSKY

has made her mark upon the time, and thus, too, her works will follow her. She herself has finished the course, and after a strenuous life she rests. But her personal influence is not necessary to the continuance of the great work to which she put her hand. That will go on with the impulse it has received, and some day, if not at once, the loftiness and purity of her aims, the wisdom and scope of her teachings, will be recognised more fully, and her memory will be accorded the honor to which it is justly entitled.

TRIBUTES TO HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

by Some of her Old Pupils

HAVING become acquainted with some of the teachings of Theosophy in 1887, I immediately visited Madame Blavatsky at her residence in London, for the purpose of seeing and knowing one who I felt must be a great, noble, and gifted personality. I found her engrossed in the work of promulgating Theosophy, by the receptions which she gave to all inquirers and by her books and her magazine *Lucifer*. She toiled laboriously and incessantly at a work which not only brought her no remuneration of any kind but which was often indebted to her for assistance from her own personal estate. These labors were carried on against the obstacles of ill-health and bitter opposition. She soon made it clear to me that Theosophy is indeed "the most serious movement of the age," and that it demands from its students unselfish devotion to the cause of human betterment, and an unflinching loyalty to truth, honor, and justice. She pointed out that there was a nobler path in life for those sincerely devoted to truth and willing to set aside their own personal ambitions and prejudices in order to follow the behests of truth; and her own daily life was the best vindication of her teachings. For truly H. P. Blavatsky followed truth, and her whole life was a constant devotion and willing sacrifice to it. My acquaintance with her continued intimate until her death. Our relation was that of pupil and teacher, and she never failed to educe all that was highest and best in my nature, and to set my footsteps upon that path which she herself had found to be the only true path for humanity to follow — the path of unselfish devotion to the cause of Truth, Light, and Liberation. She was at that time engaged in writing and publishing *The Secret Doctrine* and *The Voice of the Silence*; and she put the manuscript of the latter work into my hands to read.

I felt as though in the presence of a true *friend*, one who, unlike or-

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

dinary friends, knew the real needs of my heart; and who ministered to those needs without flattering self-love or any other personal weakness. I felt as though in the presence of a great *reality*, demonstrating to direct perception the truth that the Soul of man is infinite, eternal, divine. No words can express my sense of the privilege which I have enjoyed in knowing this Great Soul, one of humanity's true Helpers.— H. T. EDGE

.

EVERY attack upon H. P. Blavatsky naturally calls forth a renewed expression of love and reverence from those who knew her best. This is really the final reply to such attacks, whatever others may also be necessary — often better and more convincing to those who did not know her than one more direct. We who really knew her as she was, tell what we saw, picture her as we knew her, say what she did for us and what she was trying to inspire us to do and to become. The picture can stand of itself as a sufficient reply to the slanders; for there is nothing in common between this and the grotesque picture which her enemies desire that the public should accept as her likeness. It would indeed be also enough to point to her writings, without any direct testimony of ours. The nobility and power of the writer's character, her love of truth and of humanity, her desire to better the conditions of human life and to make men and women realize their higher possibilities and give them hope and light — all these shine unmistakably and transparently through everything that came from her pen.

As one of those who knew her well, one of those to whom came, from contact with her, the awakening of all that was best in their nature, I, like the rest, welcome this new chance to go on record in her defence.

The first impression she made upon me (and on everyone else, whether they thereafter loved or hated her) was of a personality of immense strength, both of will and intellect. Most people, moreover, felt more or less consciously that she understood their hidden nature. Some, for good reasons, resented this clear insight into themselves. Others, those who could feel her compassion for human weaknesses so long as some good was struggling there through them, and her magnetic appeal to and encouragement of their own best ideals, loved her.

To me she became from the first moment I saw her, my Teacher and friend. Her kindness to me from the first and all along until her death is ever present in my memory.

Some faces have the marks of a weight of suffering which has crushed. Her face had every line that pain can give, but, as visibly, it had never

TRIBUTES TO H. P. BLAVATSKY

weakened her will. Nor had it embittered her nor even quenched her strong sense of humor.

Her center of consciousness was not in herself but in her work for humanity. She was incapable of self-pity or of fear for herself. She was hurt by attacks on herself only in so far as they hurt her work; was hurt by treachery and ingratitude only because they were at all, and not because they were with regard to herself. And she served and tried to help the traitor and the ingrate to the last moment of opportunity.

When I first knew her (at Lansdowne Road and at Avenue Road in London, England) she was aware, I think, that she had not long to live. And so she was making every effort, working in some way from morning to late at night without a break, to get the utmost possible of her message into the public mind and into the minds of those about her and her special group of pupils. She had very much more to give than any of us were capable of taking. Theosophy requires the development of the whole inner nature, not of intellect only, for its apprehension. And so the Teacher had to wait upon the growth of the pupil's higher faculties, dependent upon his own efforts in spiritualizing his life and consciousness.

She did her utmost, as I have said, working without ceasing, writing for the public, issuing instructions to her Esoteric School, personally teaching those about her and especially the few who composed her 'Inner Group,' often present at the meetings of the Lodge of her name, the Blavatsky Lodge, and mostly keeping open house in the evenings for inquirers who wished to discuss with her or question her.

This is not the place to go into detail concerning her work. I desired merely to put on record some expression of my feeling for one of humanity's great Initiate Teachers. In coming centuries every word from those who knew her will be increasingly treasured for any light it may throw upon her character.— HERBERT CORYN

IT was in 1886 that I made the acquaintance of Madame Blavatsky in London and visited her at the house in Lansdowne Road, where she was then living. In 1888 I joined the Theosophical Society and attended the meetings of the Blavatsky Lodge, which met at the house of the foundress of the Society in Lansdowne Road, at that time. Madame Blavatsky was present on all the occasions of my weekly visits, and took part in all the proceedings, answering questions as to the teachings of Theosophy, and incidentally speaking on a great range of topics more or less connected with the main subject of study, Theosophy.

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The thing that had compelled my attention to this subject was my intense conviction of the absolute sincerity of the foundress of the Society, and of her power to expound the true teachings of Theosophy, as well as of her fitness to be a guide to one who aspired to lead a higher life. My conviction was based on my own personal observation and judgment of character, and not at all on anybody's evidence or opinions. So, when in later years, I heard stories of a kind that did not agree with my own observations and conclusions, I was not influenced by them, but found support for my faith in Madame Blavatsky as a spiritual teacher in the internal evidence supplied by her works, such as *The Secret Doctrine*, *The Voice of the Silence*, and *The Key to Theosophy*; all of which were produced after my first meeting with the writer.

The more I studied her works the stronger grew my faith in the reality of Madame Blavatsky's mission, and in her ability to transmit to the world the teachings intrusted to her for that purpose. It seemed to me that her devotion to the cause of Theosophy was absolute, and was wholly disinterested.

I saw that she suffered acutely from the slanders that were circulated about her former life, but I felt that no amount of calumny could turn her from the task which she had undertaken, and which she was carrying out under conditions of ill-health that seemed to make work of any kind impossible.

It was obvious that her self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of Theosophy could bring to herself no other reward than denunciation and vilification, on the one hand, and on the other the very doubtful support of those who were anxious to get from her some of the vast store of knowledge that was evidently at her command. While a few earnest followers honestly endeavored to lead the life and to follow the teacher, the majority of those who called themselves her followers were in reality seeking knowledge for their own gratification, rather than for the service of humanity. Some of these resented what they contemptuously called the "parrot-cry of Brotherhood," which the "old lady" was constantly insisting upon as the foundation of Theosophy, and which they considered "MERE ethics."

In spite of the constant failure of her professed followers to understand her, and the unscrupulous misrepresentations of avowed enemies, she never lost faith in the cause, nor wavered in her absolute devotion to the task she had undertaken. Suffering martyrdom both mental and physical, she worked indefatigably, and her writing showed no trace of her physical condition, which was such as to make her life a wonder in itself and her literary achievement a marvel.

What need to refute attacks upon her character, when there remain

TRIBUTES TO H. P. BLAVATSKY

such monuments to her nobility of soul and intellect as *The Secret Doctrine*, *The Voice of the Silence*, *Isis Unveiled*, and *The Key to Theosophy*?

— REGINALD WILLOUGHBY MACHELL

PRIOR to meeting Madame H. P. Blavatsky in London in 1888 I had been admitted, along with others in Dublin, to membership in the Theosophical Society by William Q. Judge, then on a visit to Ireland. At that time I had already become familiar with the details of many infamous attacks which had been fulminated against the honor and integrity of the Foundress, H. P. Blavatsky.

The pettiness and feebleness as to fact of all these, stood out in clear-cut contrast with the spiritual nobility of her writings in *Isis Unveiled* and the magazines edited by her, and such accusations but served to strengthen one's enthusiasm for the great principles which underlie the idea of man's essential solidarity — to the philosophic rationale of which, demonstrated by her work and her references to the lore and knowledge of countless Teachers throughout the long ages, she had devoted her life-energies and her very heart's blood.

Such attacks brought her unremitting suffering, as affecting the Cause she labored for; yet, for us beginners in the Science of Life, they showed well the inherent weaknesses of our complex nature, and enabled us better to realize the enormous import to the race of the message Theosophy holds out — a message delivered by H. P. Blavatsky in no uncertain terms, and in fact with a vigor, an eloquence, and an amplitude of historic and philosophic detail unrivaled in known history. While iconoclastically tearing to tatters most of the generally accepted beliefs and dogmas, scientific or otherwise, she stands revealed in her writings as a Master-builder possessed of a complete constructive philosophy of practical life and equally of cosmogenesis and anthropogenesis, as known to the Elder Brothers of the race for incalculable ages. Withal so humble that at the outset of her colossal work *The Secret Doctrine* she writes (paraphrasing Montaigne), "I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them."

When she founded the Theosophical Society in 1875 in New York, she said to Mr. Judge that she was embarking on a work that would draw upon her unmerited slander, implacable malice, uninterrupted misunderstanding, constant work, and no worldly reward. In this, if in nothing else, she was a true prophet. Her main purpose was to permeate the world with the ideas and teaching of the *ancient Wisdom-Religion*, primal source of all the world-religions. It certainly was not to promulgate

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spiritualism, marvel-seeking, or psychism of any kind. Let her writings attest.

She brought to both east and west the truths so long obscured regarding the great laws of Karma, Reincarnation, and the dual nature of man, together with a spiritual philosophy so exalted as to furnish the keynote for many successive lives of aspiration and endeavor. The few quotations appended from her writings indicate in part the purpose of this great and wise Teacher — beloved by thousands who have never seen her at all.

— FRED J. DICK

H. P. BLAVATSKY, THE HERO

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

 HE foes of Theosophy, finding its teachings unassailable, have resorted to the expedient of defaming its founder, knowing that many persons will be deterred thereby from inquiring further into Theosophy; though there are others who, despite the slanders, insist on knowing more of Theosophy, and who thereby discover the falsity of the slanders. The name of H. P. Blavatsky has been so vindicated by her pupils and by the influence of the work she initiated that the world is attracted by any mention of her whatever, even slanderous. That name inspires an intense and universal interest: it is impossible seriously to defame a character which all instinctively recognise to have been great beyond ordinary measure. People are determined to know all they can about H. P. Blavatsky; and the usually sane judgment of the generality has recognised in such defamations the customary crown of thorns which surrounds the head of those who greatly dare in the cause of truth.

The poor prosaic disinherited world! How it clings to the ideal of the great personality! How wistfully and lovingly it cherishes its innate belief in the grandeur of the human soul! How eagerly it embraces the chance of finding its faith and hope realized in some actually living hero, who may serve to it as a reminder that man is after all something more than a miserable sinner or a perfected monkey, and may, once in a while at least, achieve the manifestation of his divine attributes!

There can be no doubt but a very large number of people, who have either not heard of Madame Blavatsky, or have thought but little about her, will on hearing such misrepresentations, at once procure her works and read them, so as to see for themselves what manner of woman she was; and then they will dismiss from their mind the slanders and fables, with a note of thankfulness that these have been the means of introducing them

H. P. BLAVATSKY, THE HERO

to so great an opportunity. For these works of Madame Blavatsky prove that their author could never have been anything like the character depicted in the fables, and that she never could at any time of her life have been otherwise than a personality great and admirable in every way.

The stories of Jesus of Nazareth, of Hypatia, of Socrates — of many more well known to history — should show that, whenever a great Teacher appears with a message of Truth, Light, and Liberation for mankind, desperate attempts are made by certain people of unamiable characteristics to hustle that Teacher out of sight, out of mind, off the face of the earth. Truth, Light, and Liberation are not wanted in some quarters. That this is what has happened in the case of H. P. Blavatsky is all too obvious, people think; and they insist upon knowing what was the message which brought so much joy to some, to others so much trepidation and animosity. They insist upon making the acquaintance of the great Soul who dared so much, but whose name has not sunk under the utmost weight of defamation that could be heaped upon it.

The great Individual has always counted as the moving force in history. It is in vain that philosophers try to represent the mass of humanity as elevating itself by its own gravitation, like so much dough generating its own leaven. The moving force has to come from without. That which moves the body is Spirit; and though Spirit can and does operate in every human heart that opens itself thereto, yet it operates eminently in certain Individuals who appear here and there, from time to time, and by their superior force, their loftier standing-ground, work more mightily among men than do the hosts of lesser souls in a hundred years. Faiths and philosophies serve man well, especially when he has nothing more tangible to resort to; but he ever goes by imitation and looks for the *example*: the visible living example of a great personality influences us far more than any number of books and sayings. It shows us what man can be, what we may ourselves become. It sets to work the instinct of imitation. Our eyes are turned aloft, and our footsteps begin instinctively to turn in the same direction.

"These be your gods!" says materialism, pointing to clay models of imaginary human ape-ancestors ranged along the museum-wall; and "Behold your origin and kneel!" says another kind of materialism, pointing to the picture of a sullen skin-clad man stealing fruit in a garden. But man is prone to set up for himself better ideals. The forbidden fruit may have turned his brain, but it never soured his heart; it never killed the memory of his divine birth. And, conscious of his own failure, he looks wistfully around to see if anybody else has attained. And when he sees the Great One, he recognises him, and his heart leaps up, though his foolish mind may doubt and rebel against the voice of the Soul.

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There is for man a better life than this we are leading. Such is the message of the Teachers, taught not in words alone, but by the example of their personality and their life. They are like a revelation, a letting in of the sun.

Instead of elaborating new systems, they always point to that which is ancient of days, to Truth, which is agelong and endures throughout all superficial changes. The permanent values in life are brought to the fore. They demonstrate that mankind has never been left without the Truth, however far its living waters may recede into the background; but that the Truth has always been preserved by faithful guardians.

It is thus that we find H. P. Blavatsky, in the preface to her largest work, *The Secret Doctrine*, declaring that

"These truths are in no sense put forward as a *revelation*; nor does the author claim the position of a revealer of mystic lore now made public for the first time in the world's history. For what is contained in this work is to be found scattered throughout thousands of volumes embodying the scriptures of the great Asiatic and early European religions, hidden under glyph and symbol, and hitherto left unnoticed because of this veil. What is now attempted is to gather the oldest tenets together and to make of them one harmonious and unbroken whole. The sole advantage which the writer has over her predecessors is that she need not resort to personal speculations and theories. For this work is a partial statement of what she herself has been taught by more advanced students, supplemented, in a few details only, by the results of her own study and observation."

Why do we feel such fascination for the gods of antiquity, if not because we feel inwardly that those myths inshrine vital truths? These gods and heroes, were they not perhaps modeled on the memories of great men that really walked on earth in brighter ages and taught mankind?

The phrase 'higher powers in man' is one to conjure with, nowadays as in all times. Though it has been woefully misused, so that it may call up in some minds nothing better than some petty and ignoble idea of 'occultism' or 'psychism,' we must look beyond the travesty to the original meaning. When H. P. Blavatsky spoke of higher powers she meant something more like what students of the Bible know as the fruits of the Spirit, she meant those noble attributes which mark the hero and the man whose genius inspires, and is inspired by, his enthusiastic devotion to the cause of Truth, Light, and Liberation. Hear her own words:

"We would have all to realize that spiritual powers exist in every man."

"The duty of the Theosophical Society is to keep alive in man his spiritual intuition."

"From the Theosophist must radiate those higher spiritual forces which alone can regenerate his fellow-men."

"Nature gives up her innermost secrets and imparts true wisdom only to him who seeks truth for its own sake and who craves knowledge in order to confer benefits on others, not on his own unimportant personality."

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"Occultism is not magic. It is comparatively easy to learn the trick of spells and the methods of using the subtler, but still material, forces of physical nature; the powers of the animal soul in man are soon awakened; the forces which his love, his hate, his passion, can call into operation, are readily developed. But this is black magic — sorcery. For it is the motive, and the motive alone, which makes any exercise of power become black (malignant) or white (beneficent) magic. It is impossible to employ spiritual forces if there is the slightest tinge of selfishness remaining in the operator."

This shows that H. P. Blavatsky's sole idea was one of service, and that the higher powers she meant were those only which render us more potent workers in the great cause. Selfishness is the cause of the world's ills, and is only increased by the development of powers which aggrandize the personality. It is only by arousing in man motives that are greater than personal desire and ambition that the ills due to selfishness can be withstood. This then is what H. P. Blavatsky came to do. The opposition she encountered was only to be expected, for she threw down the gauntlet to all forces of stagnation and retrogression; she challenged the existing order of things. Many voices, speaking more or less consciously in the name of this great opposition, in some one or other of its many forms, were raised against the Teacher and her work. The attempt was made to create a *legend*, to create a mythical H. P. Blavatsky, and imprint upon the pages of history a lie that should hide the truth. But the face has been torn off this imposture, and the real H. P. Blavatsky stands revealed. The forces acting against such a great Soul are somewhat of the nature of what modern psychologists call a 'group mind' — the aggregated interests of large bodies with vested interests. Such a group-mind is perhaps not fully expressed in any one individual, but it acts through individuals, who may be conscious agents or merely impulsive and unreflective people who are impelled by its influence upon their instincts. Whenever some king or notable person is assassinated, the immediate agent of the deed is usually some half-witted individual with a purely personal grudge, due to some trivial slight, real or imaginary. And in the case of H. P. Blavatsky we find many vicious attacks have emanated from people of this unfortunate constitution.

The Hero is an ideal ever present in the hearts of men, who feel that in the Hero is shown that which they themselves potentially are and may actually become. H. P. Blavatsky was a Hero, and even the attacks on her demonstrate it. This the people are beginning to realize.

SLANDER

"SLANDER is an assassin who travels without being seen, and who talks without being heard."— *H. S. Utley*

LOOKING WESTWARD

KENNETH MORRIS

WESTWARD the sky is pumped with gloom and gold
And there are glittering dancings on the sea
Invisible nations there high festival hold,—

Amber and silver-footed. With their glee,
Half that lone vastness 'neath the dying day
Quivers and runs and deepens somberly.

And men's high hopes wither and wane away
And lives and hearts are cloven under the share
Of ineluctable ruin and time grown gray.

Moves any whisper of this world's despair
Through yonder solemn grandeur? Passionless still
The Eternal Mother dons her splendors there.

Taketh she thought at all of good or ill,
Seeing us crushed,— her heart of hope though we,—
The strange alembic of her mind and will?

Who knows? 'Yet in that pageant sky and sea
The sum and passage of our joys and pains
She grandly weaves into her reverie.
And her last word is *Beauty*, ere day wanes.

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

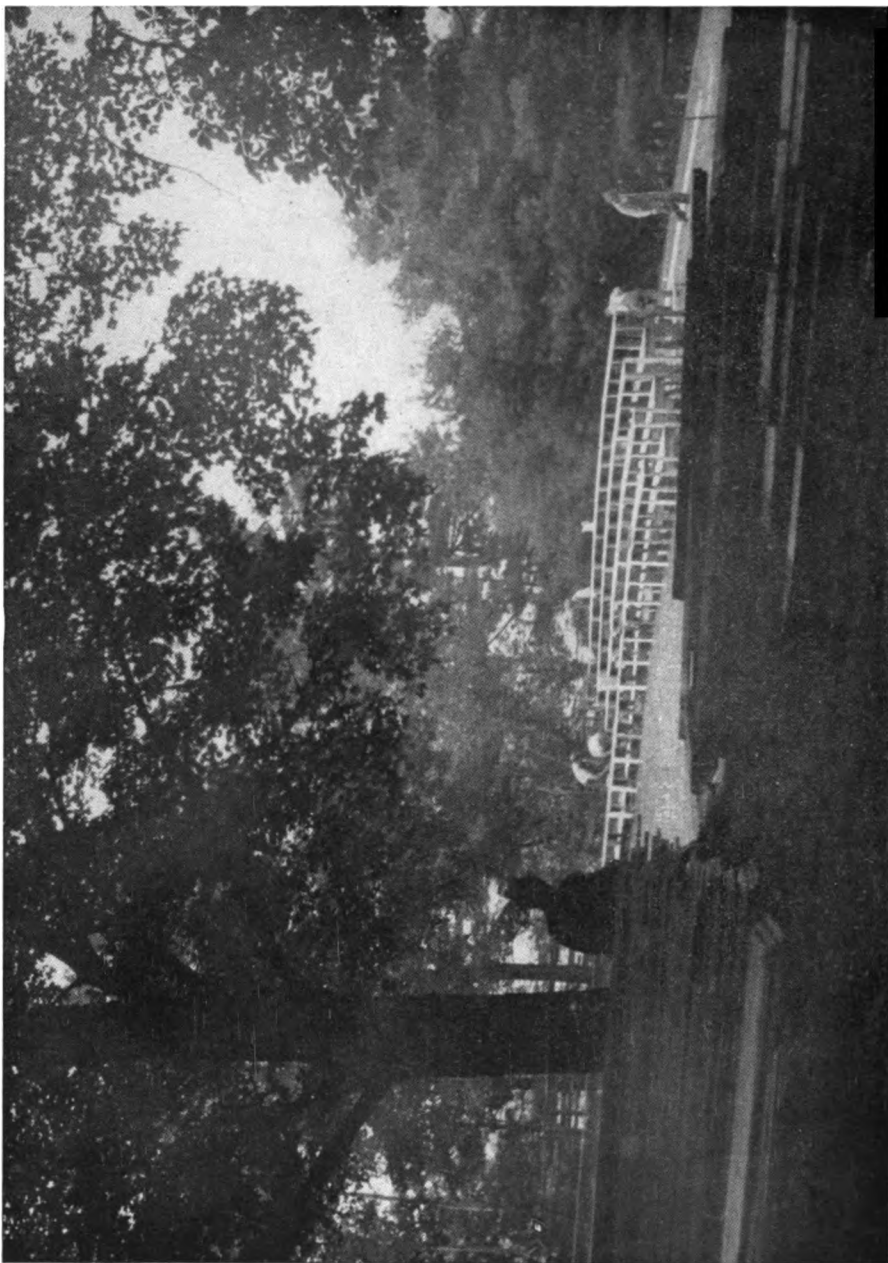
“It is our real mission to make honest men, to compel them to be honest. Our message all along the line, as we have come through the country from the coast has been: ‘Wake up, ye children of the earth! realize your heritage, and in doing this the illumination of your souls will come so that you and all the world may know that you are immortal beings.’ ” — KATHERINE TINGLEY



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**VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE HILL OF KATHERINE TINGLEY'S
NEW ENGLAND ESTATE, LAUREL CREST, NEWBURYPORT, MASS.**

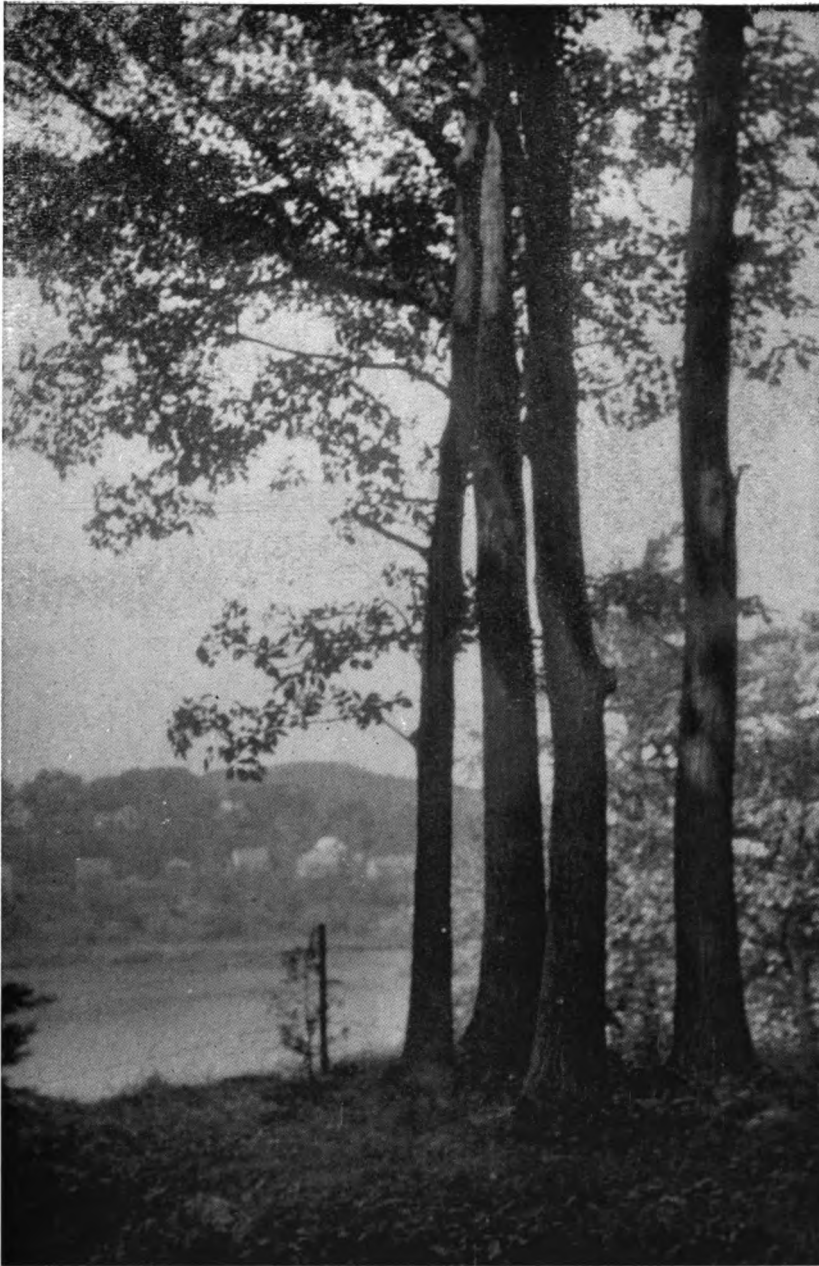
Looking east across the bend of the Merrimac River to Salisbury and the sea-coast.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

BUILDING THE OPEN-AIR THEATER AT LAUREL CREST

Here during the summer of 1920 Madame Katherine Tingley with students of her Rāja-Yoga College entertained thousands with several magnificent Shakespearean presentations.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

**LOOKING NORTH ACROSS THE MERRIMAC FROM
LAUREL CREST, KATHERINE TINGLEY'S CHILDHOOD HOME**

The four trees formed the 'temple' where Katherine Tingley dreamed
the dreams that are now being realized in her Râja-Yoga College,
and Theosophical activities at Point Loma.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

**DRIVING THE STAKES TO MARK THE SITE OF THE FUTURE RÁJA-YOGA SCHOOL
AT LAUREL CREST, THE CHILDHOOD HOME OF KATHERINE TINGLEY**

Madame Tingley superintending the ceremony, Dr. James Hitchcock of Boston driving one of the stakes;
Mrs. Hitchcock, Superintendent of the Boston Theosophical Headquarters, Boston members, and
members of Katherine Tingley's Crusade party, present: August, 1920.

"THE INHERITORS OF UNFULFILLED RENOWN"

QUINTUS REYNOLDS



WE have an instinct that all is well with them: the heart of humanity has made for them a Valhalla, where we are secure that they dwell safely. Lately I was thinking of the meanings of Death, and then

"I thought of Chatterton, the marvelous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;"

— in which lines Wordsworth contradicts with the spirit the letter: while asserting in words that he perished, affirms in deeper than words his immortality. For here something of superhuman being speaks through, and the grandeur of the speech indicates or forthshadows the grandeur of a Soul; as if Wordsworth's thought had been answered by a pulsing from the Realm of Souls and a revelation of — Chatterton. There are passages strewn through English — and of course all other — poetic literature that come with the force of revelation, and are "proofs of Holy Writ": it is because the Soul spoke when they were written; not merely the poets who set them down, but the general Soul of Man that knows because it dwells where knowledge is, in the World of Reality. So we believe them instinctively, and they are a kind of higher gospel of the race; a gospel free from all taint of theology and dogma.

I thought of Chatterton; and of that miserable day in the London garret when . . . he had failed, and all hope that he might fight his way through for what of beauty and truth he had to say had gone from him. The marvelous boy, — yes! For in that dark age of anti-poetry certain interior light had made itself known to him, so that he saw and set down in poems the unusual beauty of the world; and, because he was very proud (with that divine pride which is also humility), would not say, 'I, Chatterton, made this'; — perceived, as I think every real poet must, that there were no bay-leaves for *him* in it, — that he, personally, merited nothing; — that the shadowings which arose in his mind, beyond all the ornateness and chiseled intellection of his time, were from deeper sources than *his* mind; — and so came forward 'in his pride' with what the world called lies and forgery: — 'These poems,' said he, '*I found* — in St. Mary Redcliffe Church; they are not mine.'

To us now, since Keats's time, what Chatterton brought may seem small and unimportant; but in that age, for whomsoever could appreciate it, — and perhaps he himself was the only one who could, — it was

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marvelous enough; — ‘I found it,’ said he, too proud to take credit where he felt it was not due. And then this profound sense from within, — this warning from and reverence for the impersonal Soul, acting upon the boy’s sensitive imagination, causes him to create his Rowley, and ascribe all to that supposed monk supposed dead four centuries; and to act out the romance in all detail with stage settings done in lamp-black and yellow ochre, and an olde Englysshe coined in his young brain. . . . All for nothing! Horace Walpole, forgetting Otranto Castle, suspects, and grows mighty virtuous; pours out much superior-person obloquy; — channels close; hopes give out; — and this is the end: the foodless days, the pride too great to beg or to accept help readily attainable, the poison. A wretched exposed forger, quite contemptible, says the world; a hopeless failure, his own mind has whispered to him; and now, *felo de se*, and the chapter finished.

And then came Wordsworth, when the light of Poetry had dawned again, and threw that grand redeeming couplet to him; and Keats, with loving verses for him; and Shelley, to invoke him first among the “inheritors of unfulfilled renown,” throned “far in the Unapparent”; — and a general sense that all somehow is well with him; that his place is among the immortals; that in some unmythological Elysium or Paradise unjerry-built by dogma, he does walk with Shelley and Keats and those others, — that Shakespeare may have cracked jokes with him, and Milton laid a hand on his shoulder in familiar comradely talk. It is a pagan, a human, a universal heaven that this common instinct pictures; in defiance of all doctrine we send there the long dead that we love. It existed before John saw visions in Patmos, before Ulysses wandered among the shades.

Does it correspond with some Reality? Is man so wise that his general broad intuitions, borne in upon him here in this world, shadow forth the actualities of that great and Inner World of which this outer is but a distorting mirror and the thin surface of its infinite depth? We are strangely locked up in these three dimensions: dogma has deadened our sense of that which all natural things, from the setting of a sun to the motions of our own souls, should suggest to us; and though in every age men bear witness to the Beautiful, lust of pleasure, wealth and fame, or the insipidity of our intelligence, or the barrenness of our hearts, keeps us well nose-glued to the material ground. Yet there are these overtones of feeling; these strange harp-notes playing in the remoteness of our consciousness; these wandering intuitions that crystallize, in such a case as this, to the point that . . . we should feel it indecent were one to treat Chatterton according to the formulae of the creeds. . . . Despite all their nonsense, and our individual pessimisms, we are disposed to consider the Ruling of Things in the hands of . . . a Gentleman,

"THE INHERITORS OF UNFULFILLED RENOWN"

or gentlemen. . . . Now the heaven in which we place him is, to be brief about it, in the human heart. . . .

Well; and what if the human heart were the space between the two intersecting points of the circle heaven and the circle earth, a region common to both? Divinity *is* there; we have not explored it far and deep enough to be able to ascribe it boundaries on that divine side. Here its limits are defined: pass beyond the reach of the passions, transcend the ringence of intellection; come where the air you breathe is compassion,—and you are in it, and your humanity is already divine. You are universal then; your hand is against no man; your valor and your love are on behalf of all living beings; you are constantly aware of that touch of (the divine) nature which makes the whole world kin. *Ex nihilo nihil*: nothing never causes something: and this mood (to call it that) causes all the grandest efflorescences of humanity. This sick world now might be made whole were enough men valiantly to enter into this heart-region,—of which the gates are open to all. There the great dead are not apart from us; and it needs no necromancy and vulgar spookism to call them to our side. Their greatness always was there; all their immortality is there; when we enter there, the vital reality of them is with us and a part of us. Who thrills with compassion partakes of the intimate thought of the Buddha; who is brave and selfless communes with Joan the Maiden; who catches glimpses of 'the other side of the sky,' has Plato at his elbow. It is the meaning of that saying: "When two or three are gathered in my name, there am I in the midst of them"; and again of, "Take, eat, this is my body."

Chatterton, in his way, brought something out of that divine world: an inspiration, at any rate, for the poets that came after him, who wrought of it enrichment for the world of men. So he had entry there, and a part of him was a denizen of it. What then? Supposing that from that garret and suicide's couch, he, the poor proud boy, had dark worlds and troubled regions to traverse; he left still the poet-revealer, the 'sleepless soul' a star in that untroubled sphere of light, to shine down on him through his wanderings. No doubt incarnations of dire sorrow must follow such a crime as suicide: a descent into hell — which is always here, in this world and this mortal flesh; — why should we doubt it when we see it daily? But the star shines down still; and in the depths of hell he is aware of it, and struggles on; and in each life comes nearer to success, conquers something.

My God, my God! how utterly compassion would sway us, could we look behind the scenes of this drama Life being played with such strut and swagger and sordidness on the stage of the world! Do you see that poor villain there, bound and fettered, and the beastly rope

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about his neck? — Stop; look! But no, you cannot; you are not allowed to see that he, perhaps, sometime since, wore a name that now all men love and honor; and ran into some dark tragedy, that now we lament and sorrow for, and threw the shadow of it on lives that were to come, on this life you are now about to make an end of; — so that will he nil he, he must fight through, and be hopelessly defeated by, hideous tendencies in himself; — and all that he might learn the supreme lesson, and be wrought in the fires of that utmost suffering into the transcendent metal of heroism, a divine helper of the race.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown,— the dead to whom our hearts go out in love and pity and vindication — may be the living whom we are hounding, torturing, hanging now in our prisons. The piquancy and poignant call of their lives come of that strange conjunction of the clear ray of immortality and the tragical error and doom; if we understood all, it is this conjunction that would incur such lives as . . . many that end on the gallows: terrific evil to be encountered, and haplessness in every encounter with it; and yet, behind all, the Star still shining, waiting for the old ill results to be worked out and worn away, and for its hour to bring benediction to the world. Such a one has still his throne

“built beyond mortal thought
Far in the Unapparent”;


although

“his solemn agony has not
Yet faded from him.”

It is only the knowledge of Reincarnation that will bring back justice.

THE ETERNAL PILGRIM

R. MACHELL

NDER one disguise or another the eternal pilgrim has been the subject of innumerable legends, myths, fables, and historical romances. All the wanderings of ancient legendary heroes are fashioned upon the same foundation; and such stories are found in the great epics of all ages. In history we have the migrations of races, and in tradition these races and nations have been personified as individuals who lived through immense periods of time. The earth in its journey through space presents a cosmic version of the *wanderlust* or of the forced pilgrimage that is decreed by some superior power, according to the fancy of the poet or the fashion of the time.

THE ETERNAL PILGRIM

The fairy-stories of our own childhood owed much of their charm to this never-failing theme, the wandering hero or heroine in search of some apparently unattainable object, veiled perhaps by a goal of more achievable proportions, adapted to the comprehension of the public or the taste of the age in which the story was told.

In our own times the Wandering Jew has been perhaps the most popular version of the eternal pilgrimage; and the theme has been used in one form or another by almost every well-known writer of romance, and by more than one serious historian.

The popularity of a legend depends upon its power to appeal to some passion of the human heart that is common to all sorts and conditions of humanity: and there is no quality more generally admired than heroism, no theme more popular than that of a noble hero wandering in search of some elusive goal, or the accomplishment of some impossible task, to be crowned at the last with power and fame, or love or wealth, or the mere consciousness of mighty deeds well done, or spiritual wisdom gained.

Why is this theme so popular? Why is hero-worship universal? You may say simply because all human beings desire things more or less unattainable: that is to say, things that are far beyond the reach of such powers as they may be able or willing to exert. Things easily attainable make no appeal to the imagination, which in the ordinary man or woman is only stirred by some secret longing of the heart, such as the desire to be, or to appear, heroic. But why such longing should exist in people of the ordinary kind is not apparent, without a deeper insight into the mysteries of the human heart than is possible to the ordinary man. That there are unsuspected depths and unexplored heights within the heart of the most ordinary person is made evident when some unusual circumstance calls out heroic qualities in the character of one who till then seemed utterly devoid of heroism.

It is evident that many, if not all, people of unheroic character are pleased to imagine themselves capable of heroic deeds, and would be delighted to pose as heroes if there were the smallest chance of their being able to impose upon anyone. And why? Does not the desire for admiration rise in the first place from a sort of subconscious belief that the real inner man is truly noble, courageous, heroic, as well as strong and beautiful? May it not be that indeed there is in every one of us hidden beneath a mean and commonplace personality, a potential hero who would behave heroically if that same personality would but give him the chance to display his beauty and his courage?

This inner, unknown, and only potential hero may be a fact; and it may be that the whole evolutionary process is concerned with the unfolding of his spiritual possibilities. It may indeed be the fact that the

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whole of nature exists for the purpose of the evolution of the soul. And so the soul of man, of nature, or of the universe, may be the great unmanifested reality that stands behind all the temporary and passing illusions of ordinary life.

So too it may be the fact that the unknown and unevolved soul of man is the hero who would stamp his image on the ignoble personality that so shamelessly asserts himself as the real man, and it may be for this reason that every youth, and most full-grown people, nurse in their hearts a secret conviction that under more favorable circumstances they would be recognised as heroes, both by an admiring world and by themselves. And for that reason tales of chivalry, of heroism, and adventure are always popular.

But you may say the eternal pilgrim is not a hero of romance. That merely means that the hero of romance is a variation from the original theme of the soul wandering in search of experience.

The Wandering Jew has been presented by Christian writers as a soul doomed to unending woe, wandering from land to land, without home or hope, eternally. But in this case, as in all others, the outer form of the myth changes from age to age, and is colored to suit the taste of the public for whom the story is told. The essential feature of the tale is the undying soul of man wandering through all experience in search of final liberation. This wandering was represented as a punishment for sin, by those who were interested in propounding and exploiting a definite scheme of salvation, by means of which a man could pass, with certainty and despatch, from life on earth to eternal bliss in heaven. In lands where the scheme of salvation was different, the pilgrimage of the soul was perhaps itself the path of salvation or of illumination; and it may have been a long tale of triumph crowned by final victory; or it may have been a path of joy that ended in undying bliss: a pilgrimage is not necessarily a period of pain.

In ages of ignorance, such as seem to come to all nations and races at recurring periods in the long story of evolution, the knowledge of Reincarnation generally dies out, or is obliterated by those who find the easiest way to rule the world is by fear; and who therefore teach the fear of death and make a horrible bogey out of the gentle presence that bears the order of release for the imprisoned or incarnate soul, the beautiful messenger of death.

But there is good reason to believe that, however black may be the dark age of national ignorance in one part of the world, some other part may be witnessing a period of the highest culture and most advanced learning: for the evolutionary waves sweep round the earth, rising and falling, but not all together. So that the knowledge of the Divine Wisdom,

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called by the Greeks 'Theosophy,' is never lost to man, though it may be for a while lost to the majority of men in some particular countries, or even apparently in all; but not by all men in all lands simultaneously. Thus, while the western world had utterly forgotten the teaching of Reincarnation, and had almost lost faith in the existence of the human soul, such knowledge was still common property in many oriental lands; and other and much higher knowledge was still treasured by a few even in the west. Among the more illuminated minds the progress of the eternal pilgrim was the one great subject of thought and study. And if the people as a whole had utterly forgotten the old teachings, and were living as animals hoping to pass straight from a life of grossest animalism to one of purely spiritual bliss by virtue of a blood-offering made for them by their Savior; yet deep in their hearts remained the knowledge of the soul's existence and the conviction that the soul was truly heroic; and furthermore, since the soul knows its own immortality, there was in every heart a silent witness to the truth that lay beneath the allegory of the eternal wanderer.

The function of a myth is to present a truth in a form that may, by its familiarity, appeal to the popular mind without raising the antagonism certain to be roused by dogmatic assertion of an unfamiliar teaching. So the myths of wandering heroes, or eternal exiles banished from a spiritual home, were means of keeping alive in men's hearts an intuition or an instinct of immortality that had been forgotten by the popular mind.

The myth sometimes deals with the experience of a soul passing through a single incarnation, as in the bible-story of the prodigal son, who leaves his father's house, the Father "that is in heaven," and journeys to a far land, this earth, and there squanders his substance in riotous living. Then at last he remembers his father's home, his own spiritual origin, and he says: "I will arise and go to my father." Then he returns from his long wandering on earth, where he has groveled with swineherds and gained his experience of the unfitness of such a life to satisfy the soul's needs; and his father in heaven receives him cordially. Thus is told very briefly and symbolically the story of a single incarnation.

But other myths have a far wider range, and represent the pilgrim of life as passing through many lives on earth and in mystic worlds above or below the earth. They speak of descent into an underworld, or of translation into the celestial regions of the blessed, and of a return to earth at periodic intervals. There is the beautiful Peri, cast out of Paradise, seeking to return, and sent back to earth to gather a gift that shall unlock the crystal bar of heaven. She looks down on the children of earth pityingly as she tries to find there some pearl that is pure enough to shine in heaven and sighs as she searches, and says: "Some flowrets

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of Eden ye still inherit but the trail of the serpent is over them all."

When Madame Blavatsky began to call the attention of the world to Theosophy, the doctrine of Reincarnation was so completely forgotten by the general public that the teacher had to 'go slow' in reintroducing to the European public a doctrine that was still openly accepted in a large part of the Orient. Even now, after nearly half a century of Theosophical propaganda, there are people who regard this self-evident truth as a questionable theory; but it would be hard to find a well-educated man or woman in the western world today who is not more or less familiar with the term, however little they may understand the teaching. Numbers of people have recognised the truth of the proposition at the first hearing, and many have expressed surprise at not having found it out for themselves. The reason for such ready recognition of a truth is probably that the soul of man is not so sound asleep within its 'chrysalis of flesh' as one might well imagine, judging men and women by their ordinary conduct.

The eternal pilgrim is the most universal fact in human life: for every human soul is such a pilgrim, traveling in search of self-knowledge and gathering experience, necessary or unnecessary, helpful or harmful, as the case may be; eternally urged onward by the evolutionary impulse, which is sometimes called the principle of desire, the desire for existence.

Without the Theosophic teachings as to the complex nature of man and the dual character of mind, a soul may answer to the call of truth, although the unilluminated mind may not be able to explain to itself the reason for its acquiescence in a doctrine that may seem strange and unreasonable at first hearing. But when Theosophy is studied in the right spirit, the complex character of man becomes self-evident; though the understanding of the true nature of the various principles may come slowly.

The great fact that man is a soul inhabiting a body, once that it is recognised, becomes the key to every problem that can possibly bewilder or assail the mind. The fact that the soul of man is an eternal pilgrim wandering in search of jewels of wisdom, once that it has become alive in him, will prove its truth to him continually in the unfolding of his character. In fact the recognition of this simple fact is the first step towards self-consciousness, in the higher sense.

Of course it may be argued that all experience is good, and that all is equally desirable; but this is a deceptive play on words. To be precise, in speaking of experience, one might well say that repetition of an experience is waste of time and energy, and indeed is not truly experience, in the real sense, but merely useless repetition of sensation. Certainly something may be learned in that way, if only the lesson that such repetition is unnecessary and injurious. But is there not a better way?

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When a soul begins to struggle for its liberation from the thralldom of the body and the senses, then repetition of experience is waste of time. When the prodigal remembers his father's home he will turn in disgust from his diet of "husks that the swine do eat." He will not argue that such food is valuable experience: he has learned that lesson, in one aspect at any rate.

The legend of the Wandering Jew is interesting from many points of view. Some think it had its origin in the destiny of a people doomed to wander for a long period, preserving their traditions through the dark ages of their wanderings, to emerge at last purified and enlightened for the helping of humanity. Others have seen in it a tale of vengeance, long drawn out, for crimes committed long ago. Many writers have used it as a theme of mere romance, not looking beyond the legendary personality condemned to live on in loneliness, till expiation of his crime shall set him free to die. Yet few have failed to realize the element of allegory in the drama even if they were unable to divine the meaning.

The key to the story must surely be Reincarnation. And it may well be that some historical initiate remembering his past lives may have been represented as speaking of the forbidden topic, and so, self-doomed to the long expiation of his fault, in boasting of his knowledge, to live on beyond the normal age of man and thus to serve as a reminder to mankind that there are higher powers, not far away behind the clouds, but close in touch with ordinary humanity, able to call them to account for profanation of the mysteries.

It is indeed most probable that some of the historical or legendary characters reported to have lived for thousands of years, were men who displayed a knowledge of events connected with their own previous incarnations, and who thus seemed to be remembering those events in the ordinary way, which would require the use of the same body and brain for the whole period covered by the supposed or pretended memory. As to the possible limits to which man's bodily life may be extended I do not pretend to guess — and I am quite prepared to find that we all die long before we would do if we lived better lives. Indeed it seems to me most probable that the chief cause of death is the accumulation of memories, physical as well as mental; results of evil or mistaken causes, set up in ignorance or in defiance of the laws of health, and weighing us down with sickness of mind and body.

If a man lives in perfect harmony with all the laws of life he must surely have nothing to regret, no wasted energies to restore, no damaged instrument to repair, no evil consequences of mistakes to suffer. Why should he die? There would still be the habit of the race to overcome: the habit of early dying, stamped in every atom of his material body

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and mind: for a man cannot at will make himself separate from the race in which he chooses to incarnate, or in which his Karma compels him to abide. Brotherhood is a fact in nature and it cannot be overlooked, nor can its claims be repudiated. So we should naturally expect that if a man had the power to prolong his own life indefinitely, he would only use the power for the service of a worthy cause, and never for his own gratification: for brotherhood is a fact in nature, and selfishness is a denial of that great natural law, which is what some call sin. It has been well said that sin is the seed of death, meaning by sin the violation of natural law.

The eternal pilgrim is the reincarnating ego of the personal man: the man who never dies, and who, in his deeper consciousness, may carry the memory (or its equivalent) of many lives. But we all know that there are many things admitted as true by our own inner selves, that are ignored or even actually denied by the personal self in its most selfish moods. So we all live in open violation of many laws of nature that we know nothing about, as well as in frequent defiance of some laws that are better known to us than we care to admit; and consequently we grow old, and look for our release from the burden of a worn-out instrument as a step towards a fresh start with a new body better suited to our needs. For we are all optimists in such matters, and expect each time to get a better body and fresh opportunities. Why?

What right have we to expect a better body than the one we have so shamefully misused? For we all do misuse, or have at some time misused, these bodies. And they were probably much better than we might expect, all things considered. "Better it is to bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of"; and better still it is to acquire habits of self-control, that will enable us to make better use of the next body that we get. Nor can it be a matter of chance what kind of body shall be our next vehicle; for we are sowing seeds of causes all the time, and they will in due course result in just such a manner as the complexity of causes must necessitate. We may get more or less than we expect; but we may reckon on the justice of natural law to give us our due regardless of our expectations. And if we are working for the good of all mankind rather than for our own personal advantage, we shall regard events as opportunities, and not at all as either rewards or punishments. If we can live to benefit mankind we shall not care overmuch what are the conditions of our service, nor shall we take much thought of where our lot is cast, since we have taken service in the cause of Universal Brotherhood.

It has been well said that to work for self is to work for disappointment. This refers to the personal self, the lower self, spoken of in mystical works as the illusion, the shadow, the image. The eternal pilgrim is the real

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individual, the Ego, the real self. Some writers call it the soul; and I think that term is a good one for general purposes, though it may be too loose for philosophic use, unless qualified and defined; for the word has been used in many strange ways by various religious sects.

The personal self is naturally selfish, even in its most unselfish actions: it is selfishly virtuous, and selfishly proud of its own virtue. Vanity and modesty may be equally evidences of self-admiration, both being the result of an absorbing interest in the personal self and its interest or emotions. So much is this the case that to speak of a selfless personality is almost to use a contradiction in terms: selflessness being only possible to the higher self, which is conscious of its identity with the Universal Self, to whom all personal selves are but as the fruits of one tree to the tree itself.

This is not to say that a person cannot act unselfishly; far from it: but the selfless motive can only come from the selfless Self, if I may use another paradox of terms. Selflessness is beyond the comprehension of personality, but the lower or personal self can be taught to behave unselfishly: and it is a common thing to see good virtuous people falling over themselves in admiration of their own virtue, and practising virtue for the selfish enjoyment of a sense of superiority to their neighbors, whose natural selfishness may be really more impersonal than the affectation of such a self-deceived model of all the virtues.

Selflessness is indeed a big word, and we may well leave it out of our general vocabulary and content ourselves with the more easily attainable ideal of unselfishness: for it has been well said that: "Step by step we climb to higher things"; and even the most selfish virtue may be a step upward towards the Path; while an unkind criticism of a self-deluded brother may be a big step downward on the wrong road. We must remember that "Brotherhood is a fact in nature," not a mere theory to be trifled with intellectually; and what we owe to humanity is forgetfulness of personality in recognition of our common origin and eternal union.

Some critics of Theosophy complain of the coldness and impersonality of the Theosophical ideals, not finding in its teachings much encouragement for that sentimental 'gush' so dear to the emotional ones who revel in the indulgence of their own feelings, and pride themselves upon their sensibility.

The student of Theosophy must learn to distinguish between the *real* self and the *false*; and this can only be accomplished by a constant invocation of the true self, and a continual effort to control the lower by the higher: for the lower is a usurper of authority.

But the eternal pilgrim, the real self, is nearer to the "Father that is in secret," the supreme Self of all, and knows the true self from the false;

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and so is not deceived by the delusions of the mind, nor blinded by self-righteousness. It seeks the pure light, in which no self-deception can exist. It sees all men as other selves, each with its separate purpose to fulfil, each with its lesson of experience to be learned. It sees its own small personality as one of the multitude to be cared for, as one of the great family of earth-born children individually weak, but accomplishing collectively a mighty purpose in the evolution of the great universe, of which no smallest atom is without its value to the whole, no single personality without its individual significance in relation to its fellows.


"To live to benefit mankind is the first step," we are told; and those who have adopted this as their attitude of mind in all life's problems, know that it is possible to live a selfless life, while working in the world, accomplishing the duty of the moment and the day, but almost unconcerned as to the personal results of duty done. The ideal is not impractical. But it will take all a man's power of will, and all his energy and enterprise, to hold that attitude of mind as his guide, and make it practical. It may require many life-times of experience before the ideal can be fully realized, for wisdom is not a gift of the gods, but a fruit of evolution; and a man must learn wisdom by experience, though intuition may reveal secrets of natural law as in a flash: yet the fruition of man's work on earth can be accomplished only by mastering the world of matter and illusion in which our lot is cast. This earth is now our workshop; we must apply ourselves to learn its lessons, and to co-operate with nature and with man in order to make life beautiful. So shall the eternal pilgrim go rejoicing on his pilgrimage to the ultimate goal of Universal Brotherhood.

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919.*

XXIV — FROM JULIAN TO BODHIDHARMA

KENNETH MORRIS

HEN the news came drifting back over the Roman world that the Emperor had been killed in Persia, and that an unknown insignificant Jovian reigned in his stead;—and while three parts of the population were rejoicing that there was an end of the Apostate and his apostasy; and half the rest, that there was an end of this terrible strenuousness, this taking of the Gods (good harmless useful fictions,—probably fictions—) so fearfully in earnest:—I wonder how many there were to guess how near the end

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of the world had come? The cataclysm was much more sudden and overwhelming than we commonly think; and to have prophesied, in Roman society, in the year 363, that in a century's time the empire and all its culture would be things of the past (in the West), would have sounded just as ridiculous, probably, as such a prophesy concerning Europe and its culture would have sounded in a London drawing-room fifteen years ago. There were signs and portents, of course, for the thoughtful; and no doubt some few Matthew Arnolds in their degree to be troubled by them. And of course (as in our own day, but perhaps rather more), an idea with cranks that at any moment Doomsday might come. But while the world endured, and the Last Trump had not sounded, of course the Roman empire would stand. — Christianity? Well, yes; it had grown very strong; and the extremists among the Christians were rabid enough against culture of any sort. But there were also Christians who, while they hated the olden culture of Paganism, were ambitious to supply a Christian literature in prose and verse to take the place of the Classical. There had been an awful devastation of Gaul; the barbarians of the north had been, now and again, uneasy and troublesome; but see how Julian — even he, with the Grace of God all against him — had chastised them! The head of the Roman State would always be the Master of the World.

And strangely enough, this was an idea that persisted for centuries; facts with all their mordant logic were impotent to kill it. Hardly in Dante's time did men guess that the Roman empire and its civilization were gone.

Life, when Julian died, was still capable of being a very graceful and dignified affair,— outwardly, at any rate. On their great estates in Gaul, in Britain, in Italy, great and polished gentlemen still enjoyed their *otium cum dignitate*. The culture of the great past still maintained itself amongst them; although thought and all mental vigor were buried deep under the detritus. In fourth century Gaul there was quite a little literary renaissance; centering, as you might expect, in the parts furthest from German invasion. Its leading light was born in Bordeaux in the three-thirties; and was thus (to link things up a little) a younger contemporary of the Indian Samudragupta. He was Ausonius: teacher of rhetoric, tutor to the prince Gratian, consul, country gentleman, large land-owner, and, in a studious uninspired reflective way, a goodish poet. Also a convert to Christianity, but unenthusiastic:— altogether, a dignified and polished figure; such as you might find in England now, in the country squire who has held important offices in India in his time, hunts and shoots in season, manages his estates with something between amateur and professional interest, reads Horace for his pleasure, and

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even has a turn for writing Latin verses. Ausonius leaves us a picture of the life of his class: a placid, cultured life, with quite a strong ethical side to it; sterile of any deep thought or speculation; far removed from unrest. — Another representative man was his friend Symmachus at Rome: also highly cultured and of dignified leisure; a very upright and capable gentleman widely respected for his sterling honesty; a pagan, not for any stirring of life within his heart or mind, but simply for love of the ancient Roman idea,— sheer conservatism; — for much the same reasons, in fact, as make the Englishman above-mentioned a staunch member of the English Church.

There were many such men about: admirable men; but unluckily without the great constructive energies that might, under Julian's guidance for example, have saved the empire. But — save the empire! In that crisis,— in that narrow pass in time! It is not excellent gentlemen that can do such near-thaumaturgic business; but only disciples: for the proposition is, as I understand it, to link this world with the God-world, and hold fast through thunders and cataclysm, so that what shall come through,— what shall be when the thunder is stilled and the cataclysm over,— shall flow on and up onto a new order of cycles, higher, nearer the Spirit. . . . No; it is not to be done by amiable gentlemen, or excellent administrators, or clever politicians. . . . Julian had come flaming down into the world, to see if he could rouse up and call together those who should do it; but his bugles had sounded in the empty desert, and died away over the sands.

There were tremendous energies abroad; but they were all with the Destroyers, and were to be, ever increasingly: with such men as, at this time, Saint Martin of Tours, that great tearer-down of temples; or in the next century, Saint Cyril of Alexandria and Peter the Reader, the tearers-to-pieces of Hypatia. Perhaps the greatest energies of all you should have found, now and later, in the Christian mob of Alexandria, — wild beasts innocent of nothing but soap and water.

It was Symmachus who was chosen by the Roman Senate to remonstrate with the emperor Valentinian against the removal of the altar and statue of Victory,— the Pagan symbols,— from the senate house. I quote you Gibbon's summary of a part of his petition:

“The great and incomprehensible Secret of the Universe eludes the enquiry of man. Where reason cannot instruct, custom may be permitted to guide; and every nation seems to consult the dictates of prudence by a faithful attachment to those rites and opinions which have received the sanction of ages. If those ages have been crowned with glory and prosperity — if the devout people have frequently obtained the blessings which they have solicited at the altars of the Gods — it must appear still more advisable to persist in the same salutary practise and not to risk the unknown perils that may attend any rash innovations. The test of antiquity and success, (continues Gibbon), was applied with singular advantage to the Re-

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ligion of NUMA, and Rome herself, the celestial genius that presided over the fates of the city, is introduced by the orator to plead her own cause before the tribunal of the emperors. 'Most excellent princes,' says the venerable matron, 'fathers of your country! pity and respect my age, which has hitherto flowed in an uninterrupted course of piety. Since I do not repent, permit me to continue in the practise of my ancient rites. Since I am born free, allow me to enjoy my domestic institutions. This religion has reduced the world under my laws. These rites have repelled Hannibal from the city, and the Gauls from the Capitol. Were my grey hairs reserved for such intolerable disgrace? I am ignorant of the new system I am required to adopt; but I am well assured that the correction of old age is always an ungrateful and ignominious office.'"

Symmachus was addressing a Christian emperor; and it was an ill thing then, as in the days of Hadrian, to argue with the master of the legions. Still, the method he chooses is interesting: it holds a light up to the inwardness of the age, and shows it dead. This was at twenty-one years after the death of the Dragon-Apostate; whose appeal had all been to the realities and the divinity of man and the living splendor of the Gods he knew and loved. That splendor, said he, should burn away the detritus, and make Romans men and free again. But Symmachus, for all his admirable restraint, his rhetorical excellence, his good manners and gentlemanly bearing,— which I am sure we should admire, — appeals really only to the detritus: to nothing in the world that could possibly help or save Rome. The Christians wanted to be free of it, because they felt its weight; the Pagans wanted to keep it, because they found it warm and comfortable. Symmachus sees nothing higher or better than custom: the secret of the universe, says he, is unknowable: there is no inner life. — He was confuted by a much more alive and less estimable man: Ambrose, bishop of Milan,— with whom, also, both he and Ausonius were on friendly terms. Ambrose's argument, too, is illuminating: like the King of Hearts', it was in the main that "you were not to talk nonsense." How ridiculous, said he, to impute the victories of old Rome to the Religion of Numa and favor of the Gods, when the strength and valor of the Roman soldier were quite enough to account for all. Thus he appears in the strange role of a rationalist. Christianity, he continued, was the one and only true religion; and all the rest — etc., etc., etc. Ambrose and his party were fighting towards a definite and positive end; knew what they wanted, and meant to get it. Of course they won. Symmachus and the senate were fighting only for a sentiment about the past, and had no chance at all. And it really did not matter: Rome was doomed anyway.

But in passing I must e'en linger on a note of sublimity in this petition of Symmachus: of sublime faith; — when he makes Dea Roma refer to her history as having "hitherto flowed in an uninterrupted course of piety." It makes one think that they taught Roman history in their schools then much in the same way that we teach our national histories

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in our schools today; here and in England, and no doubt elsewhere. "*An uninterrupted course of piety!*" quotha. Marry come up!

But all this is anticipating the years a little: looking into the eighties, whereas we have not finished with the sixties yet. Julian died in 363, on the 26th of June; and within a couple of years, you may say,— many said so then,— the Gods began to avenge him. Nature herself took a hand, to warn a degenerate world. In 365 came an earthquake; followed by a huge withdrawal of the sea, so that you could explore dry-shod the antres of the sea-gods. And then a tidal wave which threw large ships up onto the roofs of houses two miles inland, and killed in Alexandria alone fifty thousand people. — "Aha!" said the Pagans, "we told you so." — "Nothing of the kind!" said the Christians in reply; "did not we set a saint on the beach at Epidaurus, before whom the oncoming billow stopped, bowed its head, and retired?" Well; no doubt that was so; but Alexandria was a perfect hotbed of saints, one of whom, you might think, might have been lured down to the beach and the perilous proximity of water for the occasion. But let it pass!

Ten years later the Law began to marshal its armies seriously for the destruction of an obsolete world. The Huns crossed the Volga, and fell upon the Ostrogoths, who had had a Middle-European empire up through Austria and Germany. The Ostrogoths, somewhat flattened out, joined with the Huns to fall upon the Visigoths; who thereupon poured down through the Balkans to fall upon the Romans; and defeated and killed the emperor Valens at Adrianople in 378. Theodosius, from 379 to 395, held precariously together a frontier cracking and bulging all along the line as it had never cracked and bulged before. When he died, the empire finally split: of his two sons, Arcadius taking the East, Honorius the West.

In Honorius' half, from now on it is a record of ruin hurrying on the footsteps of ruin. Ended the quiet *otium cum dignitate* of the great country gentlemen; the sterile culture, the somewhat puritan morality, the placid refined life we read of in Ausonius. You shall see now the well-ordered estate laid waste; — the peasants killed or hiding in the woods; — the mansion smashed, and its elegant furniture; — the squire, the kindly-severe religious matron his mother, the young wife,— gracious lady of the house,— and the bonny children: — they are hacked corpses lying at random in the wrecked salons, or in the trampled garden where my lady's flowers now grow wild. The land went out of cultivation; the populace, what remained of it, crowded into the walled cities, there to frowse in mental and physical stuffiness until the Middle Ages were passed,— or else took to the wilds under any vigorous mind, and became bandits. The open country was all trodden down by wave after wave of

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marauding, murdering, beer-swilling, turbulent giants from the north,— or by the still more dreaded dwarfish horsemen whose forefathers Pan Chow had driven long since out of Asia. They poured down into Greece; they poured down through Gaul and Spain into Africa; into Italy: host after host of them; — civilization was a pathetic sand-castle washed over and over by ruining seas. Rome, indeed, could still command generals at times: Stilicho, Aetius, and afterwards Belisarius and Narses; but they were all pitiful Partingtons swishing their mops round against a most ugly Atlantic. In 410 Rome itself was sacked by Alaric; in the same year Britain, and then Brittany, rose and threw off the Roman yoke. In the four-fifties came the keen point of the Hunnish terror, putting the fear of death on even the worst of the barbarians that had wrecked the Roman world. In 476, the pretense of a Western Empire was abandoned. — So now to follow the great march of the cycles eastward; with this warning: that next week we shall glance at a little backwash in the other direction, and see the disembodied soul of this now closed phase of human culture 'go west.'

The split with Rome was altogether of value to the Eastern empire of Constantinople. That empire lasted, from the time of Arcadius to that of Constantine IX and Mohammed the Conqueror, "one thousand and fifty-eight years," says Gibbon, "in a state of premature and perpetual decay." — A statement which, taken as an example of Gibbonese, is altogether delightful; but for the true purposes of history it may need a little modification. The position of this Byzantine Empire was a curious one: European in origin, mainly West-Asian in location. Its situation permitted it to last on so long into the West-Asian manvantara; its origin doomed that long survival to be, for the most part, devoid of the best characteristics of life. Yet during most of the European pralaya it was far and away the richest and most civilized power in Christendom; and, except during the reigns of extraordinary kings in the west, like Charlemagne, the strongest too. It specialized in military science; and the well-trained Byzantine soldiers and highly scientific generals had little to fear, as a rule, from the rude energies and huge stature of the northern and western hordes. But culture remained there in the *Sishta* state, and could do nothing until it was transplanted. There were cycles: weaknesses and recoveries; on the whole its long life-period matters very little to history: it only became of great importance when it died.

The reason why it did not succumb when Rome did was that the tides of life in the whole empire had long been flowing eastward, and were now gathered there almost wholly: there was much more activity in the east; there were much bigger cities, and a much greater population. So that part was harder to penetrate and conquer: there was more resistance

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there. The barbarian deluge flowed down where it might flow down most easily: following, as deluges and everything else gifted with common sense always do, the lines of least resistance. The way through Gaul and Spain was quite open; the way into Italy nearly so; — but the way into Asia was blocked by Constantinople. That city is naturally one of the strongest in the world, in a military sense; and, you would say, inevitably the capital of an empire. If Dardanus had had a little more intuition, and had founded his Troy on the Golden Horn instead of on the Dardanelles, Anax andron Agamemnon and his chalcho-chitoned Achaeans, I dare say, would have gone home to Greece much sadder and wiser men; — or more probably, not at all. But Troy is near enough to that inevitable site to argue the strong probability of its having been, perhaps long before Priam's time, a great seat of empire, trade, and culture. If one dug in Constantinople itself, I dare say one should find the remains of cities that had been mighty. Events of the last seven years have shown how difficult it is to attack, how easy to defend. Since its foundation by Constantine it has been besieged nine times, and only twice taken by foreign enemies. When the Turks took it, they had already overflowed all the surrounding territories; and they were the strongest military power in the world, and the Byzantines were among the weakest. — So it stood there in the fifth century to hold back the hordes of northern Europe from the rich lands of Asia Minor and Syria: a strength much beyond the power of those barbarians to tackle: while all Europe westward was being trampled to death.

Further, the peace imposed on Jovian by Shah Sapor in 364 lasted, with one small intermission of war, and that successful for the Romans, for a hundred and thirty-eight years; during which time, also, the powers that were at Constantinople ruled mainly wisely and with economy. They were generally not the reigning emperor, but his wife or mother or aunt, or someone like that.

So then, in the year 400 we find the world in this condition: — western Europe going

“With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition; —”

the Eastern Empire weakish, but fairly quiet and advancing towards prosperity: in pralaya certainly, and so to remain for thirteen decades (395 to 527) from the death of Theodosius to the accession of Justinian; — Persia, under an energetic and intelligent Yazdegird II (399 to 420), a strongish military power: Yazdegird held his barons well in hand, and even made a brave effort to broaden the religious outlook: he tried to stop the persecution of the Christians, and allowed them to organize a

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national church, the Nestorian; — India, still and until 456, at the height of her glory: — there is a continual rise as you go eastward, with the climax in India. The next step is China; to which now after all these centuries we return.

(Continued in the April issue)

REINCARNATION AND SOME CRITICISMS

C. J. RYAN

I

IRTUE in rags and vice in a palace is a problem that has faced everyone who has really thought about human society as recorded throughout the historical periods.

Since the Great War closed its more bloodthirsty phase nearly two years ago, a singular feeling of doubt in the actuality of Progress has been very widely expressed by many prominent thinkers, some, such as the eminent Dean Inge of England, holding high ecclesiastical positions. A spirit of depression has become evident. Ponderous works have been written to demonstrate that modern civilization — at least in Europe and perhaps elsewhere — is near its decline and fall. From a merely materialistic standpoint, or even from the illogical 'one-life' standpoint, this is not surprising; in fact, considering the miserable display of ignoble qualities a large part of the world has made — the spirit of unbrotherliness at its worst in short — it is no wonder that light-hearted optimism is rather out of place. The world would indeed be a shambles, a very hopeless affair, if it were true that man emerges at birth from nothing and goes nowhere at death. But man is immortal in his higher essence; there is a purpose in his existence; and, during the present phase of evolution, Rebirth or Reincarnation in material bodies at intervals, with periods of spiritual rest and happiness between earth-lives, is the method of attaining higher conditions and consciousness. It is strange that, in spite of the satisfaction that the conception of Reincarnation brings to the thoughtful mind when it is studied, and the general agreement among so many great thinkers that it is eminently logical and consistent with the facts of nature — once you see the necessity of something more than dead matter and blind force — and that it satisfies the heart's desire for justice and mercy in the highest degree, there should be any objectors to such a natural and reasonable belief. The objections against Reincarnation are not very forceful nor numerous; most of them

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are raised by persons who have given little attention to the subject, or who have heard it represented in extravagant, imperfect, and erroneous ways. Some have confused it with the superstitious belief that a human being can transmigrate into a lower animal, which of course, is not human reincarnation at all. A consideration of some of the criticisms that have been brought will serve the purpose of focusing the points of importance.

We are told that Reincarnation is simply a belief without facts to support it, that no serious authorities admit it, and that it appeals only to those who ignore the living present and cling to a dead past. Also that the older an opinion is the greater the probability that it is valueless.

We utterly repudiate the charge that Reincarnation is a theory unsupported by facts: the facts are there, but they have been misinterpreted, overlooked, and even suppressed. As in many other departments of knowledge, we have to collect information, form temporary theories, weed out the most improbable, and ultimately accept the one which most satisfactorily and logically covers the entire ground. This is the scientific method. Not only does this work out in favor of Reincarnation, but there is an enormous mass of cultivated opinion throughout all ages in favor of it, and there are those who stand in the forefront of spiritual and intellectual thought who have claimed actual knowledge of the processes in human evolution which make Reincarnation a perfectly natural, simple, and unavoidable method of progress.

Consider for a moment such facts as the daily turning of the earth on its axis; how improbable such a thing appears at first sight! To think that an enormous body like the earth could spin around in twenty-four hours, supported by nothing at all, seems almost ridiculous to those whose purview only extends over a few apparently flat miles of its surface. But let reason get to work on the results of observation, and immediately a number of apparently disconnected facts fall into place. We find that the surface is not flat, but slightly curved; we notice that there are several other large bodies, globular in shape, which revolve rapidly without apparent support in the sky. Above all, we find that it is infinitely more likely that the comparatively small earth should rotate than that the enormous vault of the sky, with all its stars, should turn round us. Reincarnation is, like astronomy, supported by probabilities amounting to certainties, for those who have studied the subject carefully; for those who can watch the processes of life on inner planes it is a demonstrated fact. Among the facts which, properly interpreted, support the principle of Reincarnation, are the claim of certain persons to recollect their past lives, the varieties of character in twins and other members of families with precisely the same heredity and training, and the apparent injustice and inequality of conditions in a world scientifically supposed to

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be governed by law. Precocity in children, illustrated by such remarkable characters as Mozart and other musical prodigies, and by youthful lightning-calculators, boy chess-players, and others, has never been explained by simple heredity theories. The great fact of evolution itself is meaningless without the interpretation offered by the principle of reincarnation. There are other facts which we must consider later.

As to the assertion that no serious authorities admit Reincarnation there is little to be said further than that it is untrue. A hypothesis that was taught by such a commanding genius as Plato, and that was accepted by the profound philosophies of the East, by the Greeks and Romans, and by deep philosophic thinkers and poets throughout the modern world, requires no defense on the ground of lack of authority; it is actually the western popular belief in the one-life theory that is in need of support by philosophic authorities. Jesus himself, although he knew it was the recognised belief of his age, never threw any doubt upon it; on the contrary he supported it directly and by implication; it is found plainly taught in several places in the Bible.

In regard to the antiquity of a principle being an argument against its probability, this would equally well apply to the noblest teachings of Christianity — the Sermon on the Mount, for instance — for similar instructions were given ages before by the other great World-Teachers. It would seem more probable that a theory that has stood the test of the ages, and has resisted innumerable attacks, would find its antiquity in its favor rather than otherwise.

The argument that Reincarnation is a belief without facts to support it can only be brought by those who are very poorly equipped with information about the kind of facts that they will run their heads against when they properly investigate, and which they will find impossible to interpret without the aid of the principle of Reincarnation. The simple mind who sees the sun rise every day or who notices an apple fall off a tree feels no urge to inquire into the deeper causes of these familiar phenomena. 'Common sense' tells him that the sun is actually climbing up the sky from some unknown region below, and that apples fall because they are heavy and the stalk is not strong enough to support the ripe fruit. But presently a Galileo comes along and makes further observations about the sun and the stars; notices that there are many minute facts that do not fit in with the theory of the flat earth and the climbing sun; and finally rediscovers the movement of the earth, long obscured by the prejudice and ignorance of the Dark Ages. Later a Newton connects up the fall of the apple with a number of other apparently disconnected facts, and produces his epoch-making theory of gravitation; and today, Einstein, with a still larger number of observations, is apparently on his way to a

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more complete statement of the laws which govern falling apples as well as other things.

It is the same with Reincarnation; we see the body die and disappear, the mental activities cease, and all seems over; we know that a splendid intellect may become undermined by life-long insanity, and the man who only looks at the surface says, Where is the soul? But the study of the nature of man in the light of Theosophy, the discovery that the facts about the mysterious complexities of the human constitution in the possession of Teachers who have studied human nature for ages *from the inside* and not merely from superficial appearances, fully corroborate the principle of Reincarnation,—acts upon the unprejudiced inquirer just as the discoveries of Galileo with his telescope effected a revolution in the more open minds of his day. It is the experience of Theosophists that no one who has thoroughly studied the subject of Reincarnation and has found how reasonable it is, has ever returned to the illogical one-life notion.

The charge is brought that a child at birth has only a few common, animal instincts and that everything characteristic appears in its mind as it grows with the body; that an infant brings over nothing from a hundred past incarnations, and that at the end of a long life we are simply what education and environment and heredity have made us.

This statement is founded upon misconceptions of what is meant by Reincarnation. No one suggests that the ordinary personality of the infant lived before, or that its embryonic brain brought over any personal memories from its last incarnation in the way our brain-minds carry our memories onward through the blank and abyss of sleep from one day to another. The well-known essayist, Arnold Bennett, says: "For me, spiritual content springs from no mental or physical facts. It springs from the spiritual fact that there is something higher in man than the mind, and that something can control the mind." That something overshadows our normal waking consciousness, and is superior to it. Students who are truly interested can obtain an immense amount of information upon the singular powers of the higher consciousness. The evidence of the deeper dreaming and of various forms of clairvoyance, of the sudden control in emergencies by a power and a wisdom transcending the ordinary mind, and from other sources, testifies strongly in favor of an inner Ego not entirely immersed in the brain-mind personality. - Professor William James, Dr. W. Jay Hudson, Dr. Carl du Prel, and many other psychologists (outside the ranks of the Theosophical Society) have compiled quantities of evidence in support of a far higher consciousness which occasionally dips down, so to speak, into ordinary, waking consciousness and startles the one so favored by its immensity and transcendent richness. Some have thought it the immediate presence of God, and in

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Christian theology it is sometimes called the Guardian Angel, given to us at the moment of birth to take care of our soul. Once we get a distinct picture in the mind of the overshadowing higher consciousness, warning and guiding as far as we will permit its voice — the conscience — to be heard, it becomes easy to understand that this higher self is the true Individuality which overshadows many past incarnations and to which we must unite to gain full measure of immortality. In view of the fact that the higher self is the source and basis of our sense of existence, while the lower personality is more or less fleeting, it is clear that our chance of immortality is bound up with our ability to unite our personal consciousness with the higher nature. That is the teaching of Theosophy.

The infant at birth has only a few common, animal instincts; what else would you expect? That its rudimentary, undeveloped brain would manifest knowledge and ability which it is physically incapable of expressing? Its rudimentary condition is proved by the fact that no one can recollect the experiences of the first year or two of life. Most certainly everything characteristic appears in the mind as the body grows, but that is not an argument against Reincarnation. What cannot be explained on the basis of the one-life theory are the well-marked qualities of character and capacity which show forth in the child as it unfolds what is in it. Extreme cases aside, such as infant prodigies in intellect, monsters of vice or brilliant examples of spirituality, springing from average families, even the ordinary differences in character so marked in brothers and sisters with precisely the same hereditary descent, are reasonably explained only by the principle of Reincarnation. The reincarnating Ego enters a family in which it will find conditions, both mental and physical, in harmony with the causes it has set in motion in past lives; it is not the slave of the heredity or of the conditions; it modifies them according to its needs. But this cannot be done all at once, and so it is absurd to criticize the theory of Reincarnation because a new-born infant does not display character of well-marked type, which could not be claimed under any theory.

The next objection is that "the earth and the visible planets are the places where human spirits are first formed out of the 'elements'" (whatever that may mean) "and that real progress begins after this material stage of spiritual infancy, so to speak, when the newly-made spirit starts on its career in the spiritual worlds. Nature never recedes or repeats processes already completed, but Reincarnation holds its victims to a ceaseless round of earth-lives, thereby condemning those who believe in it to perpetual despair, and with despair comes desperation and crime."

Well, this is pure assumption or inaccuracy. It is true that nature's

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plan of evolution is progressive, though biologists will tell you that there are numerous examples where species have survived after the loss of advantageous qualities which they were unable to use: the eyeless fishes of the Kentucky Caverns, and the blind fish that lives deep in the sandy mud at Point Loma are well-known examples. But the answer in regard to the return of the spirit to earth-life for further experience is, of course, the logical one that nature has not completed the process of earthly training she has devised for the human family when each member of it has finished one short life. Furthermore, what about the children that die in infancy, or those persons who have never experienced old age or even middle age or adolescence? What use in character-development has a day or a week of embodied life been to an infant that dies after such a momentary taste of physical existence? If a day or a week is enough to start a human spirit on its career through the superior worlds of spirit, why should so many people have to suffer long lives of agony till old age? And if the souls of young children return quickly to earth-life to have a second try, as some of the objectors admit, what is that but Reincarnation? If they can reincarnate at all there is no logical line to be drawn as to the age beyond which it is impossible.

Again, how many have sighed: "Oh, if I could only have my time over again: how differently would I act: if I could only have another chance!" There is another chance, and many such, but the principle of Reincarnation does not imply a ceaseless, grinding, hopeless succession of earth-lives. It declares that the True Self steps down, so to speak, from its inner, spiritual existence, only at long intervals to gain strength and necessary experience in the great fight against the lower tendencies, rising again to its own sphere, enriched by all it has gained. There the real man lives, in pure happiness, for far more time than the embodied soul has to spend on earth. There will finally be an end of the necessity of incarnations on such a world as this; we shall be prepared to exist in far higher states of being, states beyond present imagining.

As the essence of the teaching of Reincarnation is justice, the truest mercy, it is absurd to hear the criticism that says its believers must yield to despair. We do not hear of more desperation in eastern lands where the belief is widely held, than in Europe where ignorance of it generally prevails. Recent accounts of criminal conditions in western lands are not calculated to make the Buddhist or Hindû reincarnationists blush for their opinions. Instead of driving people to crime the idea of Reincarnation instils the feeling of personal responsibility, both for oneself and for one's share in the progress of the world. If it is true, as the wisest teachers of the ages have declared, that what you sow *that* will you reap, and not something else, your responsibility to yourself for sowing good

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seeds for your future harvest will surely act as a check upon crime. And if we shall return in some future century to earth-life again, the conditions we shall meet will be just what we have helped to make in the past. The earth is our home, and will be for a long time, and we are creators; we are called upon to bring all the forces of our natures into action to build up an earthly paradise, until the cycle of embodied life for the race is fulfilled. In the Biblical allegory Adam, the human race, was sent to the Garden of Eden, the early Golden Age of the world, to "till and dress it." And his task is still unfinished.

Nature does not recede in evolution on the whole, but infinite patience is shown in working over and over again until her purpose is accomplished. Take the case of many primitive forms of animal or vegetable life that have remained unchanged throughout the millions of years of geological time. From the ordinary standpoint Nature has been repeating herself very monotonously in these primitive forms; and even mankind has changed very little for a very long time indeed. The principle of Reincarnation, which is not, of course, confined to man, reveals the fact that it is only these *forms* that have remained stationary; the spiritual force or consciousness which embodied them at first has passed onwards into higher forms and a less advanced soul-energy has taken its place. Just in proportion to the advancement made, so higher and more complicated bodies are required until nothing less elaborate than the human form will suffice to allow the most advanced souls to incarnate usefully. It is impossible to enter into the question of Evolution here, further than to say that in every aspect, terrestrial and celestial, it is meaningless without the key of Reincarnation. Astronomers believe that destruction and renovation of suns is the method of cosmic progression; the evidence is very strong. In the animal kingdom we almost see reincarnation before our eyes in such instances as the transformation of insects. The caterpillar, when turning into a chrysalis, apparently dies, becomes inert, wrapped up in its hard shell. After a while it reawakens, breaks through its casket, and flutters in the sunshine, a new creature. It has passed through a kind of death without actually passing from the earth-plane.

A very amusing charge is sometimes made against Reincarnation that it is a doctrine that would soon block the pathway to human progression, crush out all sympathy for suffering humanity, and smother every kindly impulse! Why? Because, as one critic remarks: "If I am correctly informed, Theosophy teaches that people being sent back to earth by the law of Karma for the experiences they require for their spiritual growth, must return thousands of times until they have experienced every agony and every happiness and have committed every crime in the calendar. If this be true, any work of charity would be nothing less than a sin.

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To help the widows and orphans, the blind and helpless, would be only to cheat them out of their wretched but necessary experience and thus to drive them back to earth."

The gentleman has certainly been misinformed. People are sent back to earth by Karma until they learn brotherhood and compassion; and the amount of experience they must go through to that end depends upon themselves. Even apart from simple logic which shows that we learn that compassion by helping each other, the history of the Theosophical Society — whose members are mostly convinced of the truth of Reincarnation, — is a positive refutation of the suggestion that such a belief renders any work of relief or charity a sin; for practical work for the benefit of the suffering and distressed is and has been one of its foremost activities. Among numerous philanthropic activities are the following. In its earliest days in India a very extensive medical relief work was established; after the Cuban war the Department of the Universal Brotherhood, called the International Brotherhood League, under Madame Tingley's direction, sent a large staff of doctors, nurses, and other practical workers to Montauk Point where a very large number of suffering American soldiers were relieved, nursed, and assisted in many ways. This was followed by an expedition to Cuba where extensive relief work among the Cubans in their destitute condition after the war was maintained for a long time. It would take too long to enumerate the list of practical benevolent activities that have been an integral part of the work of this Organization, not the least of which has been the training of helpless orphan children in the Râja-Yoga schools. All this proves that Theosophists do not find the belief in Reincarnation a barrier to the satisfaction of the finer impulses of the heart by active works of charity.

Anyone who cares to study *The Key to Theosophy*, by H. P. Blavatsky, — which she says "traces the broad outlines of the Wisdom-Religion, and explains its fundamental principles," — will find that "Theosophy is the quintessence of duty." Instead of the principle of Reincarnation interfering with the duty of helping others because such help would prevent suffering which is necessary for them, she points out that no one can presume to decide what amount of suffering is necessary for any one, while the law of compassion is outraged by neglect to respond to the promptings of the heart. It is your privilege to be the agent through whom the law of Justice — Karma — works to prevent unnecessary suffering. Madame Blavatsky says in *The Key to Theosophy*:

"The individual cannot separate himself from the race, nor the race from the individual. The law of Karma applies equally to all, although all are not equally developed. In helping on the development of others, the Theosophist believes that he is not only helping them to fulfil their Karma, but that he is also, in the strictest sense, fulfilling his own. It is the development

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of humanity, of which both he and they are integral parts, that he has always in view, and he knows that any failure on his part to respond to the highest within him retards not only himself, but all, in their progressive march. By his actions he can make it either more difficult or more easy for humanity to attain the next higher plane of being. . . .

"It is only by all men becoming brothers and all women sisters, and by all practising in their daily lives true brotherhood and true sisterhood, that the real human solidarity which lies at the root of the elevation of the race can ever be attained. It is this action and interaction, this true brotherhood and sisterhood, in which each shall live for all and all for each, which is one of the fundamental Theosophical principles that every Theosophist should be bound not only to teach, but to carry out in his or her individual life. . . .

"True evolution teaches us that by altering the surroundings of the organism we can alter and improve the organism; and in the strictest sense this is true with regard to man. Every Theosophist, therefore, is bound to do his utmost to help on, by all the means in his power, every wise and well-considered social effort which has for its object the amelioration of the condition of the poor."

In *The Voice of the Silence* — a collection of ancient Oriental teachings collected and translated by Madame Blavatsky, and dedicated by her to those who wish to lead the higher life,— we read:

"Let thy Soul lend its ear to every cry of pain like as the lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun.

"Let not the fierce sun dry one tear of pain before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer's eye.

"But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain; nor ever brush it off until the pain that caused it is removed."

We must remember that those words were written by men who well knew that Reincarnation is the method by which the human race proceeds in its upward evolution. As for letting people commit every crime in the calendar because they need that experience, the ridiculous nature of that remark is shown by the active prison reform work carried on by members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society who accept the principle of Reincarnation after a careful study of it.

No one can prevent the widow and the orphan, the blind and the helpless, being what they are; the past cannot be undone. But that has nothing to do with their future. They have obviously been paying a heavy penalty for some former acts of omission or commission; if we are so placed that we can lighten their burden there is nothing in the principle of justice or Reincarnation to prevent our doing our best. If it is decreed by the Law that they must suffer more we shall not be able to do more than show our good intent, but if they have suffered all that is due we shall have the joy of being the active agents in service.

It is impossible to touch upon all the objections to Reincarnation in a short article, even briefly, but the charge that it is opposed to the teachings of the Founder of Christianity deserves a little attention.

The belief in Reincarnation was even more widely spread throughout the world in the time of Christ than it is today, for not only practically

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the entire East accepted it, but also the principal races of Europe — the population of the Roman Empire and the Celtic peoples — and probably others. Jesus, therefore, must have been well acquainted with it. Why then if it is, as some of the critics declare, a dangerous, degrading, and un-Christian idea, did not Jesus explicitly denounce it? Why did he take particular pains to teach it; and why did one of his greatest followers — the author of the *Book of Revelation*,— take it for granted so completely that he quite naturally referred to those persons who had conquered their lower nature as not having to reincarnate any more on earth? Perhaps these points, among others in the Bible, are not very familiar to modern churchgoers; it is not likely that they should be since the orthodox churches have abandoned the principle of Reincarnation, the key which unlocks so many of the mysteries of existence, and therefore do not dare to draw attention to the plain and simple meaning of the Reincarnation passages in their 'divinely inspired' volume.

The disciples came to Jesus asking him if the general belief was true that the spirit which last incarnated in the famous prophet Elijah nine hundred years before, had now taken a new incarnation in the personality of John the Baptist. According to Jesus, the report was accurate. In several places in the *Gospel of Matthew* Jesus repeats that John was Elijah, with the greatest emphasis. John did not recollect his appearance on the stage of earth in the character of Elijah, but Jesus, a greater teacher and a more advanced initiate, could see his past with certainty. Later on at the moment of the Transfiguration, *Elijah's form was seen*: this, of course, was after John's execution by Herod. Elsewhere in the Gospels Jesus is asked a Reincarnation question by his disciples — when the man born blind was healed — but the great Teacher puts it off with an incomprehensible metaphysical answer. When the question arose again in regard to Elijah, he definitely approved of the principle.

In the *Revelation of John the Divine*, the scribe, in warning and advising the early Christian communities, was inspired to write in the name of the Christos:

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father. . . .

"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out. . . ."— *Rev.*, iii, 5, 12.

How can it be said that the one who has overcome shall go out of the spiritual temple no more, unless those who have not overcome are obliged to go out until they have won their victory; and where should they go except into terrestrial life where the great battle is fought?

"THE MILLS OF GOD"

R. P. JAMES

THE Mills of God grind slowly," says the poem, "but they grind exceeding small." I was thinking of that quotation recently in connexion with that popular definition of life: that it was "one darned thing after another." That's what it looks like at times. I remember watching the old mill-wheel at home, as the water at the lower end of our fish-pond came down on it: *flop, flop, flop*, it went round; and there was a creaking and clanking of iron, chains and such, I didn't know how it worked; and then round and round over the luckless grain, inside the mill-house, rolled the mill-stone; no time, I used to think, for the grain to breathe, shake itself together, and recover a bit, before that rolling crushing thing came round again, *gr-r-r-r-rrrach!* *What in thunder is the meaning of it all?* I seemed to hear the grain groaning. You know how it is with children: they think half the time that everything is alive and feeling things and thinking like themselves.

In everyone there is a hidden Helper of the Race: something fine and splendid. We catch glimpses of it sometimes, when we think things over; and then often it seems to us as if everything outside ourselves had conspired through all our lives to beat that splendid thing back and never let it show itself; and that we have never had a real chance. There is a great deal of truth in this view: it is the outside things that confound and baffle us and will not let us be what we might. Only we must count among those outside things, and chiefest among them, our own weaknesses.

Say someone insults you or does you wrong; and then for a week or a month or years you don't get a chance of really feeling good and doing your best work because you are chewing over the cud of that and picturing yourself hitting back and getting even with him. It looks as if he were the cause of your trouble; but really there was that weakness in yourself, and all he has done is to call it up and out and put it before your attention: advertise it to you in such a way that it hurts you, until you really take it in hand. It always lay as an obstruction between the Noble Part of you and that Noble Part's success; and all the mill-wheel and the mill-stones wanted was to get you free from it.

I guess it is an immense step forward to get the idea that all these weaknesses are really things outside of our true selves: just as much outside us as a heavy load on our backs might be, or chains on our limbs.

And I guess it is another big step, if we can get the idea that the Universe is so tender to that Real Part of us, so anxious to have it out and

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doing its great work, that it hurls all the events of our lives at us as a kind of challenge, and to call up and wear away and grind down all the weaknesses, all the selfishness, that obstruct that Real Part and keep it buried; and the end and aim of all things is that that should make good, and come to its own.

The upper mill-stone wouldn't be of much use unless the lower stone were there and doing its part. The upper stone is circumstance, and what the world and people do to us; but the lower stone is the divinity within us, which wills to be free and great.

H. P. BLAVATSKY AND HER CONTRIBUTION TO ARCHAEOLOGY

GRACE KNOCHE


"Archaeology cannot be separated from philosophy, for it is the soul's interpreter. Science renders but half-service to humanity when it leaves out of account man's Divinity, the Immortal Self within."— KATHERINE TINGLEY

"We must not ignore the past, for to do so is to incur a sure if mysterious retribution, because that past belongs to ourselves and was a part of our own doing and begetting."
— From an unsigned article in *The Path*, Vol. IX, p. 194, attributed to *William Quan Judge*

"If the history of religion and of mythology and — far more important — the origin, development, and final grouping of the human species is ever to be unraveled, we have to trust to archaeological research, rather than to the hypothetical deductions of philology."

— HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

THE GREAT UNANSWERED 'WHY'

XAMINING archaeology, and taking the word *science* in its antique, undisputed meaning, we see that it is not a science as yet but rather the promise of a science. There are fragments, but thus far no encouraging whole; efforts at relation and correlation, but nowhere the great, inclusive, synthetic attempt. Manuscripts, monuments, statues, vases, coins, *et alia*, lie about us like beads from a broken necklace, falling almost of its own weight from the bosom of an immemorial past — a lovable, warm-breathed, motherly, and glamorous past, but a something or conception that is foreign and far away. We are tired of fragments though, and of loose, rattling segments of things, yet have not sufficient knowledge to put them together.

Our desires, too, are in the way, and the pigeon-hole is more in requisition than the binding, inner, secret Thread. We have outdone ourselves in accuracy of description and the cataloguing of finds, in the measuring

H. P. BLAVATSKY AND ARCHAEOLOGY

of angles, the calculating of averages, the tempering of enthusiasm by material exactness, and spontaneity by the matter-of-fact test of squeezes and the measuring-tape. Yet there is something, admittedly of paramount importance, that eludes us right along and which we cannot 'discover' for all our digging and delving. 'We do not know' is the period constantly put to a persistent, recurrent 'Why?'

Why are the oldest civilizations that archaeology has made familiar so singularly modern? Cretan styles in dress parallel those of twentieth-century New York, and the culture of pre-Incan Peru can set inspiring standards for today. Moreover, why is the march of our catalogued finds in so many ancient lands the record of a steady progress *down* hill? To fit our theory it ought to be *up*, yet evolution traces in our finds no 'straight line of progress' upwards from bestial beginnings. The art of Egypt, for example — and art is civilization's index-finger always — is most superb in the earliest epoch of all, becoming as it approaches our own day (barring minor rises and falls) degenerate. Why?

There is our standing archaeological puzzle, the so-called 'rude stone monuments' of the world, astounding megalithic structures in nation after nation: walls, palaces, temples, towers, statues, stelae, and initiation crypts. If these are the work of 'savages,' then why are we, with our astounding skill in engineering and our superlative brain, utterly unable to duplicate Stonehenge or Carnac, that other Karnak in Egypt, the walls of Sacsahuaman in Peru, the colossal sculptured stelae of Guatemala, the pyramids of Egypt or that of Cholula in Mexico which is larger still, the rock-cut temples of Petra, Elephanta, and the rest?

How account for a similarity so marked in many examples that structures in Egypt and in Andean South America might have been erected by the same giant touch, almost from the same working plans? Why have we round towers in Ireland, and equally in Arizona, in Sardinia, and in Peru? And why were they erected at all? Why do we find serpent mounds both in romantic Scotland and in prosaic Wisconsin and Ohio, with Strabo and Ovid at our elbow to tell us of similar mounds, now leveled, which existed in ancient days.

Dolmens everywhere, also, from India to the Orkneys, from Syria to the Brittany coast. Pyramids literally at the four quarters of the globe, with secret galleries and chambers, with marvelous accuracy of orientation. Why do we find the same interior plan in structures so unusual and so distant as the Treasury of Atreus in Mycenae and the Irish Newgrange? 'We do not know.'

Then too, why do we find the same symbols in widely-separated parts of the world and in all periods of time: the cross, the tree, the spiral, the circle, the dove, the fish, the egg, the sun, the lotus or lily, the serpent or

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dragon, and the rest? Why do we find the solar boat limned on Egyptian papyri and in the rock-carvings of Sweden and Ireland as well? Why are there 'sacred mountains' in all lands: Mount Horeb, Sinai, Zion; Fuji-yama in Japan; Koyin-lung-Sang in China; Meru in India; Olympus, Parnassus and the Delphic Cliffs in Greece; and the sacred 'high hills' of the Natchez, the Blackfeet, and the Mojaves?

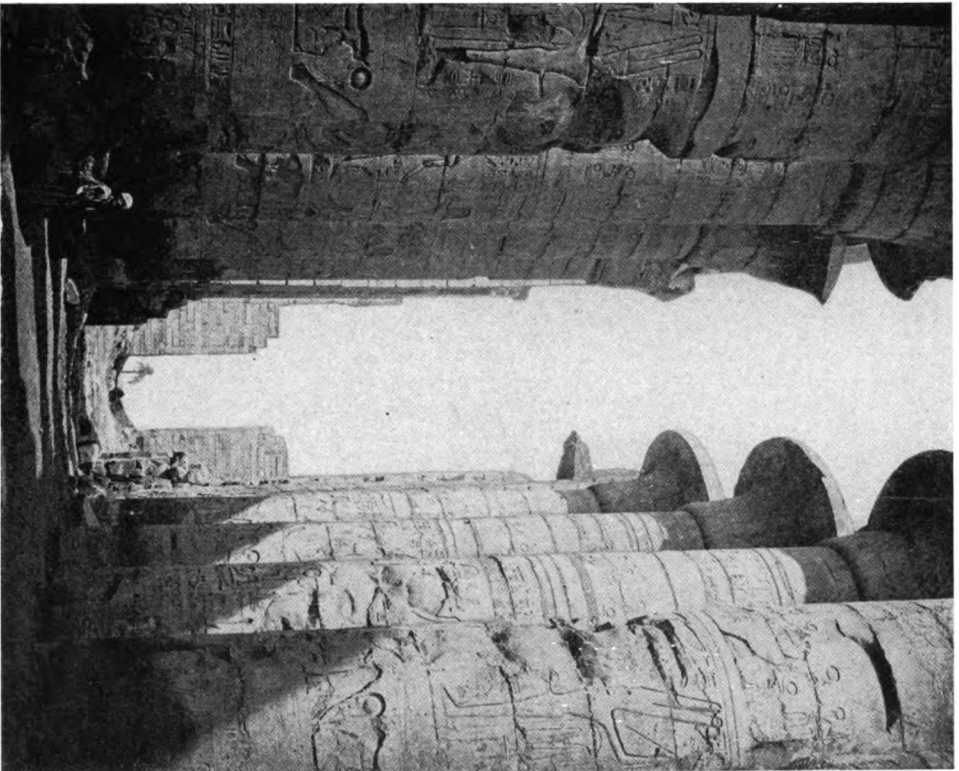
Why is it that we find accounts of the deluge in so many parts of the world, from those of the *Vedas* and the *Purânas*, to the unwritten legends of the Delawares and the Mandans, the Apaches, the Pimas, and the Sioux; in the Hebrew *Genesis* and equally in the Aztec *Chimalpopoca* and the Quiché *Popol Vuh*; on the tablets of perished Nineveh and in the chants of the old Icelandic *Edda*? What has modern archaeology to say? Many things, truly, but so largely do they negative each other and so inconsistent are they often with the facts, that dominating the field of archaeological effort is still an unanswered 'Why.' In spite of the splendid discoveries being made yearly throughout the world, in spite of new and improved research-methods, generous outlay of money, royal enthusiasm among the few and gradually increasing interest among the many, there is still no answer to these simple and basic questions. Avenues of inquiry open up on every side inviting the student to enter, but where is the golden clue that he instinctively looks for to help him find his way? Behind admirable outer aspects of order in this science there is a certain inner chaos. And we cannot wonder: the passion of the modern mind is for *analysis*, but the Soul cries out in its need for *synthesis*, for the reconciling theory or philosophy, the binding, inner, harmonizing truth.

As H. P. Blavatsky pointed out, whichever way he turns the archaeologist who is prejudiced in favor of materialistic theories of evolution is on one horn of a dilemma: he must either give up his theories or repudiate the facts. Many, however, willing to do neither, merely say, "We do not know. Give us more time, more money, more encouragement! We will push on, and some day a discovery will be made that will answer all our questions." The attitude is a logical and honest one, but it is behind-hand in its application, for the illuminating discovery has been made — in the latter half of the nineteenth century and by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. It constitutes the major part of her contribution to the modern science of archaeology.

THE SECRET DOCTRINE

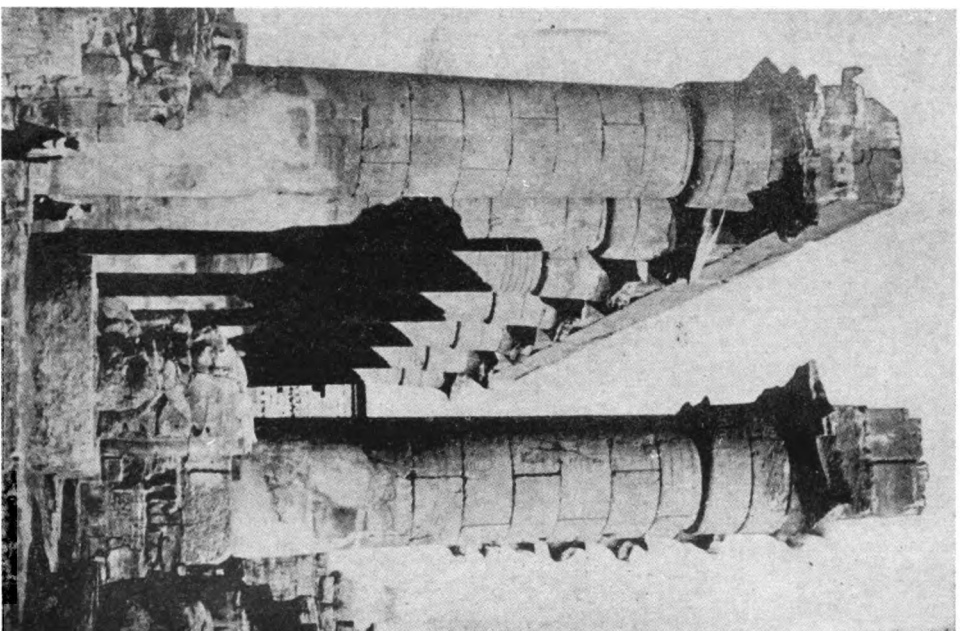
"An Archaic Manuscript — a collection of palm leaves made impermeable to water, fire, and air, by some specific unknown process — is before the writer's eye."

These words open the proem of *The Secret Doctrine*, a monumental work from the pen of H. P. Blavatsky that is of the utmost practical



IN THE HALL OF COLUMNS, KARNAK, THEBES

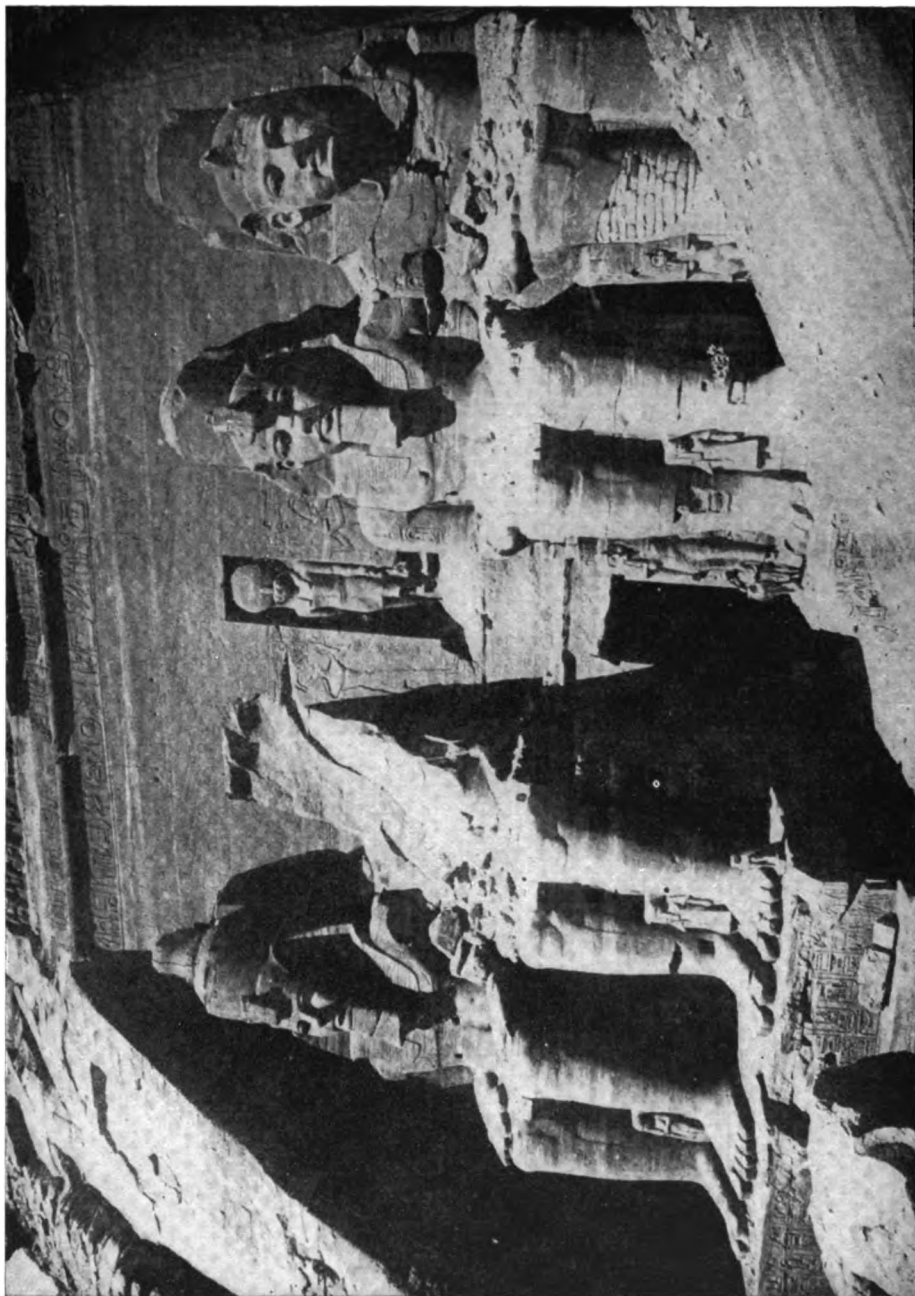
"And the imagination, which in Europe soars far above our porticos, arrests itself *and falls powerless* at the foot of the hundred and forty columns of the hypostyle of Karnak!"
—CHAMPOLLION, Quoted in *Isis Unveiled*: I, 523



COLONNADE IN THE TEMPLE OF LUXOR, THEBES

Lomeland Photo & Engraving Dept.

"What must have been the general aspect of Thebes in the days of its glory?" — *Isis Unveiled*, I, 523



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THE TEMPLE OF ABU SIMBEL, EGYPT

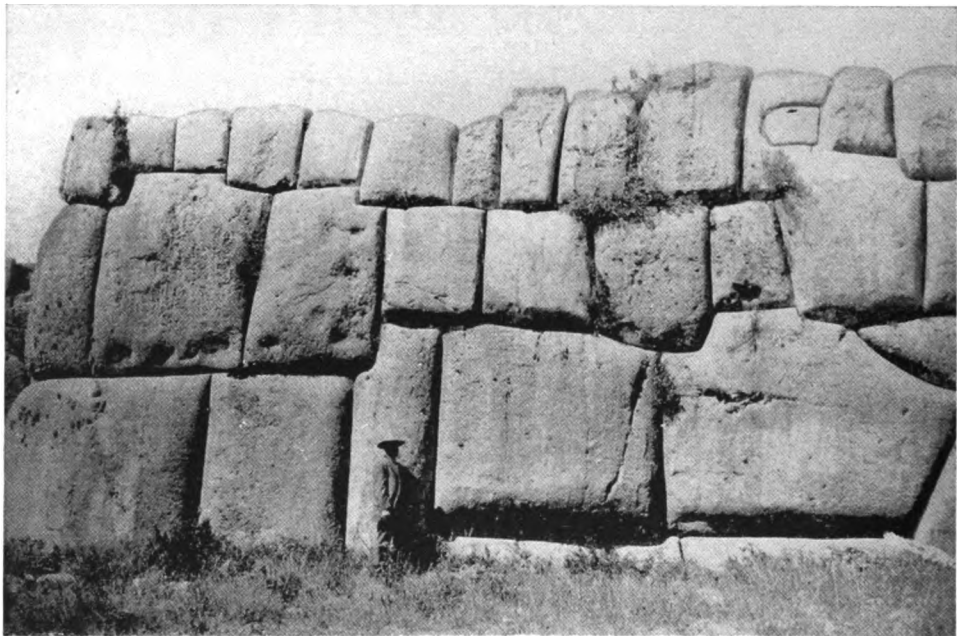
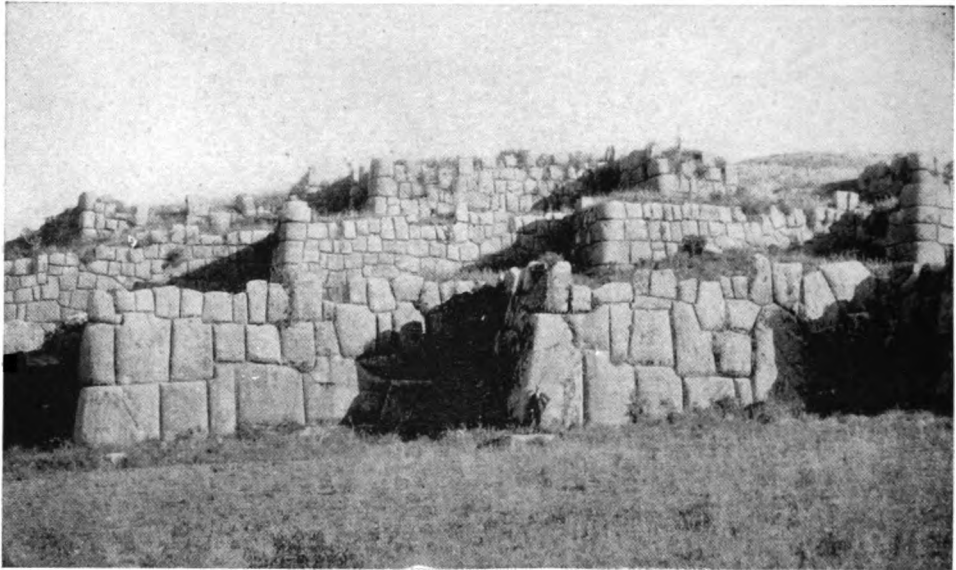
"Where, in our age, can we point to anything comparable to the rock-temples of Abu Simbel in Lower Nubia? There may be seen sitting figures seventy feet high, carved out of the living rock. . . . Beside such titanic sculpture our own seems that of pygmies." — *Isis Unveiled*, I, 542



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SCULPTURES IN THE TEMPLE OF ELEPHANTA, INDIA

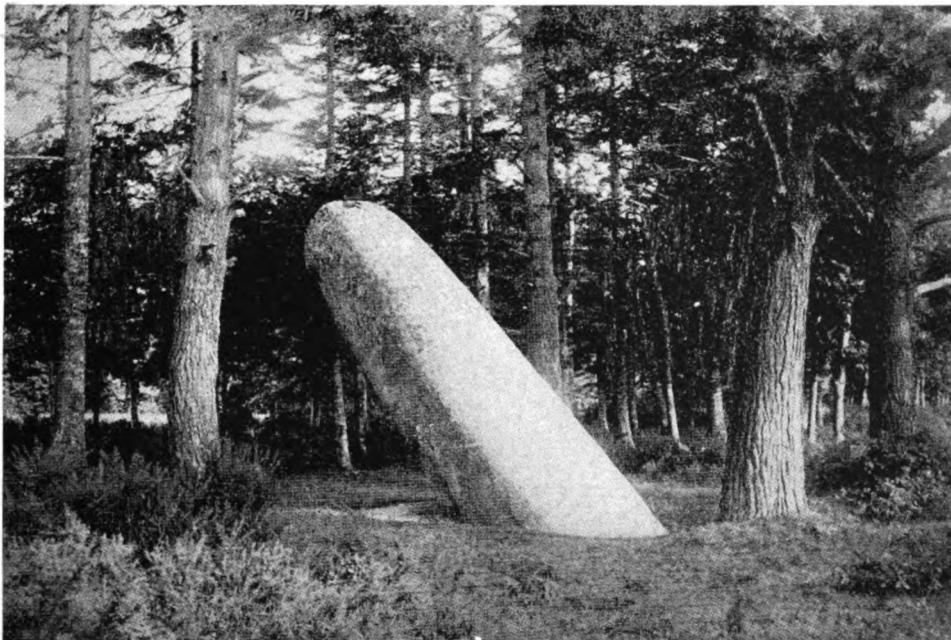
"The Temples of India, Egypt and Greece . . . are all the work of initiated Priest-Architects, the descendants of those primarily taught by the 'Sons of God,' justly called 'the Builders.'"— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 209, footnote



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TWO VIEWS OF FORTRESS WALL, SACSAHUAMAN, PERU

“Nevertheless, even the ‘Giants’ have not been left without their witnesses, and one may as well examine both sides of the question.”— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 278

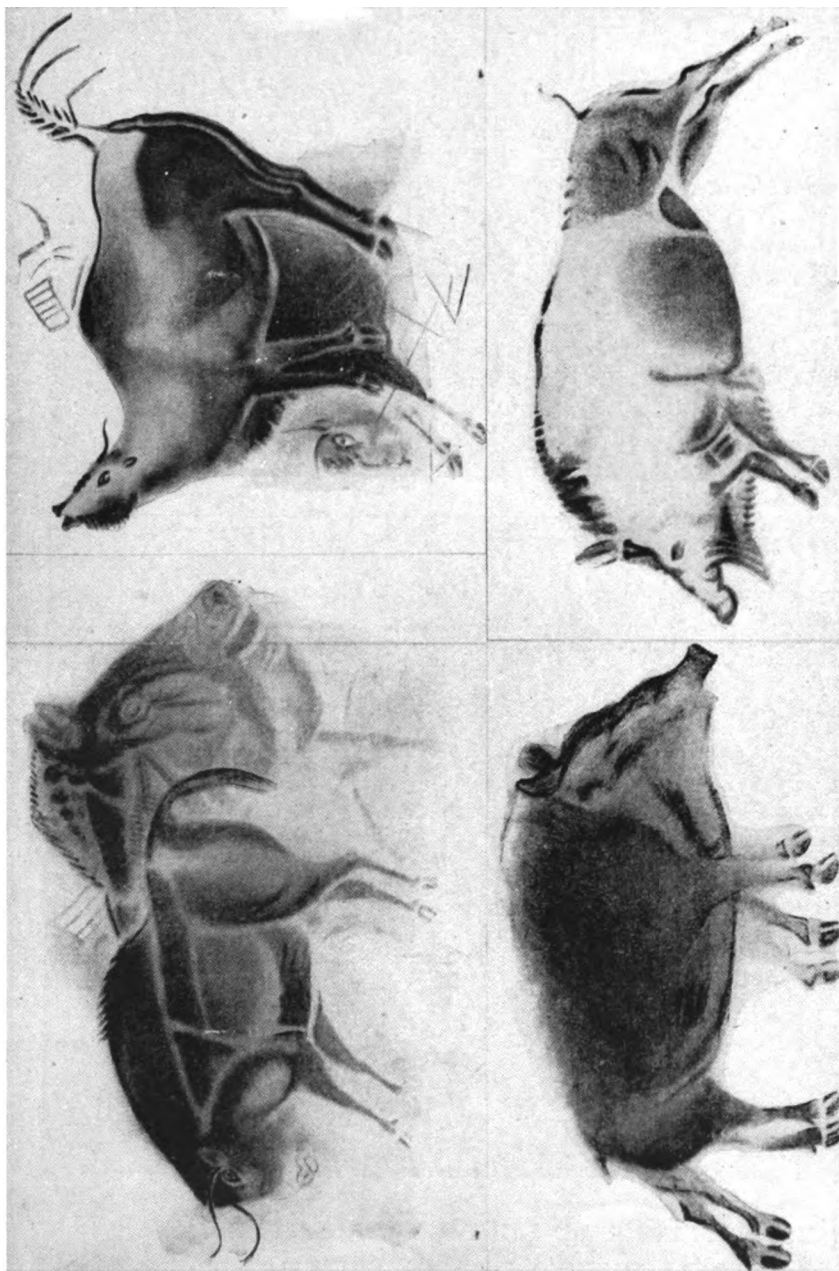


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(ABOVE) MENHIR DE SAINT-SAMSON, BRITTANY

(BELOW) CRUCUNO DOLMEN, BRITTANY

"The archaic records show the Initiates of the Second Sub-Race of the Aryan family moving from one land to another for the purpose of supervising the building of *menhirs* and *dolmens*. . . ."— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 750

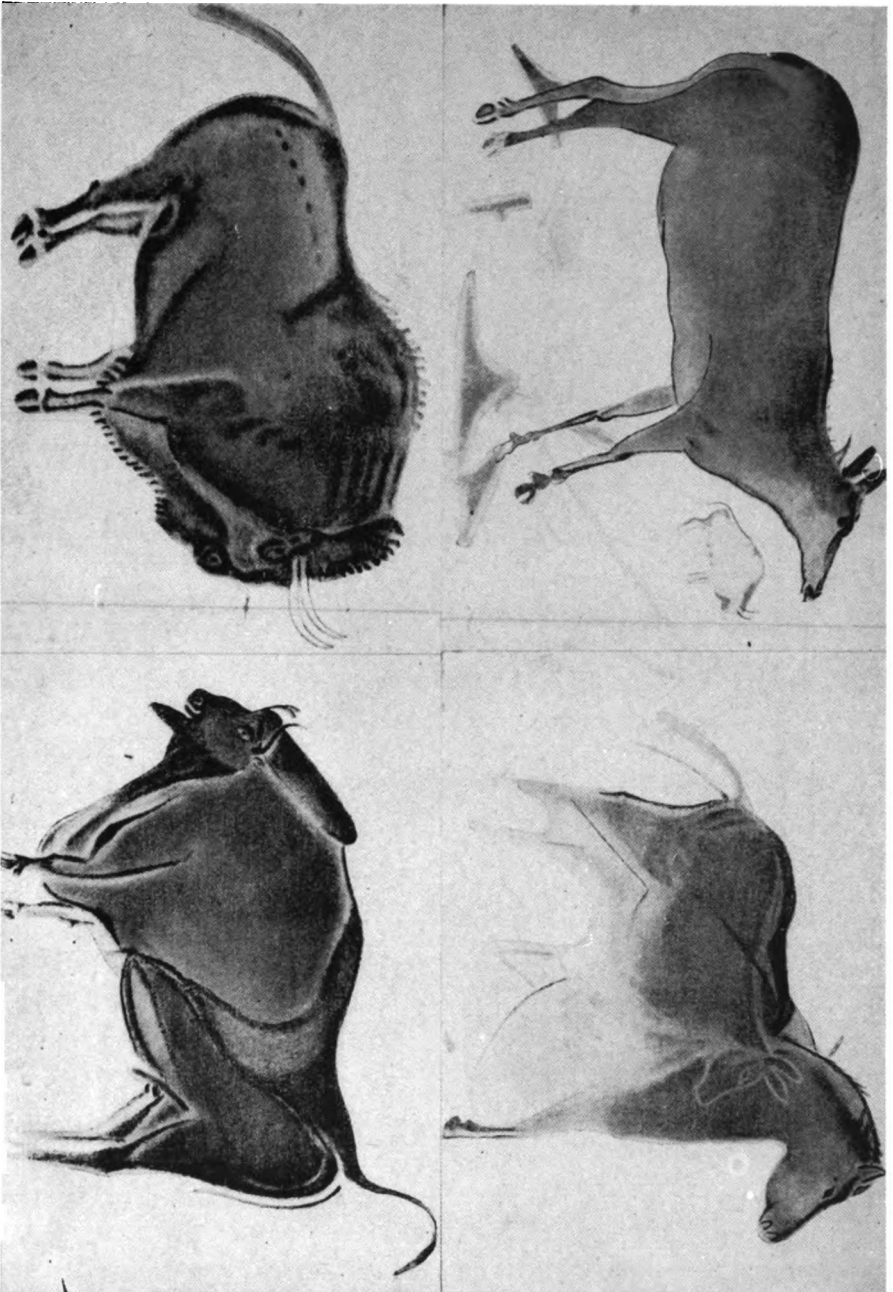


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PALAEOLITHIC CAVE-PAINTINGS — FROM THE ALTAMIRA CAVE NEAR SANTANDER, SPAIN

“Fine races were many of these European cave-men; the Cro-Magnon, for instance. . . . The artistic skill displayed . . . renders the hypothesis which regards them as approximations to the ‘pithecanthropus alalus’ — that very mythical Haeckelian monster — an absurdity. . . . We see in their skill in engraving a *gleam* of Atlantean culture *atavistically* re-appearing.” — *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 740

From plates in ‘La Caverne d’Altamira à Santillane’, by M. Emile Cartailhac and the Abbé Henri Breuil (*Imprimerie de Monaco*)

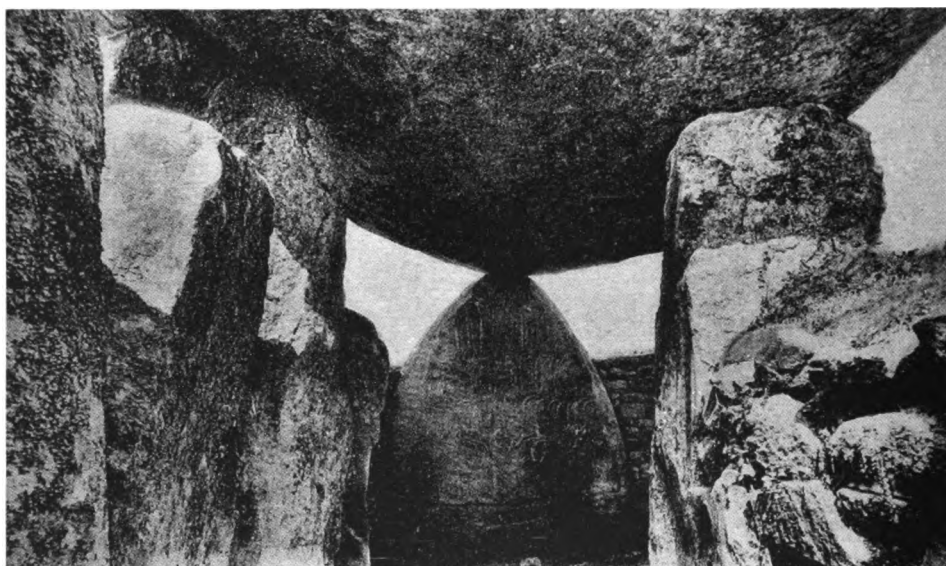


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EXAMPLES OF PALAEOLITHIC ART — FROM THE ALTAMIRA CAVE NEAR SANTANDER, SPAIN

"Man, if no older than the Palaeolithic period, could not possibly have had the actual time to get transformed from the 'Missing link' into what he is known to have been even during that remote geological time, *i. e.*, even a *finer specimen than many of the now existing races*." — *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 716-7

From plates in 'La Caverne d'Altamira à Santillane' by M. Emile Cartailhac and the Abbé Henri Breuil
(*Imprimerie de Monaco*)



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(ABOVE) THE 'MERCHANT'S TABLE,' LOCMARIAQUER, BRITTANY
(BELOW) UNDERNEATH THE 'MERCHANT'S TABLE'

"The modern archaeologist, though speculating *ad infinitum* upon the dolmens and their builders, knows, in fact, nothing of them or their origin. . . . They are built by 'no race of Dolmen Builders,' which *never existed*. . . save in the earlier archaeological fancy."— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 752-3

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value to the working archaeologist or student of the past. Published in two volumes of about 750 pages each, it is in the main a commentary upon the archaic manuscript referred to above, a writing of immense antiquity and, until H. P. Blavatsky made its existence known to the world, utterly unknown to the philologist, the archaeologist, or the antiquarian of modern science.

Isis Unveiled, an earlier master-work from the same pen, and largely devoted to an elucidation of fragments from the Wisdom of antiquity, with special reference to science and theology, also opens with a reference to "an old Book"—

"so very old that our modern antiquarians might ponder over its pages an indefinite time, and still not quite agree as to the nature of the fabric upon which it is written. It is the only original copy now in existence."

Under the title of *The Voice of the Silence*, another text of great antiquity was given to the world, in part,—being a translation by H. P. Blavatsky of fragments from a mystic work long lost sight of excepting in a very few secluded centers in the Orient. And in *The Secret Doctrine* reference is made to, and citations are made from, still another archaic and hitherto unknown script referred to as a 'Commentary.'

These manuscripts were not found by the digger's route nor in long-sealed tombs, but in the care of Custodians who had also in their possession many others. They were none the less a discovery, however, for that. Tischendorf found the script later named the *Codex Sinaiticus* in the care of custodians; so did Mrs. Nuttall the *Crónica de Nueva España*, and so have done many others. Nor was Mme. Blavatsky permitted to carry off these old scripts bodily — assuming that she had wished to do so — to exhibit to a gaping world. But there is nothing at all unusual to the archaeologist in that fact. Neither was Mrs. Lewis permitted to carry away from that old monastery in the Arabian Desert the long-lost script that now bears her name, the *Codex Ludovicus*, nor any of the other treasures found there by herself and her sister, in the various Syriac, Aramaic, Greek, and Hebrew texts which have shed so much light upon New Testament research. Indeed, that is coming to be quite the ordinary course.

But in certain respects the discoveries made by Mme. Blavatsky were unique. For one thing, the Custodians of them were not hired keepers nor were they illiterate monks, with just comprehension enough to preserve from destruction the treasures of learning which they had neither the wit nor the will to read. They were Teachers, great philosophers and humanitarians, in possession of wisdom of a spiritual kind and also stores of information which supplemented that found in the scripts themselves. It was in this fact, and not in the mere discovery of long obscured writings,

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that lay the consummation of long years of striving and search — a consummation one is thrilled to contemplate, which was entirely new in its nature so far as archaeology is concerned, and which held vast unborn possibilities.

Mme. Blavatsky became a disciple of these Teachers and studied with them and under their direction for several years. It was this which enabled her, later, to make accessible to the world certain portions of the Wisdom-Religion of antiquity and to write masterly commentaries upon it which gave to archaeology a long sought for and mighty synthesis, unparalleled in illumination and in scope. It is these commentaries that constitute in the main *The Secret Doctrine*, the one book which answers, or leads to the answers of, *all* of the great unanswered questions of archaeology today.

It was in these old scripts that Mme. Blavatsky sought and found not merely information as to the past, but that profound philosophy and knowledge of universal law that alone can illuminate the past. Hers was the classic method of great minds in respect to truth, but she pushed it to a greater conclusion, and she did this with no shadow of ulterior motive but solely for the benefits it would make possible to the world. Yet enemies of progress, when they have not accused Mme. Blavatsky of having 'invented' these old writings, have called her 'credulous' for believing that the ancients who wrote them were properly informed and were honest. Archaeologists should be the last to echo the latter criticism, certainly, for the founder of their own science, Winckelmann, came at his knowledge of the principles which made his work a classic and changed the whole trend of archaeological thought, very largely from a study of recovered scripts. His viewpoint was limited, however, while that of *The Secret Doctrine* is the entire world and the entire span of Time. More to the point, considering humanity's great spiritual need and the object of H. P. Blavatsky in giving these old texts to the public, she entered a world which modern science has not thus far cared to enter whole-heartedly: the world of spiritual laws, of man's spiritual nature, of true psychology, in short, of the Soul itself.

The Secret Doctrine is a book apart. It stands before us in an architecture of its own. No other book in the world is like it. None has been published since archaeology took its place among the sciences which is of such supreme archaeological importance. We say this without apology, for the book itself, which is its own best evidence, is open to examination. To state the plain truth, there is not a problem in the whole domain of archaeology, nor a single archaeological puzzle, which may not be referred to *The Secret Doctrine*, with not the chance merely but the certainty of finding (1) the specific information needed, or (2) keys, which need only

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to be turned in the lock, or (3) that living fire which rouses the intuition of the searcher and makes him see a light.

The Secret Doctrine contains the history of man's prehistory. It is the noblest advocate that antiquity can summon in the world of letters today. It gives an account of evolution and the destined path of the universe and of man that is stupendous in its content and overwhelming in its reach. And while it is true that the great design of the writer was to reconcile religion, science, and philosophy and to demonstrate their absolute harmony with each other to the degree that each approximates the truth; and while it is equally true that there is no department of life, conduct, morals, intellectual inquiry, nor any particular science or art that this book, supplemented by other writings from the same pen, does not throw light upon, it is a fact that more special attention is given in this book to questions of archaeology than to any other separate department of knowledge.

Mme. Blavatsky differed from the conventional archaeologist however in taking the archaic texts found by her in earnest. The principles they set forth seemed to her not propositions to be intellectually dissected, but guiding rules of life, and she set out to make the world so understand them.

The Secret Doctrine, therefore, is essentially spiritual in its import. Ethically it is supreme. Taken in connexion with *The Voice of the Silence*, a small devotional book, nothing nobler exists in any world-scripture; in some important respects nothing so exalted is to be found in any of the world-scriptures as we know them now in their exoteric form. The author's statement as to the nature and aim of this book is more useful than any summary could be, but for this we must refer the reader to the introductory portion of the book itself.

It was while in the Orient — not in India, by the way, but north of that land — that the old texts referred to reached Mme. Blavatsky's hand, and this as the reward of decades of steady search and striving towards one single definite end: spiritual growth and a selfless desire to benefit mankind. As she herself says in *Isis Unveiled*:

"When, years ago, we first traveled over the East, exploring the penetralia of its deserted sanctuaries, two saddening and ever-recurring questions oppressed our thoughts: *Where, WHO, WHAT, is GOD? Who ever saw the IMMORTAL SPIRIT of man, so as to be able to assure himself of man's immortality?*"

So that her method was a departure from the conventional one at the outset in respect to its motive. For the customary delving into sand or cavern-loam, the great Russian mystic substituted a digging down into the depths of character, into the mysteries of conscience and of mind: in a word, into the vast unknown regions of the Soul itself. It is a method

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whose first word is discipline, whose last is discipline, but whose reward is illumination. Yet the discipline demanded cannot be counted unarchaeological, for the trophies won in that science demand much in respect to self-denial. They are not won in easy chairs but out in the open of thought and action both, in a contest with deadly gases and foul airs, with heat and cold, with fever, privation, and fatigue — and with dogmatisms and outworn theories also, where intuition must be often the only guide. But H. P. Blavatsky, instead of groping blindly, with no clear idea of the goal and with only occasional glimpses of intuitional light, saw the goal clearly all the time and thus followed intuition understandingly. The discipline she accepted in such poverty of spirit was not of mind and body alone, but of the character, the moral life. It is the latter, declares Katherine Tingley, that alone can lead to the discovery of the more profound archaeological secrets — a new idea, it may be, but surely not to be disputed, for it is but an extension, after all, of the current view. Archaeologists should be the last to forget that the heresy of today may be the uncontroverted dogma of tomorrow.

Suffice it to say that from the beginning of her work, H. P. Blavatsky not only accentuated the spiritual viewpoint in archaeology, but in the first issue of her earliest-founded magazine she asserted her deep interest in archaeological research and contributed to its first volume, for the benefit in the main of Oriental readers, a masterly serial article on the prehistoric monuments of Peru. But more especially with respect to *The Secret Doctrine*, what answers does she give to questions of archaeology?

FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES THE KEY

As Mme. Blavatsky pointed out, the need of science today is not more data but a better use of the data already in hand. She is eminently right, for of what use is a multitude of garments to a shivering child if he does not know how to put any of them on? Or a carpenter's chest to one who has not found the use of his hands? Obviously, the need is not for more thigh-bones and cooking-pots so much as for a large, broad, philosophic view of antiquity as a whole and for increased light on origins *from a philosophic point of view*; for man really wants to find out who he is, what or where he came from, and what is his true place in the great evolutionary plan. Which brings the student of archaeology at once into the byways of philosophy, psychology, and religion, not to mention the enchanting and instructive paths of history. But why not? These paths do not lie in separate fields but palpably in one field; they cross and they recross; they often wind along side by side and even at times merge into one.

On the authority of the archaic texts in the main, supported by the

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evidence afforded by monuments of antiquity all over the world no less than by the mystical, unspoken confirmations of the human heart, H. P. Blavatsky declares that man is more than his body: that he is a Soul, a spark from the great Central Source of Life and Love and Light, that he existed before ever the mountains were brought forth or ever the earth was formed, that he is more antique than antiquity itself, and that his origin is to be sought in Divinity. "People have been looking for the missing link," she writes in the book which is the subject of this article, "*at the wrong end of the chain!*"

Man is not one but two. His body is, it is true, an animal something with its source in the material world, but his Spirit, the Real Man, deathless and imperishable and divine — *that* took its rise in Deity, the fount and source of things that do not die. So that man is seen to be twofold in his nature, god and animal in one, dual under every condition and throughout every age since that remote yet historic time when the Fire of Mind leaped up in him and he became complete man.

The Divinity of Man! It is this which is the central, eternal, tender thematic sequence running through the whole symphonic poem which the Wisdom of antiquity is. It is the key — let archaeology but do its part — which opens every lock; it is the quick, extended light; it is the inner, unifying, explanatory principle which the thinking mind will know intuitively as the guiding power in all life's real relations. It is the golden, Theosophic thread upon which hangs, like beads upon a string, all that is true in science, in art, in the law, in religion and in the great mythogonies of the world. To borrow a figure from the law, it is the sublime constitutional principle running through the entire code. And it is this recognition of man's divinity, first and foremost, that made it possible for Mme. Blavatsky to synthesize the results of archaeological research, and revise and extend the principles upon which the science is based.

Mme. Blavatsky asserted at the outset of her work the existence of a great body of wisdom-teaching: religion, science, and philosophy in one, which had existed intact during immemorial time, whose principles had been tested by the research of scholars during millenniums of a culture higher than any we know today, and which was once universally known and believed. The principles of this body of teaching are fundamental, and it is these which give the wider view of nature and of man which is the tantalizing lack in archaeology today. It stands to reason that one who would acquire this view should master these fundamentals, to a degree at least, before specific questions are taken up.

In any event, the inquiring archaeologist might try this way. A few have done so and have been amazed at the way in which new doors open in the dead wall of their difficulties. Whatever the result, one can be

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in no worse case than at present with the popular materialistic theories of man and nature for a foothold, for the discoveries contradict these right along. As Katherine Tingley and her students are still pointing out in the pages of Theosophical publications, the facts simply refuse to fit into the skeleton of theory that materialism in science has fashioned for them.

OUR ARCHAEOLOGICAL PUZZLES

FOR we have no end of them. Mankind even in the most remote periods was neither ape-related nor savage. His record of god-like civilization with its unexampled architecture, sublime literature and noble art,—now being revealed for our reading year by year, thanks to archaeological research and discovery—negatives the proposition right along. That savage remains are to be found at correspondingly early periods has nothing to do with the case, for as H. P. Blavatsky has pointed out, this proves no more than that savages existed, just as they do today, contemporaneously with cultured man. As she says in her writings on this subject:

“When the present population of the earth have disappeared, and some archaeologist belonging to the ‘coming race’ of the distant future shall excavate the domestic implements of one of our Indian or Andaman Island tribes, will he be justified in concluding that mankind in the nineteenth century was ‘just emerging from the Stone Age’?”—*Isis Unveiled*, I, 4.

“Or if the weapons of the Veddahs of Ceylon are found, will our descendants be justified in setting us all down as Palaeolithic savages?”—*The Secret Doctrine*, II, 723

Nor does evolution flow along in a straight line from lower to higher forms, from sea-slime to philosopher, from savagery to civilization. It flows on, but with alternate rises and falls, a recurrent ebb and flow. Finds are constantly being made whose stratigraphic position would place them (by the current view) at a stage of culture which their style, content, or the cranial measurements positively forbid. Natural selection and the survival of the fittest may be heralded as settled laws of life, but the discoveries of archaeology go dead against the supposition that they are; for these, taken as a whole, reveal a law of compassion and brotherliness, working in all ages in some degree but more especially in the remote past, and responsible for the great spiritual civilizations which were once built up under enlightened Teachers and Initiate-Kings and Queens.

Take the most puzzling case of all, that of man of the Old Stone Age, who complicates the stratigraphic test by being so inconsistent with himself. We may analyse the pigments he used and measure and label the few scraps he has left us of his bones; but can we explain *him*? Why was Palaeolithic man; who was he? What disconcerting things are his paintings, for instance! He must have been a ‘savage’ because he lived so long ago, and who but a savage would have endured to live as he did

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in a cave? But there is that art of his, so mature in its expression, so splendid in its technique, so thoughtful, so moving and alive. And then those Palaeolithic skulls: they simply will not stay where they are put, for the oldest of them, far from being the lowest in type, is quite likely to be the highest. There is our Cro-Magnon artist, with a cephalic index that makes the mummied head of Rameses II look almost degenerate. Here is a tangle for you, truly: great artists, living in caves with rheumatism, hyenas, and bears: abject 'savages' emerging only lately from apedom who yet, by the testimony of their art and the very bones they left behind, were tall, handsome, wonderfully brainy and inventive, and with a love for beauty in its majestic rather than sensuous aspects that has something to teach Greece and Egypt.

The tangle is unraveled and the seeming paradoxes are explained, however, under the light thrown upon the Old Stone Age by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*. The special races referred to — for the Old Stone Age had many types, even the negroid — were at the bottom of a long declivity down which they had let themselves slide in ages long past through lack of moral stamina and the brotherly life. Thrust by their own acts into the hard conditions of life in interglacial and postglacial Europe, "with the incubus of Atlantean Karma weighing heavily upon them," Palaeolithic man is shown to be taking not a necessary (excepting as his moral negligence made it so) nor yet a logical step in evolution, but traveling a by-path merely. His experience was a karmic foreclosure on a very large scale. He was in the condition of a bankrupt who, after dissipating his fortune in thriftless waste and folly, is thrown back to the foot of the ladder, to first principles as it were, and compelled under hard conditions to make a fresh start.

Palaeolithic man — the type of which we are speaking now, at least — was greater than his environment, far greater, but he was nevertheless forced by the 'stern schoolmaster, karmic law' to endure the rigors of a chill and unsettled land — and endure them in suffering, too, as his bones with their poor rheumatic joints abundantly testify — with no centers of culture conveniently near from which to draw supplies or comforts or help. Much as a naughty child might have to stand in a corner until some lesson is learned — for truly life has always been a school!

And he did learn his lesson, that Stone-Age man — at least individuals of those old stocks did, for such art as theirs could have sprung only from hidden wells of richness in the inner life — and the power of choice is man's under every condition. As a race he disappeared — how or when or why modern science does not know nor will archaeology hazard more than a guess — for Neolithic man who succeeded him is unrelated. But the soul of that race, we may be sure, its lesson learned, moved on.

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For the evidence in support of the Theosophic position at this point one must refer to *The Secret Doctrine*. In this work the evidence is marshaled and in a masterly way; and although, as Mme. Blavatsky herself said, full information is not and cannot yet be given on this and other points, there is no real gap in the chain. And the chaos in our theories is reduced to order when the great historic plan, embracing hundreds of millenniums, is seen. There comes a sublime broadening of one's spiritual view as life's great universal laws are seen to rise behind it all and mighty moral principles flash their signals from height to height: Karma, Reincarnation, the Law of Cycles, Brotherhood as a fact in nature, the Immortality of Man and the Divinity of the Soul, Compassion as the 'Law of Laws,' with Love as the great unfolding power in human life!

Take the next hard puzzle, the so-called 'rude stone monuments' of the world: the dolmens, menhirs, alinements, avenues, stone-circles, *allées couvertes* and *ouvertes*, 'graves of the giants,' tumuli enclosing dolmens, and the rest. Though found practically all over the world, those of Europe are the best known to us, and they dot a broad path which, roughly, stretches from the Baltic to the Mediterranean and a little beyond.

Modern science has exhausted itself in an effort to decide what race erected or could have erected these largely Cyclopean structures. No 'race' built them, says H. P. Blavatsky, who devotes considerable space in *The Secret Doctrine* to vanquishing the modern theory that they were the work of any 'race,' savage or enlightened either one. They may have been used by the Druids and doubtless some of them were; and such structures probably have been used by various peoples for one thing or another as the centuries passed. Crucuno Dolmen in Brittany, for example, was used as a cow stable for nobody knows how long, and quite a few of these monuments are used as sources of income by enterprising moderns upon whose 'property' they stand. Others have been used as sources of building-stone and partly destroyed. But neither the cows nor the people who milk them nor the people who charge for a sight of the monuments are necessarily the builders. "They are not Druidic," says H. P. Blavatsky, "but universal," and she adds that they were built by great Teachers and "are all symbolic records of the world's history."

This has not only a profound archaeological meaning, but a profound philosophic meaning as well. What if Europe *were* united once, so that snakes might crawl from Picardy to the Thames or rhinoceroses graze now on the sedge of the Nile and again on the bracken of the Somme? But if it can be shown — as H. P. Blavatsky does show it — that along the broad path bridging what is now Gibraltar and the blue sea, Wise Men and Wise Women once traveled from ancient and cultured Africa to new and struggling Europe, to give of their knowledge and help and to leave

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for future ages an imperishable testimony to their presence and their power, *what of that?* New light comes in at once. The whole panorama of history undergoes a broadening, a stupendous change. And such great Instructors did go, say the archaic teachings, sounding keynotes of culture all along the way, founding centers of Mystery-instruction where they could, and leaving the undying record of this work in those colossal structures before which history stands silent and which archaeology cannot explain.

According to H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, traveling Initiate-teachers founded centers of spiritual instruction in this wise all over the world, and the great misunderstood monuments which they reared were places of initiation or mystery-teaching for those who would qualify to receive what these Teachers had to give. They were "of both sexes," to quote Mme. Blavatsky again; they are immortalized in all the mythogonies of the world; to contemplate them brings us to the sublimest and most mystical of the Theosophical tenets, the descent of the "Sons of Light" and the passing on by them to evolving humankind of the Fire of Mind; they have never left humanity from the hour of that bequest to wander without aid. Incarnating from age to age to carry on this work of sublime compassion, they are the persecuted Saviors, the 'Re-descended' of all time. A volume could be written on this one tenet and the last word not be said, and in fact a large part of *The Secret Doctrine* is devoted, directly and indirectly, to it.

Today, the bare suggestion of 'Divine Dynasties' or 'Divine Instructors' makes dogmatism shudder and materialism scoff. But the ancient truth is worthy of being pondered over, and so we may be forgiven for quoting the following passage from the *Prometheus Bound* of Aeschylus — who knew the old teaching of the Mystery-schools, of which one still existed, Eleusis, in his day. He gives the picture perfectly and says, (Prometheus speaking):

"But let me tell you — not as taunting men,
But teaching you the intention of my gifts,
How, first beholding, they beheld in vain,
And hearing, heard not, but like shapes in dreams
Mixed all things wildly down the tedious time,
Nor knew to build a house against the sun
With wicketed sides, nor any woodwork knew,
But lived like silly ants, beneath the ground,
In hollow caves unsunned. . . .
Until I taught them how the stars do rise
And set in mystery, and devised for them
Number, the inducer of philosophies,
The synthesis of Letters, and beside,
The artificer of all things, Memory,
That sweet Muse-mother. . . ." (Trans. by Elizabeth Barrett Browning)

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SYMBOL AND MYTH IN ARCHAEOLOGY

OF especial value to the archaeologist are the writings of H. P. Blavatsky on symbolism. The second part of the first volume of *The Secret Doctrine* is entirely devoted to "The Evolution of Symbolism," and a portion of the second to "The Archaic Symbolism of the World-Religions."

Now what is more perplexing to the student of antiquity, especially if of a mystical turn of mind, than symbols for which he has no key? Yet they are ever with him, a very Tantalus-cup, from which he would, but cannot, drink. And symbols are important things, for as philosophy has always pointed out, they have the power to confer knowledge which cannot be imparted, as also it cannot be preserved inviolate, in any other way; and they are a means by which certain truths are made immediately available to those who are qualified to receive them, and yet withheld from those who are not. Our numerals, for instance, mean nothing to a savage whose mathematical requirements are satisfied by a notched stick, while they may open worlds of speculation and discovery to the gifted *civilisé*. A page of musical notation may mean avenues of spiritual uplift or intellectual challenge to the accomplished musician, but nothing whatsoever to one whose tom-tom fills every emotional need. Carlyle expresses it better and suggests something more when he says:

"Of kin to the so incalculable influences of concealment, and connected with still greater things, is the wondrous agency of Symbols. In a Symbol there is concealment and yet revelation; here, therefore, by Silence and Speech acting together, comes a double significance. . . . The infinite is made to blend with the finite, to stand visible, and, as it were, attainable there."

And symbols are to be found everywhere in the relics of antiquity, on temple and crypt and stone, written in the very lines of the architecture in many cases, so that obviously new doors must open before one who can possess himself of the keys to their meaning. But H. P. Blavatsky makes it clear that in order to possess these keys the student must qualify, a requirement that means more under Theosophy, however, than in studies pursued in the colleges and universities of the world. There is an ancient aphorism which reads, "As the lesser mysteries precede the greater, so also must discipline precede philosophy," and it is the Theosophical contention that real knowledge of spiritual things must be preceded by discipline of the life. Any other procedure is fatal. Which goes to show the soundness of the view held by Katherine Tingley, and by H. P. Blavatsky and William Q. Judge before her: that archaeology cannot be separated from philosophy, for philosophy is indispensable if one essays to make over the life.

Which brings us to another phase: the puzzling universality of symbols. On this point modern science has little to offer beyond vague or contradictory hypotheses. One explanation, coming from the ranks of

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erudition, is that these developed spontaneously, as did also the legends and myths so closely associated with them. But there is the obstinate historical fact that races or tribes left to themselves for the considerable periods assumed to be necessary to furnish them with spontaneously generated legends, symbols, etc., deteriorate, and far from acquiring more of these, end by losing what they had in the first place.

The fact is, the symbols, legends, allegories, and myths that it so bothers us to explain as we meet them duplicating each other in the most diverse eras and most widely-separated lands, sprang from one great central source. They exist today because they were recognised by man as among his most priceless possessions, and were clung to and cherished by him through all vicissitudes and throughout millenniums of time.

Yes, a great central source and in the Golden Age of mankind; for there once was a Golden Age, when mankind lived as members of one great spiritual family, walked and talked with the Gods, their Teachers, and revered one universal Wisdom-Religion — the Doctrine of the Heart. This may be called a theory, but if we will turn to the archaic teachings — reflected in every world mythogony and every Bible and finding in every open heart a secret confirmation — and particularly if we will test the theory by the challenge of some of the puzzles of archaeology, we cannot but conclude that it may be called a truth without much strain on the imagination.

Just as H. P. Blavatsky said would be the case, archaeological discoveries being made from year to year are confirming the principles enunciated by her and in some cases approaching her interpretations. Logically, however, for the plan she submitted from the vast storehouse of ancient Wisdom contains, as Katherine Tingley has pointed out, place and provision for every new fact; and gradually, as the world of science makes a more acknowledged use of the material which she left, we shall see the jumble and chaos now so apparent in some directions reduced to beauty and order.

But more than all else, this great Theosophist shows the student of antiquity how to decipher that sacred and mystical document which he who runs may *not* always read: the constitution of the moral world by whose divine and immemorial laws all lesser laws must be measured and by whose decrees they stand or fall — laws enforced by sanctions that are none the less imperative because the springs of their action are obscure. For she opens to the open mind the empire of antiquity: no five or six thousand years, nor even mere hundreds of millenniums, but Time itself, wherein the only sovereignty is the sovereignty of the Soul. She leads the student into that diviner world where one's own real Self stands rooted; where the scheme of evolution is seen to be founded on universal

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law. She discloses man's long life-history as unfolding itself in accordance with a divine plan, a plan which is responsive and relevant to the diviner Self in man, for it was that Self which presided when the great plan had its birth.

Katherine Tingley has declared from the first that archaeology could not be separated from philosophy. But in spite of more or less conflict and chaos in the archaeological field, there is every reason for optimism, for pioneer minds are already turning to the philosophic view, and the cycle trends that way. As H. P. Blavatsky wrote over forty years ago:

"The moment is more opportune than ever for the review of old philosophies. Archaeologists, philologists, astronomers, chemists, and physicists are getting nearer and nearer to the point where they will be forced to consider them. Physical science has already reached its limits of exploration; dogmatic theology sees the springs of its inspiration dry. Unless we mistake the signs, the day is approaching when the world will receive the proofs that only ancient religions were in harmony with nature, and ancient science embraced all that can be known. Secrets long kept may be revealed; books long forgotten and arts long time lost may be brought out to light again; papyri and parchments of inestimable importance will turn up in the hands of men who pretend to have unrolled them from mummies, or stumbled upon them in buried crypts; tablets and pillars, whose sculptured revelations will stagger theologians and confound scientists, may yet be excavated and interpreted. Who knows the possibilities of the future? An era of disenchantment and rebuilding will soon begin — nay, has already begun. The cycle has almost run its course; a new one is about to begin, and the future pages of history may contain full evidence, and convey full proof, that

'If ancestry can be in aught believed,
Descending spirits have conversed with man,
And told him secrets of the world unknown.'"



"LOOKING at the boasted nineteenth century civilization, it is a question whether it has really so much to be proud of; willing and waiting as it is to war with some weaker nation, often for some little piece of territory. America is said to be working for liberty. Its organizations for the accomplishment of this purpose number more than the creeds that are begotten of the mis-interpretation of the teachings of the Nazarene."— KATHERINE TINGLEY

"IN working the changes we purpose there is little to build upon but the hope of immortality. There is something that cannot be proven; we must grasp it and live it. If we could express in our lives the positive qualities of an immortal being we could teach more than the gospels of the greatest teachers. We have been taught to look outside ourselves for spiritual support. We are spiritual cripples. It will take the voice of a God to awaken the people."— KATHERINE TINGLEY

PRAYER IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

T. HENRY, M. A.

IT is natural that the inquirer whose acquaintance with Theosophy is as yet imperfect should offer objections which a further study would show to be groundless; and it is a good way of explaining Theosophy to consider such objections and show how they are removed.

It has sometimes been alleged by those to whom Theosophy is yet new that its teachings will do away with prayer; but a closer acquaintance will prove that Theosophy not only does not abolish prayer but actually enhances its importance.

At the outset of our remarks we may call attention to a certain implication that is contained in this objection, and which we propose to call in question before accepting it implicitly. It would seem that we are required to assume that prayer is a most vital and important function in the life of our present civilization; and that any doctrine which should threaten to abolish or discourage this institution would be seriously menacing the welfare of that civilization. But this we may take leave to doubt; for though there doubtless are many earnest people who pray often and devotedly, we fear that the same cannot be said of the generality. This is hardly a praying age. Consequently the objection seems to make a mountain out of a mole-hill, and would have more force if we could feel confident that prayer were such a vital issue as is implied. Leaving this point aside, however, we may say at once that Theosophy is far more the champion than the assailant of prayer; and that, in view of the actual state of our customs, such championship is badly needed. Thus we have reversed the situation; for now it is Theosophists who are upholding prayer, as against people in general, for whom prayer is fast becoming an almost negligible quantity.

It must surely be the experience of many Theosophists, who passed into Theosophy from the affiliations and beliefs of the churches, that they have felt no break of continuity in the habit of prayer throughout the process of transition. The common factor all through has been the sense of a power superior to the personality and to the brain-mind, which orders our lives and is the repository of that Wisdom whose influence we feel guiding us, but which we cannot grasp and formulate. Hence, despite the infirmities of belief and the defect of knowledge, the act of prayer may always contain that element of sincere aspiration which defines its true nature. Theosophy does not abolish prayer; it merely clarifies it.

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H. P. Blavatsky has written a good deal about this in *The Key to Theosophy*, pointing out chiefly that the act of praying may vary by many degrees from a selfish yearning to a pure unselfish aspiration for good, and that it is the motive which makes the main difference between the two extremes. It is evident that in this H. P. Blavatsky is in full accord with all earnest and sincere religious people, whatever their creed; for who would deny that a selfish prayer is an abuse of our privilege; and that, if we expect to approach the source of light, we must do so with a pure heart?

Is there anything in Theosophy which precludes or even in the least discourages the idea of prayer? Far from it. What more than Theosophy insists on the higher nature of man as a living reality; what more urgently than Theosophy bids us recognise and cherish this higher nature, summoning it to our aid in our doubts and difficulties, yielding up our fond notions and shortsighted schemes to its calmer and juster wisdom?

We feel that, beyond our personality, which is so insignificant in the scheme of things, so frail and uncertain in its action, there must be a greater and sublimer Self, wherein resides knowledge and wisdom, strength and surety. In times when, conscious of our weakness, disgusted with our errors, we aspire to see a clearer light, to act with a juster aim, *we are then praying*, truly and sincerely; and our prayer will surely reach some fount of light and help, whence will flow down to us the healing waters. Nor again will any religious person differ from us in declaring that this light and help will not probably take the form of indulgence to our fond desires. But this is merely saying that the prayer is answered — that the supplicant receives what he asks; for he has asked for what is right, not for what is pleasant.

He who sincerely believes that he is here on earth for the purpose of fulfilling *duties* that transcend his mere personal desires; and who before retiring reviews the faults and follies of the day, realizing how far he has deviated from his best ideals, and earnestly desiring to see his path clearer the next day along lines of duty rather than of self-interest; — such a one may be said to offer prayer in the true sense. He does not presume to limit the divine power and wisdom by creating in his imagination a graven image and endowing it with human faults. He harbors in his bosom no prejudice which would prevent him from associating with himself in his act of devotion the adherent of alien creeds or the professed infidel, provided that they too were moved by the same spirit of recognition of a greater wisdom and a higher duty. The sectarian element is removed from prayer by Theosophy.

It seems clear that a person attempting to pray with a selfish motive is intensifying the force of his own desires; and, if desires are attractive

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forces that tend to produce results, he may bring upon himself certain things that will not prove to his advantage. For one thing, he does not know what is best for him; and for another thing, his desires will be in conflict with those of other selfish people, and in the resulting confusion he may get something different from what he expected. This shows the danger of praying for any specific object; we can only pray rightly for light and help and for whatever is right and best. If we mentally define an object, we limit ourselves.

It has often been said that prayer, like the smoke of a sacrifice, may ascend to heaven or fall back upon earth according to its quality and the direction given to it. We may well imagine that our prayers pass through a natural filtering process, which permits only the winged portions to ascend, while the grosser elements fall back. Perhaps admission to the source of light requires a password that can only be heard and answered when uttered from a pure heart.

It is easy to say that prayer is not answered; and just as easy to say that it always is answered. If apparently unanswered, the reason may be that what we thought was prayer was something else — mere personal longing. Or it may be that the answer, while real and sure, was not in accordance with our own plans and hopes. It may even be claimed that prayer answers itself by a sure and unfailing law. For he who reflects earnestly and sincerely on his weaknesses, aspiring to wisdom, actually by that very deed clears away many veils from his mind, lifts burdens from his heart, and enters self-admitted to a realm where the light is brighter and the path more clear.

It is well known that Jesus enjoins us not to make of prayer a vain ceremony, but to ask in our hearts for wisdom and guidance. Theosophy says the same. All can do this — all who have the desire for more light and guidance. In Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* the hero cannot pray because he has cut himself off from the source of interior light by a transgression against the voice of mercy and justice. But as soon as he has done an unselfish deed of mercy, he wins back the power to pray. What is the lesson here? That, to escape the network of forces created by our desires and follies, it is necessary to follow another incentive, to act from a different motive. We must perform duties, fulfil obligations; and thus we enter a clearer light and fulfil a higher law of our nature.

Disgust with life is not a reason for despair, it is an opportunity. It is an indication that we have been on a wrong tack, and an invitation to go on another and better one. This "sorry scheme of things," which we long to "mold closer to the heart's desire," is but the result of mistakes that are our own and can be amended.

Let us beware, however, that, in seeking to eliminate our selfish desires,

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we do not merely change their form and substitute more grandiose but still selfish desires. Such a danger assails the solitary recluse, and is best avoided by wholesome intercourse and comradeship in useful work. "The selfish devotee lives to no purpose." Man's nature completes its expression in acts; hence prayer fulfils itself in action. A state of sanctity and self-approbation might well be considered as hard a burden to be borne as any other, and will in the end prove so. It is not that we wish to deck and adorn our personality, but rather to escape from its importunities.

Prayer may be defined (among other ways) as a search for the fountain of good within our own nature — remembering that the same fountain of good lies also at the base of all human nature and can be no private possession. This last thought will prevent self-righteousness — a glorified selfishness. He who prays does not try to assume an ecstatic posture of the mind, or to abase himself before some imagined presence; but he renews in his heart his best ideals and resolves, reviews his failures, and seeks the way to avoid them in the future. In that way he frees his mind for the time from the obsession of his thoughts and emotions, and gives an opportunity for the better and brighter side of his nature to express itself.

Many people have given up the habit of prayer because they have ceased to believe in its efficacy. They do not see the use of it. Theosophy therefore is for them the champion of prayer, giving them a reason for renewing it. Theosophy proclaims that there is real efficacy in pure and sincere aspiration, but that we must not limit ourselves by hard and fast dogmas nor permit a selfish element to enter into our aspirations.

Everyone knows that ignorant people will pray to some fetish for a selfish advantage or for victory over a foe; but it is not sufficiently realized that this is just what many other people, believing themselves more enlightened, do when they pray, both in private and in public. Such prayers as these can never ascend to the fount of light or bring back anything of real help to the devotee. They amount to a mere ceremony for intensifying the selfish will of those engaged, whether individuals or nations praying against other nations. And perhaps those ancient peoples who supplicated their national and tribal deities differed from ourselves rather in frankness than in other respects. Do we wish our prayers to figure as mere acts of black magic, designed to fortify our personal will against the general welfare?

It is interesting to observe how the ideas which we have inherited from a long and various ancestry are mingled in the institutions of the existing civilization. It is not easy to point out any essential difference between the ceremony of public prayers for rain and a ceremonial invocation of Jupiter Pluvius. The appeal is not for light and guidance but

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for a specific object; it might be profanely described as an attempt at rain-making. Our public prayers for victory have been sufficiently characterized by other writers and need no further comment here. If asked to suggest a way in which public prayer could rightly be offered, one would be inclined to reply that probably our very attempts to accomplish such a result would defeat our object, and that the real object would be achieved by the silent unconscious aspiration that would proceed from the hearts of a number of people united in some noble and unselfish undertaking.

Medicine is for the sick; the well have no need for it. The more we are ill, the more is medicine in evidence. How does this apply to prayer? Well, there is certainly a connexion between prayer and sinners. The thought suggested here is that perhaps the attitude of prayer, like the attitude of health, is a natural condition, and not an artificial state to be kept up by the use of artificial aids. In other words, perhaps the man who prays is not so much trying to climb to some heavenly pinnacle as seeking to regain his natural place, from which he has fallen. In this case we should pray, not for something to be given to us, but for something to be taken away; like the sick man whose idea of health is not the receiving of some vital elixir but the removing of some disease. Thus prayer would become the aspiration for a pure heart, an unclouded mind, and a clean life.

Is it necessary to say anything about the well-known adage that "he prays best who best acts": as illustrated by the fable of the man who prayed to Hercules instead of putting his own shoulder to the wheel? Self-reliance, in the true sense of the word — reliance on the real Self, not on its reflexion, the personal self — is an essential element in prayer. This element is lacking in the man who prays to a fetish, whether physical or mental, or to a horoscope or a ouija board. If an aspiration does not result in corresponding action, it is a sign that something has gone wrong at the start. Here is another pitfall to avoid: that of drifting into an easy compact with the 'devil,' by which he will permit us to do the praying, so long as he is at liberty to do the acting. Prayer does not mean merely quieting your conscience and making your mind easy.

In conclusion, then, it is evident that Theosophy inculcates prayer in the best sense of the word, and that what Theosophy eschews is merely the various misuses of prayer as explained above.



"WE should not become so absorbed in the little achievement of today as to render it impossible for us to receive the key to the wider knowledge of the future.— KATHERINE TINGLEY

THE STEMMING OF THE TIDE

GERTRUDE VAN PELT, M. D.

IN that wonderful ancient book of wisdom, the *Bhagavad-Gitâ*, there is a passage from Krishna which runs thus:

"I produce myself among creatures . . . whenever there is a decline of virtue and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world; and thus I incarnate from age to age for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness."

This refers to the great tide of spiritual life, following upon the volcanic eruption of evil. One might say also stirring it, and forcing it to the light of day. The great tides rise at their appointed time and place. One who knows how and where to look, can see them far back in the mists of the past like mighty outbursts of inexhaustible life, breaking over human minds, cleansing and invigorating them. The corruption and refuse, the acids of hate, the deathly poisons of selfishness with which men saturate every layer of brain-consciousness they touch, lie relatively near the surface and are with inexorable justice thrown out. Then come terrible disturbances of all kinds; wars, famines, unbelievable cruelties. That which in the past was inhuman thoughts, becomes inhuman acts. Suffering blinds the eyes. The light of the soul is lost. Many doubt that it will ever again be found, and heavy, numbing despair settles over their minds. Yet behind this noxious tide which seems to emanate from the depths of hell, is the great tide of life, exhaustless, unfathomable, exhilarating, and certain to rise, in comparison with which the other is a mere boiling on the surface. It is Krishna, personating here the spirit behind all, more fully incarnating in human minds: Krishna, upon whose presence life depends, who sustains the universe, and whose home on this earth is in the hearts of men.

Everyone should lie open for the coming of *this* tide, that it may rise in unobstructed fullness in his own heart. Nothing but ignorance, delusion, insanity, could oppose or disregard it, for that would mean a painful course of self-destruction. But the tide we have to *stem* is the tide of evil, and it should be stemmed not by blocking it up, but by neutralizing it. It has always been gathering and periodically breaking forth with violence, sweeping not only over the lands of earth in ruthless destruction, but over the lives and hearts of men, leaving them bitter, cruel, bereft of the sweet, pure feeling which really belongs to them. Such an eruption this generation has just witnessed. Apparently its fury is not yet spent. Some fondly hoped the war would purify, but such

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has never been the effect of war. The child of war is more war. It arouses and sustains mutual, crushing disbelief in human nature. It brutalizes the finer feelings. It is the last expression of unbrotherliness, and cannot by any sophistries be represented as an advantage to humanity. Glorious things appear in the general upheaval, of course. Great souls come to the front and shine all the more gloriously against the dark background. But, also, fierce and terrible passions are aroused; merciless wounds are inflicted; disappointments follow hopes; aspirations are wiped out by despair; dazed, amazed, bewildered, thousands wander, easy victims to the ghoul of ferocious selfishness which stalks over the earth. It is inevitable that an upheaval such as we have witnessed, should bring to the surface buried treasures. They belong to the divinity in man and can never be lost; but it brings also buried passions — the results of little sins which have been covered as the ages have gone, by mock pieties, by suavities, policy, or one of the thousand forms of insincerities which everyone knows — and great crimes such as burning thoughts of revenge, cunning greed, and the whole hateful brood of selfishness.

Storms like this do not gather over night, nor during the life of a generation, nor a nation, nor even in historical times. Indeed, Madame Blavatsky traces the tendencies of today back to old Atlantean days. We have had high tides periodically, as said, and as history shows; that is, great epochs when the forces which set in motion the old order are exhausted; when new impulses are born and races of men enter into new conditions. They are a sign of life. In themselves, they bring only blessings. They are the process by which old forms are broken and new ones built up for greater experiences. They are natural, healthy tides which lift from glory to glory. The seeming disasters are due to the millions upon millions of barriers that have been thrown into the current during all the moments since the last great tide. We might call them unfinished works which gather, becoming more and more dangerous, and ready at any time to be ignited into a terrible conflagration of human passions. For the real work of human beings is not the manipulating of physical atoms. These furnish only the means. It is rather the gaining of the mastery of self and of the elements of life; the establishing of harmony within and then without. Every least event is an opportunity for the only real growth. An unfriendly thought or act from another, is one of these. The work to be done, is so to meet this evil that it is transmuted. An enemy then becomes a friend. But this work is for the most part shirked, and thrown into the great heap of the world's unbalanced accounts. The enemy becomes a greater enemy, and the one who added to his disorder, moves on to his next mistake.

Who has not done his part toward creating confusion and unrest?

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Is any soul guiltless? Age after age, incarnation after incarnation, have been cast into earth's atmosphere, thoughts of every kind that make for disintegration, for selfishness, for degradation and degeneracy. The mental air is poisoned with such stuff. We have acquired and bequeathed all down the centuries bodies permeated with disease. It is difficult in these days to find a really healthy body, which will last to its natural term. Doctors and officials were appalled during the late recruiting to discover the actual physical condition of the race. The poverty in this rich civilization is unbelievable. It is stated that seventy-five per cent. of the births in some cities in the United States are of indigent parents. It is not likely that a world average would give a better figure. The National Association for the study of epilepsy announced that there is one epileptic for every four hundred people in the United States. The numbers of prisons, and increasing and more debasing crimes, have been so often commented on that the mind grows callous to their significance. The New York City estimates of drug habitués have doubled in a period of months to 200,000. It is believed there are from one million five hundred thousand to five million addicts in this country. Only ten per cent. of cocain production is used legitimately. The remainder is corrupting for the most part boys and girls of from seventeen to twenty-two years.

It is difficult to realize one's personal responsibility for this state of things. In fact, without the teachings of the old Wisdom-Religion about life, it would be impossible. But when one knows of all the lives behind him right here on this globe, and knows that no one can live without exerting an influence on the trend of life; that the souls who are here now are the same that have been coming again and again; that heart-life is in a way common soil, absorbing mental deposits as water absorbs and spreads its ingredients; and when one adds to this the knowledge that all are every moment, willingly or unwillingly, consciously or otherwise, contributing their quotas to create the powerful controller of events, known as 'public feeling,' then we cannot escape the belief that we have a causal relation to present conditions. It may seem that if one lives quietly at home, taking no part in public activities, then the blame can be shifted upon the shoulders of those who do. But the old teaching shows that it is what one *is* that really shapes events, and national and race issues are in truth decided by the composite man, as world events by the composite nation.

There are always abundant evidences that things are going wrong. It does not need a great prophet to see that sooner or later some violent general disturbance must take place. It is the same in the physical body. Disease hints of its presence long before it becomes threatening. There are little ebullitions of the virus, and then a return of calm. They grow

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more frequent, more general, more various, for the life-forces work always for harmony. It is in the human body as in the great world. Slight manifestations first; the innocent disorder termed 'a cold' appears. Poisons are thrown off and relative health returns. Then perhaps more frequent colds, more serious conditions follow, which means that the organism is making more strenuous efforts to purify and re-establish health. The more vigorous the constitution, the more energetic will be the symptoms. The very weak will fade away with mild ones. There is no tide of health for them. The destroyers have the upper hand. For it is a fight between the builders and destroyers; illness meaning an arousing to action on the part of the former to rid the system of the poisons which have been allowed to gather there through the ignorance, mistakes, and sins of the ego who should have guarded against them. The final result each time depends upon which side comes out of the battle the stronger and the subsequent history depends upon which of the two is reinforced by the man who inhabits that body.

There are two ways of meeting disease, namely, taking it at an advantage, or disadvantage. Most people choose the latter. They follow their desires of a lower, selfish order, consider the immediate physical comfort of the first importance; or strain and overtax their forces with a reckless disregard for the future. Then perhaps comes one or more of the inevitable occurrences of life — an unusual exposure, an emotional strain, an extra push of work, perhaps a genuine injury to the body or one of those apparent conspiracies of circumstances to converge upon a single individual a host of minor misfortunes which block his efforts for relief at every step. Of course, more toxins accumulate, and the issue is forced for the constructive energies, which they must arouse themselves to meet, doing as well as they can under the circumstances. There is the natural illness, so to speak, which belongs to its cycle, but which may be forced out of time, and the emergency is then weighted with a burden of precious accumulations to such a degree that the result becomes problematical. We may call it unexpressed Karma, or latent disease or a feeble constitution. But there it is, in greater or less degree with most of the race units. Very few probably have any idea of what real health is.

The other way to meet disease is to so live and act and think that little by little the burdens of the past grow less. There will be no escaping of Karma, of course. Those old effects now become causes, will have to be endured as effects. But they can be worked off by degrees and at an advantage. One can begin to work with the Builders instead of with the Destroyers. In the natural growth toward health, and as gradually incidents which blur the picture are eliminated, these tides can be observed, which if met, co-operated with intelligently and philosophically,

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will gradually diminish as an expression of disease, and finally fade, if new mistakes are not constantly committed. They may then, no doubt, be felt as a wonderful influx of vigor, fresh joy, or clearer vision. Who can dream what the natural, unobstructed tide might be? Finally, for each life comes the great Regenerator, Death. But we interfere sadly with our lives if he comes before his time. Thus likewise in the larger world, normal tides bring joy. It is the Karma of the world which forces upheavals. There must be danger that these latter also may be precipitated out of season, like the bursting of a dam before the walls are ready, for Mr. Judge tells us somewhere that the Guides of evolution hold back the awful Karma of the world, till it can break with least disaster.

But history repeats these deluges, and what wonder? Nations always nursing hatreds of other nations, marching upon them like pirates and seizing their goods; governments glorifying this conduct, and calling it patriotism — such things have made up its pages as far back as our records reach. The marvel is that with the wrong that nations do to each other; with the injustices that individuals are guilty of toward each other; with the crimes that people commit against themselves; the wonder is that we have even so much of beauty and happiness as we have. It is a striking vindication of the Soul.

And so it has been that century after century, the evils seething in the heart of man have come to the surface and shown themselves for the ugly things they really are, in a most *disadvantageous* way. They have got beyond control and spread like a forest fire, because they were not met and conquered in the proper place, in the individual hearts. Warnings come like the rumblings of a volcano; there are little uprisings of the oppressed, then greater, and finally a tremendous bursting forth of the pent-up furies that have been created by man's selfishness. The French Revolution was inevitable since the abundant warnings extending over years were unheeded by those who should have heeded them, and since no change of heart could be effected in the nation. The final dissolution of all the nations that have gone down in disgrace was always preceded by signs of disease, periodical at first, then chronic, but it was not cured in the only way and place possible, namely, by new currents generated in the human heart. On the contrary, a persistence of the old habits of thought and feeling carried them, one and all, down to their doom. For all these things, if they exist, must be cast up when the Great Spirit of life begins to stir beneath the waters. The air must be purified. Humanity must be made to see itself. Following this, come the wonderful opportunities, the chances to start again in a new way. The rainbow of promise is in the sky, but its fulfilment depends upon ourselves alone.

It has been clear to many for a long time that this age was mortally

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sick. Carlyle wrote graphically of it many years ago. This Theosophical Movement was started in 1875, with a knowledge of what was to come, and for the purpose of calling the attention of the people to the remedy to be applied. William Q. Judge said in substance once that unless we could succeed in making Brotherhood an active force, we should see rivers of blood flowing in our cities. In *The Ocean of Theosophy* he quoted this from a great Teacher:

“That which

‘Just, though mysterious, leads us on unerring,
Through ways unmarked, from guilt to punishment’

— which are now the ways and the high road on which move onward the great European nations. The western Aryans had, every nation and tribe, like their eastern brethren of the fifth race, their Golden and their Iron ages, their period of comparative irresponsibility, or the Satya age of purity, while now several of them have reached their Iron age, the *Kali-Yuga*, an age *black with horrors*. This state will last . . . until we begin acting from within instead of ever following impulses from without. . . . Until then the only palliative is union and harmony, a Brotherhood in *actu* and *altruism* not simply in name.”

In another place, he himself says:

“This *Yuga* began about 3102 years before the Christian era, at the time of Krishna’s death. . . . The scientific men of today will have an opportunity of seeing whether the close of the five thousand year cycle will be preceded or followed by any convulsions or great changes, political, scientific, or physical, or all of these combined. . . .

“At the present time the cycle has almost run its course for this [*i. e.*, last] century. . . . [It is to be] hoped by the time the next tide begins to rise that the West will have gained some right knowledge of the true philosophy of Man and Nature, and be then ready to bear the lifting of the veil a little more.”

The ‘great movement for Universal Brotherhood heralds something possible for this century which is beyond human imagination. The cycle now upon us offers an opportunity, colossal, supernal, overpowering in its glory. But nothing is made clearer than that the seizing of it depends upon the degree to which each one seizes upon his own nature, masters it, and turns its forces in the right channels. This is the keynote to the situation, which, if found and used, will transfigure human life, make it sound and beautiful as it should be, and bring a reign of peace and happiness to supplant this age of horrors.

One can avoid being lost in the confusion by reflecting on the Higher Law, and focusing the mind on the rich pure stream of divine energy which underlies all the abortive, deformed expressions marring the world’s life; by working with this deep, true, compassionate power, and becoming one of its channels to the surface. On one of her recent lecture-tours, Katherine Tingley said:

“It is a glorious work, and those who take part in it are indeed fortunate. Their responsibility is great, and the calls made upon them often heavy. But they should know that they are working with the tide of the world’s life working with them. They can afford to keep in their own hearts an immense courage, an utter fearlessness, an unshakable determination. For victory is ready waiting for them. They, for their part, have only to do their simple duty.”


JUSTICE

KENNETH MORRIS

WHEN I behold Justice enthroned, not blind,
But splendid-visioned, with clear eyes to see
The Truth that impotent iniquity
Assailed, distorted, lied against, maligned; —
When in this maze and welter of things, I find
A strong Voice brave to speak the Things that Be,
And from the official lips of equity
Hear tones to thrill the heart, kindle the mind,—
I am no more perforce constrained to think
The world quite decadent-hearted! I may sense
Some saving splendor quivering on the brink
Of things,— some hope,— some noble imminence;
I may believe that still the Human Soul
Holds that within shall make this sick world whole!

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

“THE KEY TO THEOSOPHY”: SOME COMMENTS ON CHAPTER II

 HIS chapter tells us in very clear and unmistakable terms what Theosophy is and what the Theosophical Society stands for. It shows us that no particular church or religious order or philosophical sect can comprise the whole of Theosophy or limit the doctrines of the WISDOM-RELIGION, which has been declared to be at once a scientific religion and a religious science. Ancient history is appealed to for proof that Theosophy has always been in the world and its principal demonstrators go back into the night of time. These are described as a great body of Helpers, and include in ancient times the King-Initiates of Egypt, Buddha, Confucius, and Jesus; whilst in more modern times their agents are recognised in such extraordinary characters as Count Saint-Germain, Jacob Boehme, Cagliostro, Paracelsus, and Mesmer.

Though the true doctrine may have disappeared from ordinary observation among men from time to time, it is bound to reappear because it is

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essential to man's imperishable spiritual nature, and also because this Lodge or body of Helpers for ever preserves it. The present effort to make it known in the world's history once more, is due to the determination of so many earnest students to reach *the truth*, and to the cyclic opportunity afforded at the present time.

The difference between Theosophy and Occultism (rightly so-called) is indicated. A Theosophist is one who may or may not be informed of the laws of Nature, but whose life is devoted to the practice of the loftiest moral ideal, who strives to realize his unity with the whole of mankind and works ceaselessly for others. A man may be a very good Theosophist whether *in* or *outside* the Theosophical Society, without being in any way an occultist. But there can be no true occultist who is not also a real Theosophist. The practice of Occultism without the sense of and belief in Theosophy leads to black magic — a condition absolutely disastrous to the highest welfare of the man himself and of mankind in general.

The difference between Theosophy and Spiritualism is also discussed in this chapter. Theosophical beliefs are founded upon the immortal *individuality* — the 'spiritual Self' in man, which is one and identical in essence with the Universal Spirit. Spiritualism as practised commonly today is described as simply transcendental materialism — a presentation of crude theories without any binding or supporting philosophy. While the phenomena of certain manifestations are admitted in Theosophy, the return to earth of the spirits of departed mortals is declared to be only possible in very rare and exceptional cases, and the conscious Individuality of such cannot materialize nor return from the mental devachanic sphere into which it has entered after being disembodied.

The reason why Theosophy is so readily accepted by some and yet by others is rejected with so much animosity, is explained as being due, in the first case, to (1) a reaction which has set in against the gross materialistic theories of the times; (2) the dissatisfaction felt with the artificial theology of the churches and various sects; (3) a perception that creeds which mutually contradict each other cannot be true; and (4) a conviction that there must be a philosophical system somewhere which is scientific and not merely speculative and that it may be found in ancient teachings that far antedate any modern faiths. The antagonism to Theosophy is due to (1) a hatred of innovation, the effect of selfishness which is essentially conservative and prefers an easy-going, unexact *lie* to the greatest truth that may call for even the smallest sacrifice; (2) to the power of mental inertia which is great in respect of anything that does not promise immediate benefit and reward; and also (3) to the very limited number of people to whom an entirely unselfish code appeals. Truly, "the crown of the Innovator is a crown of thorns indeed."

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The purpose and objects of the Theosophical Society are set forth. It is shown that the Society consists of real Theosophists and lay members. The latter may be described as those members who have been drawn to the Society by one or another of its objects, but whose interest and activity in the membership have not been fully aroused and who are more bent on receiving the benefits and instruction to which they are entitled without becoming 'working members,' that is, seeking to be of real help and support in the work; they are spoken of as the drones of Theosophy. The others in their willingness to help and their readiness to understand, soon qualify themselves for admission into the 'Class in Theosophy,' or as it is called in this chapter, the Inner or Esoteric Section, in which the several members are linked together by close bonds and pledges of brotherhood and fellowship. Such pledges are very sacred and are life-long in their obligations, and even after members withdraw, as some do, from active fellowship, these pledges may not be discarded without dishonor.

The secret of the strength and influence of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is in that union and harmony which prevail among its members, and in the advantages they have of getting instruction in the genuine doctrines of the WISDOM-RELIGION. By their well-regulated, simultaneous efforts to make Theosophy a living power in their lives they 'produce wonders.' — HERBERT CROOKE

* * *

"MAN, KNOW THYSELF!"

CHAPTER II of *The Key to Theosophy* covers such a mass of all-important facts that it appears better to attempt to elucidate and emphasize one important passage, rather than to review the whole chapter.

The selected passage (page 30 of the Point Loma Edition) reads as follows:

"We assert that the divine spark in man being one and identical in its essence with the Universal Spirit, our 'spiritual Self' is practically omniscient, but that it cannot manifest its knowledge, owing to the impediments of matter. Now the more these impediments are removed . . . the more fully can the *inner* Self manifest on this plane."

The divinity of man is the supreme teaching of Theosophy; on its realization as an actual fact depends the whole future of humanity and the overcoming of all the evils which now afflict mankind. But, note well, nothing less than an absolute realization of the fact that man is himself divine will effect his liberation and the liberation of the human race.

To all except students of Theosophy this supreme teaching is (amongst western peoples, especially) almost a dead letter. Students of Theosophy accept it, but many fail to realize it as an already accomplished fact. Studying, as we do, the detailed teachings of Theosophy, we learn of the

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seven principles of man (Ātmā, Buddhi, Manas, and the rest). We learn of the 'souls' and the 'egos' in man; the animal soul, the human soul, the divine soul; the personal ego, the human ego, the divine ego. But this analysis too often leads to confusion of mind regarding the supreme fact. We cannot see the forest because of the trees. The 'principles,' the 'souls,' the 'egos,' and the rest, are, in truth, but aspects of the Self, the real 'I' in each of us. Writing on this point (*Studies in Occultism*) H. P. Blavatsky says:

"Those who would feel inclined to see three *Egos* in one man will show themselves unable to perceive the metaphysical meaning. Man is a trinity composed of Body, Soul, and Spirit; but *man* is nevertheless *one*. . . . The three 'Egos' are *MAN* in his three aspects on the astral, intellectual or psychic, and the Spiritual planes, or states."

In a passage of his *Notes on the Bhagavad-Gītā*, W. Q. Judge writes:

"Our consciousness is *one* and not many, nor different from other consciousnesses. It is not *waking consciousness* or *sleeping consciousness*, or any other but *consciousness itself*."

"Now that which I have called Consciousness is *Being*. The ancient division was: —

<i>Sat</i> , or Being;	} These three together are called Sachchidānanda.
<i>Chit</i> , or Consciousness, Mind;	
<i>Ānanda</i> , or Bliss.	

"But *Sat* — or Being — the first of the three, is itself both *Chit* and *Ānanda*. The appearing together in full harmony of Being and Consciousness is Bliss, or *Ānanda*. Hence that harmony is called *Sachchidānanda*."

"But the one consciousness of each person is the Witness or Spectator of the actions and experiences of every state we are in or pass through. It therefore follows that the waking condition of the mind is not separate consciousness."

"The one consciousness pierces up and down through all the states or planes of Being, and serves to uphold the memory — whether complete or incomplete — of each state's experience."

"Thus in waking life *Sat* experiences fully and knows. In dream state *Sat* again knows and sees what goes on there, while there may not be in the brain a complete memory of the waking state just quitted. In *Sushupti* beyond dream and yet on indefinitely, *Sat* still knows all that is done, or heard, or seen."

If we are to help humanity in any real sense, this realization of what we are (each of us) must be achieved *here and now*. H. P. Blavatsky says: "Every man is absolutely his own creator or destroyer"; and in another place she writes: "All nature lies open to you; take what you can."

Speaking of eternal life — of the 'Self' — Krishna says, in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*:

"I myself never was not, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth; nor shall we ever hereafter cease to be. . . . It is not a thing of which a man may say, 'It hath been, it is about to be, or is to be hereafter'; for it is without birth and meeteth not death; it is ancient, constant, and eternal."

Śankara writes in his Commentary on the *Vedānta-Sūtra*:

"The oneness of the Soul and the Self is already a fact, and not a thing that requires a further effort to bring it about; and therefore the recognition of the truth of the text '*That thou Art*' is sufficient to put an end to the personality of the Soul. . . . No sooner is the

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personality of the Soul denied than the whole empirical order of life disappears with it, to make up which the lower and plural manifestation of the Self falsely presents itself."

In the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, we read:

"It is even a portion of myself which, having assumed life in this world of conditioned existence, draweth together the five senses and the mind in order that it may obtain a body and may leave it again. . . . Presiding over the eye, the ear, the touch, the taste, and the power of smelling, and also over the mind, he experienceth the objects of sense."

In *The Voice of the Silence*, we read:

"Have perseverance as one that doth for evermore endure. Thy shadows live and vanish; that which in thee shall live forever, that which in thee *knows*, for it-is knowledge, is not of fleeting life: it is the Man that was, that is, and will be, for whom the hour shall never strike."

In *Light on the Path*, we read:

"Those who are the subjects of Time, and go slowly through all his spaces, live on through a long-drawn series of sensations, and suffer a constant mingling of pleasure and pain. They do not dare to take the snake of self in a steady grasp and conquer it, so becoming divine."

In an old Theosophical work it is said:

"The release from the chains of ordinary life can be obtained as easily during life as by death. It only needs a sufficiently profound conviction to enable the man to look on his body with the same emotions as he would look on the body of another man, or the bodies of a thousand men."

Katherine Tingley has said:

"The knowledge that we are divine, gives the power to overcome all obstacles and to dare to do right."

And in another place she says:

"Man's only way to win his great hope and to know the truth is to seize hold on himself, assert and realize his potentially all-dominating soul-existence."

And again she says:

"We cannot serve effectively, we cannot give the needed help to the discouraged and the despairing, until we have lifted ourselves, our mortal selves, into consonance with the divine part of us, the Christos spirit within."

In Manual XVII (written, as was the whole series of Manuals, under the inspiration and guidance of Katherine Tingley), the writer says:

"As long as we, as personalities, refuse to recognise, *in actual life and practice*, the basic Unity of that Flame whose *sparks* we are, we shall make no real progress. . . . Once it is understood that the overshadowing Monad, or 'Monads,' are one spiritual unity in their essential nature, and that an isolated selfish life is an illusion of matter, every act will become a noble creative force."

In Manual VI (page 28) the writer quotes:

"Why keep the mind revolving about the present petty personality and its good and evil fortunes? (*The Path*, Vol. V, p. 191)

"*In that last passage there is the key to the whole secret.* It is the continual harping on the small events affecting the egotistic personality that holds us back from our rightful entering into our birthright of knowledge. There is, behind what we call the personal self, the great

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impersonal 'individuality,' the real man, who is not bounded by the limits of the personality, which is but a temporary and partial phase or aspect of the Higher Ego, as we have to learn before we can make any progress. It is to the union with this overshadowing higher Being that all the limited personal lives of successive incarnations tend. The work of the present personality in each one of us is to blend itself with the Immortal, the Warrior."

We read in *Light on the Path*:

"Stand aside in the coming battle, and though thou fightest be not thou the warrior.

"Look for the warrior and let him fight in thee.

"Take his orders for battle and obey them.

". . . He is thyself."

Katherine Tingley says:

"Man to know *himself* must become a forceful expression of the Divine Life in inner thought and outer action."

"The mission of Theosophy is to bring to the human mind knowledge of man's essential divinity."

"The mission of Theosophy is to have you stand face to face with the serious facts of life and the serious problems that surround you; to sound the depths of your nature and find the Light. This you must do if you are to serve, and help lift the burdens of Humanity."

"To fulfil the law of our own being, we must know our own divinity, and thus hold ourselves self-centered, ever living in a higher state of consciousness. Thus, we may challenge man to righteousness; and there shall go out from us that force, unseen and indescribable, which shall check the ignorance of the age and stir the souls of men and lift them!

"Aye! In this state we could drag down the stars to earth, and make new worlds, kingdoms of heaven, verily!"

H. P. Blavatsky writes:

"Give up thy life, if thou wouldst live."

"The path that leadeth on, is lighted by one fire — the light of daring, burning in the heart."

"There is a road, steep and thorny, beset with perils of every kind, but yet a road, and it leads to the Heart of the Universe. . . . For those who win onward, there is reward past all telling, the power to bless and serve Humanity."

W. Q. Judge wrote:

"Man is a being who may be raised up to perfection, to the stature of the Godhead, because he himself is God incarnate. This noble doctrine was in the mind of Jesus, when he said that we must be perfect even as is the Father in Heaven."

In *Isis Unveiled* (II: pp. 597-8), H. P. Blavatsky quotes the following teaching of Pythagoras:

"The human spirit is so great a thing that no man can express it; as God Himself is eternal and unchangeable, so also is the mind of man. If we rightly understood its powers, nothing would be impossible to us on earth."

And in the same book (II: pp. 617-8), she quotes another teacher as saying:

"I admonish thee, whosoever thou art that desirest to dive into the inmost parts of nature; if that thou seekest thou findest not *within thee*, thou wilt *never find it without thee*. . . . O MAN, KNOW THYSELF: IN THEE IS HID THE TREASURE OF TREASURES."

It would be possible to amplify these teachings almost endlessly by quoting from the world-scriptures, and the teachings of the divine Teach-

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ers of humanity, but the following extracts from the writings and speeches of our present Teacher, Katherine Tingley, must conclude this paper.

"Humanity calls for aid. Who of you has the strength, the will, to go forward? To them I call, and upon them is already the flush and the Light of the Victory beyond conception."

"Oh! that every atom in my being were a thousand-pointed star to help men to see the divine everywhere, to know their limitless power, to feel while in the body the exhaustless joy of Real Life, to wake and live instead of dreaming the heavy dreams of this living death, to know themselves as at once part of and directors of Universal Law. This is your birthright of Wisdom and the hour of attainment is *now* if you will. Tarry no longer in the delusion of the 'Hall of Learning.' Feel, Know, and Do."

"Comrades, difficult as it must be for you to believe what I say, yet it is true that the Kingdom of Heaven is nearer at hand than you can realize, and all the storms, trials, and sorrows that we see now raging in human life are but indications of the passing away of the old order of things. All that we have to do is to seize our opportunities, do faithfully our duties as they lie before us, ingrain in the very atmosphere in which we live the finer vibrations of the Higher Law, study and work, and love and serve."

"Let us no longer crucify the Christ in ourselves! Bid the Christos Spirit come forth and enter upon the noble work *now*, for the woes of humanity are great!"

"Say ye not, all ye who love Humanity and seek its welfare: IT SHALL BE DONE!"

"Well do we know that our lower natures have too long kept the doors of the sanctuary closed, *and the light shut in*. Well do we know, because we have failed in doing our part, that the world cries out in pain and demands of us that we pay our debts, and that quickly, lest we be shut out for ages before like opportunities present themselves."

"Oh! ye men and women, sons of the same Universal Mother as ourselves, ye who were born as we were born, who must die as we must die, and whose souls like ours belong to the Eternal, I call upon you to arise from your dreamy state and to see within yourselves that a new and brighter day has dawned for the human race."

"This need not remain the age of darkness, nor need you wait till another age arrives before you can work at your best. It is only an age of darkness for those who cannot see the light, but the light itself has never faded and never will. It is yours if you will turn to it, live in it; yours today, this hour even, if you will hear what is said with ears that understand. Arise then, fear nothing, and taking that which is your own and all men's, abide with it in peace for evermore."

"After the night is the day; after the darkness the dawn
RISE, O SUN!"

Be you obedient unto me, hearing the words of my will!
I am Memnon! I am He that calleth upon the dawn!
No more am I moved or shaken;
I am eternally strong,
I whose will is the world,
I whose thoughts are the stars,
I whose servant the Sun;

PEACE! PEACE! PEACE!

I am Memnon! I am He that calleth upon the dawn!
I have lighted a beacon without, I have lighted a fire for the Sun!
I have remembered my servant the Sun I have arisen and sat on my throne.
I am Memnon that calleth upon the dawn!
PEACE! PEACE! PEACE!

Thus the Theosophical Teachers of the nineteenth century are in accord with those of ancient days in forecasting a glorious future for man, awakened by Theosophy to a knowledge of his divinity.—H. A. H.

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THEOSOPHY recognises the truth in all religions and undertakes to prove that the truth is one, although at different periods of evolution it appears in different garments to suit the need of the time and the races to which it is brought. In comparing the teachings of such great masters as Confucius, Buddha, and Jesus, we find that they all agree in the fundamental point of teaching unselfishness, duty, and self-sacrifice. These are the keys and the only means by which a man can attain perfection, which is the ultimate aim for his endeavors. But these teachings have been misinterpreted and mixed up with personal ideas and views as they were passed on during long epochs of time. A revival of the original truth, and the uprooting of false teachings, was needed when H. P. Blavatsky began her great work for humanity. It is due to her love and unflinching courage, that a new path to truth has been opened up to the western world. Her faithful successors, W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, have successfully carried out her plans for spreading the teachings, and now it depends upon ourselves whether it is going to be merely a fine, theoretical system of thinking, or become a living power in practical life.

The body through which these three great helpers of humanity work, is the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. One gains the greatest possible help by joining this Society; because it indicates the right way to study Theosophy and to apply the Theosophical principles in our daily life. Besides, by giving us an opportunity to take part in its manifold activities — all of which have for their object the uplifting of humanity — it helps us to become trained workers in the cause of Universal Brotherhood. In this way we can avoid mistakes which would naturally be made by those working without guidance.

There are many teachings, such as pseudo-theosophy and spiritualism, somewhat resembling Theosophy on the surface and confused with it by the ignorant, but the former condemns itself by admitting that it is without a moral code, and the latter practices experiments with powers against which *real* Theosophy is warning the public. The earnest seeker for truth will soon find that both these systems deal more with the material than the spiritual and that it is dangerous both for himself and humanity to dabble in psychism. Nobody knows how to use occult powers rightly before he has attained true self-knowledge. The study of oneself is necessary, because in man occult powers are latent. In order to gain such self-knowledge, one has to conquer one's lower nature and become *one* with one's Higher Self. Man has first to attain wisdom and learn the sacredness of duty and the importance of keeping a sacred pledge before he can safely use these powers.

Whenever humanity in losing sight of the path sinks more and more

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deeply into the quagmire of material life and its temptations, the Guardians of the race send messengers to help us to find the way out of our illusions. H. P. Blavatsky was such a messenger and she came just at the right moment to save us from imminent disaster. The great Brotherhood has sent others to our rescue before the time for her coming was ripe. Such men as Cagliostro, Paracelsus, Jacob Boehme, Saint-Germain, Mesmer, and others have had their missions to fulfil and some of them have been instruments in the hands of 'Those who know.' It is most inspiring to know that those great ones referred to are human beings like ourselves and that they have been able to attain great knowledge and wisdom by successfully going through the same trials that we are undergoing. Whenever we become downhearted, and see only difficulties, it gives us hope and new courage and inspiration to think of what *they* have achieved, as it is possible for us to follow in their footsteps and reach the same development.— G. L.

SONNET

H. T. PATTERSON

"The Pupil must regain *the child-state he has lost*
ere the first sound can fall upon his ear."

. . . .

"**S**ANS teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything,"
Oblivion, mere childishness; is this
The wretched recompense life's labors bring?
Is this the culmination? This the bliss (!) ?
"Mere childishness" is not the child-like state —
Far otherwise! The child is much alert;
His budding faculties do not abate
Vitality, but, seeking what's overt,

Take childhood into youth, then adult age.
The Pupil, like the infant child, should trust
The brooding mother-watchfulness, assuage
His sorrows on the mother-breast. He must
Accept the words of him of Galilee,
Christ's words, 'as little children come to me.'

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*



F. J. Dick, *Editor*

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

SUNDAY EVENING MEETINGS IN ISIS THEATER

‘HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY: the Story of a Quest’ was the subject of the address on January 16th, by Mrs. Grace Knoche, a student under Mme. Katherine Tingley and member of the Literary Staff at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma.

The immediate occasion for the address was an increasing public interest in the life of this unusual woman, who brought to the western world as well as to the East the optimistic and long-forgotten teachings of the ancient Wisdom-

H. P. Blavatsky,	Religion, once the universal religion of mankind.
Restorer of	Inquiries are being received constantly by Mme.
Lost Ideals	Tingley and her students as to Mme. Blavatsky’s
	life and work, and the speaker, after giving a narrative

account of her long quest for the truth and then of her unselfish giving of it to humanity, freely and without price, summarized her effort by quoting from writings of Mme. Katherine Tingley, her successor as Leader of the Theosophical Movement as follows:

“‘What then was H. P. Blavatsky’s mission? She herself described it as “to break the molds of mind.” . . . Her mission was to restore to humanity its lost ideals; to point out once more the pathway to true knowledge and the gateway of a pure life; it was to sound once more the keynote of Truth to reverberate throughout the coming cycle. It was to teach once more as living realities the facts of man’s divinity, of the higher and lower natures in him, and the eternal warfare that must go on until the lower is subjugated and controlled; to show that Karma, the law of strict justice, of exact retribution, that we reap what we sow, is the law that governs all life, absolute, unailing; that the knowledge of it and the doctrine of Reincarnation is the great hope for humanity; and that the life of altruism, based on a true wisdom, is the only sane life, on which all true progress depends.’

“H. P. Blavatsky is more of a living power,” said the speaker, “than when she walked among us in the flesh, and there is an eager inquiry about her today, an increasing interest in her life and in the philosophy which she came to teach, that makes one pause and question.”

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'Helena Petrovna Blavatsky as Teacher' was the subject of an address on January 23rd by Mrs. Grace Knoche, of the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma. It was a continuation of a lecture upon Mme. Blavatsky's life and work given last week, and was selected by Mme. Katherine Tingley owing to the numerous inquiries received by her on the subject. The speaker said:

**Real Theosophy
discountenances
Psychic Practices**

"H. P. Blavatsky was a Theosophist and therefore can only be understood Theosophically. The office of Teacher which she filled, and will never cease to fill while her great books live to speak for her, can only be defined Theosophically. In ancient days the office of teacher was a sacred office, for the teacher's aim was not to teach men to argue but to teach them to love, not to fill their heads with facts and syllogisms but their hearts with the fire of aspiration. The object was, in other words, to light the fires of spiritual aspiration in mankind. Under Theosophy, therefore, a teacher is one who passes on the light, who is a torchbearer of the truth. Such a teacher was H. P. Blavatsky."

The speaker dwelt upon the fact that Mme. Blavatsky's primary object in founding the Theosophical Society was to form a nucleus of a universal brotherhood. She said further: "Emphasis on psychic practices, so-called self-development or self-interest of any kind, even though labeled 'Theosophy,' marks such 'Theosophy' as counterfeit. Thus in the words of H. P. Blavatsky herself: 'Real Theosophy is ALTRUISM, and we cannot repeat it too often. It is brotherly love, mutual help, unswerving devotion to Truth. If we do but realize that in these alone can true happiness be found, and never in wealth, possessions, or any selfish gratification, then the dark clouds will roll away, and a new humanity will be born upon earth. Then the GOLDEN AGE will be there, indeed. . . . The duty of every Theosophist is certainly to help others to carry their burden. To merit the honorable title of Theosophist one must be an altruist above all.'"

'What is the Measure of Man?' was the subject of an address on January 30th, by R. W. Machell, one of the directors of the Art Department and a member of the Literary Staff at the International Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma.

Discussing the subject from the Theosophical standpoint, the speaker said:

**Man's Three
Higher Principles
are Spiritual**

"By what shall a man be measured — he who is himself the measure of all that exists? By which of his deeds or his attributes? By which of his virtues or vices? Shall we measure him by his success in acquiring goods for himself? By his wealth or his fame? Shall we praise his ambition or count him as great by reason of self-abnegation? By what shall we measure a man — we who are human ourselves?

"In times of spiritual enlightenment there have been men evolved to one-

THE CHILD IN OUR MIDST

ness with the divine ideal and it was beings such as these who were then the standard by which a man measured the standing of men and by which he was measured in turn. How far had he gone on the path of enlightenment? Did he feel in his heart a divine compassion for men? Was he worthy to stand as a leader of men?

"There are many profound thinkers who maintain that a man's first duty is to attend to his own spiritual evolution, but they are in danger of forgetting that a man is not spiritually separate from his fellows and can make but very little progress if he cuts himself off from his responsibilities to the human race. Some think that knowledge is the only thing to live for, but the measure of man is not merely intellectual. The perfect man is sevenfold and the three higher principles are spiritual. There may be more important powers in man than the power to acquire knowledge. I think that sympathy is one, by which I do not mean sentiment — and surely not sentimentality which is mere self-indulgence — but the power to forget one's personality and feel with others. 'Compassion is the Law of laws,' we are told, and the first step in that direction may be the awakening of sympathy in the heart.

"It would seem, then, that the measure of a man is the degree to which he has evolved his power of compassion. For if compassion is the keynote of the spiritual nature, the absence of it would indicate that a man is still unevolved, still undeveloped, still only partially Man. In Theosophy man holds a high place. The test of his manhood is seen in his power of compassion. The ultimate measure of man is Brotherhood."

THE CHILD IN OUR MIDST

T'HE Child in Our Midst' was the subject recently presented to the Congregational Church by Judge W. P. Archibald, of the Juvenile Court, Ottawa, Canada. His position as Dominion parole-officer supplies knowledge of current conditions, which he discussed, in part, as follows:

"The most alarming thing in our midst today is not Bolshevism, nor the question of 'High Cost of Living,' nor the great 'social unrest,' nor what some people term 'the economic crisis.' It is found in the frightful, unceasing, and world-wide drift of our youth when they leave their homes for the higher grades of education, or, when they throw their lot into the big commercial world around us. . . .

"If we could only unite and concentrate all movements for the betterment of mankind on sane, humane, and progressive principles, a better and a brighter world would be the legacy left for those who follow after us. I am heartsick of class-treatment, the disjointed efforts put forth in our communities by various organizations who are generally experimenting on, or exploiting the ills and sorrows of human life. Today many systems thrive on human frailties, without working out any permanent good in the lives of the people they toil among.

"It is no marvel that our prison populations are increasing at an alarming rate when we find the child, still plastic in character, is being left to drift, or, worse still, is allowed to remain in environments conducive to depravity, neglected and sometimes damned into existence and compelled to live a life of selfishness and uselessness through the inconsistent example of those

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

responsible for their training and development. It is time to get busy. Our communities are full of the driftwood of human life. . . .

"The intrinsic worth of human life should be the real inspiration to get together and unite in efforts for the upbuilding and construction of a mighty nation. One of the greatest problems in Canada today is found in 'the child in our midst.'"

Unfortunately, what Judge Archibald says about the "frightful, unceasing, and world-wide drift of our youth when they leave their homes," is equally true of too many under the shelter of the parental roof-tree. Even a casual observer may note an increasing sophistication among school-children generally, which the teachers recognise as a unique and dangerous phase of juvenile psychology. The naturally precocious young generation not only assumes the right to an unusual degree of liberty, but venturesome, inexperienced, and impressionable types of modern childhood are allowed a personal license in following their own bent wholly out of keeping with immaturity. The prevailing laxity of child-discipline which would have been dangerous enough in an older and staid generation, is a greater menace to the plastic natures in an era when social standards are keyed to materialism, skepticism, and self-indulgence. The pampered rich child, the neglected waif, and the great middle-class youth suffer alike for want of a sound philosophy of life which should be taught them both by precept and by example. Neither parents nor teachers can impart what they have not yet learned; and who among them has been able to so unite the conclusions of religion and science as to learn the "sane, humane, and progressive principles" of right action?

Judge Archibald may well be "heartsick of class-treatment," with its experimental pruning and exploiting of social ills and sorrows. Without knowledge of the basic truths of Karma and Reincarnation, of human duality and of the evolutionary force of the spiritual will, the best efforts do not reach down to causes, and so cannot work out "any permanent good in the lives of the people."

"The intrinsic worth of human life,"—depreciated by centuries of misleading theology—is based upon the divinity of man's birthright, and on his divine destiny as a soul, moving on toward perfectibility, life after life. The theologic appeal to the 'miserable sinner' to lean negatively on a savior, in order to insure a happy hereafter, constantly belittled the immortal pilgrim and discounted the value of his evolutionary career of earthly experience. Small wonder that the scientific reaction from the pious fables has come to read: "Eat, drink, and be merry!"

Mme. Blavatsky foresaw the inability of the awakening social conscience of today to understand and handle the problems of our so-called Christian civilization, which is a monstrous conception of body and brain without a soul. With equal compassion and prescience, she gave her life to restore the ancient teachings to a heedless world that was blind to impending dangers and disasters. The Theosophic work which she began has developed today, under Katherine Tingley's practical methods, in giving the clue to all the vexed questions of human life. The Râja-Yoga system of education, keyed to character-building, shows how to deal wisely with "the child in our midst." R.

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

IN MEMORIAM

MEMORIAL services were held at the International Theosophical Headquarters yesterday for Mrs. Fanny Janet Bushby, an English student who had been resident there for about fifteen years, and who died January 14th at the age of sixty-six. Services were held in the city later at Greenwood Crematorium.

Mrs. Bushby was one of the oldest and most devoted members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, and during her long residence at the Theosophical Headquarters rendered invaluable service in many ways, principally in connexion with the girls' department of the Râja-Yoga Academy. About three years ago she was obliged to return to England to settle up some business affairs, and while there suffered a serious illness for which her English physician advised an operation. Later a second operation became necessary and she returned to Point Loma in a very weakened condition to recuperate, about three months ago. She steadily improved, but the alarming symptoms which marked the illness suffered abroad returned about ten days ago and she did not rally.

Mrs. Bushby's English home was known as 'The Vicarage,' Rye, in Sussex. For some years she lived in New Zealand. She had traveled extensively, having visited India and other places in the Orient and many parts of Europe and America. Her loss is keenly felt by Mme. Katherine Tingley and the Theosophical students by whom she was greatly beloved.

— San Diego *Evening Tribune*, January 17, 1921

Theosophical University Meteorological Station

Point Loma, California

Summary for January, 1921

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	59.90	Number hours actual sunshine	170.10
Mean lowest	45.64	Number hours possible	318.00
Mean	52.77	Percentage of possible	53.00
Highest	72.00	Average number hours per day	5.49
Lowest	38.00		
Greatest daily range	22.00	WIND	
PRECIPITATION		Movement in miles	3505.00
Inches	2.75	Average hourly velocity	4.71
Total from July 1, 1920	3.84	Maximum velocity	26.00

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded in New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma, with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either 'at large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large,' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress. To all sincere lovers of truth, and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



Rd. 586799

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VOL. XX NO. 4

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

APRIL 1921

SINGLE COPY Domestic 30c. Foreign 35c. or 1s. 6d. SUBSCRIPTION \$3.00; Canadian Postage \$0.35; Foreign \$0.50

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian
Monthly



Nonpolitical
Illustrated

Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

Edited by Katherine Tingley

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

Every mean and selfish action sends us backward and not forward, while every noble thought and every unselfish deed are stepping-stones to the higher and more glorious planes of being. If this life were all, then in many respects it would be poor and mean; but regarded as a preparation for the next sphere of existence, it may be used as the golden gate through which we may pass — not selfishly and alone but in company with our fellows — to the palaces which lie beyond.

— *H. P. Blavatsky*

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

Published by the New Century Corporation, Point Loma, California

Entered as second-class matter, July 25, 1911, at the Postoffice at Point Loma, California

Under the act of March 3, 1879

Copyright 1921, by Katherine Tingley

COMMUNICATIONS

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to 'KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Editor THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, Point Loma, California.'

To the BUSINESS MANAGEMENT, including subscriptions, should be addressed to the 'NEW CENTURY CORPORATION, Point Loma, California.'

MANUSCRIPTS

The Editor cannot undertake to return manuscripts; none will be considered unless accompanied by the author's name and marked with the number of words. The Editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

SUBSCRIPTION

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Cuba, Mexico, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines' THREE DOLLARS payable in advance, single copy. THIRTY CENTS. Foreign Postage, FIFTY CENTS; Canadian, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

REMITTANCES

All remittances to the New Century Corporation must be made payable to

CLARK THURSTON, *Manager*

Point Loma, California

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HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY
FOUNDERESS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN 1875
IN NEW YORK CITY. FIRST LEADER OF THE
THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT THROUGHOUT
THE WORLD: 1875 — 1891

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XX, NO. 4

APRIL 1921

"He whose mind is free from the illusion of self, will stand and not fall in the battle of life."

THE SEARCHLIGHT *

KATHERINE TINGLEY

IT is not in the nature of an honest man to live for himself and be satisfied; when one arrives at that point where he says — "Lo! I am satisfied, I am sufficient unto myself. Behold I need neither helper or teacher — Karma must take its course" — then you may be sure that that one is either a weakling, a fool, or a caricature.

Possibly he may be a hypocrite of an ambitious mind, seeking to create a little world of his own wherein he may hold sway, and pose before men as the light of the coming ages.

Such as he may even cry freedom, liberty, distinctive independence, from the house-tops, the by-ways, and the high-ways; or he may be one of a more subtle kind, standing apart from the 'common herd' and in the society of 'well-groomed men and women,' writing and talking in whispers of warning of the coming dangers that await those who do not seek independence and follow him into his self-made kingdom of liberty. How much we have to learn when we see appearances like these, and realize the condition of the present time, and the battle that lies before us on the material and spiritual plane!

Are there not in our civilization today signs that mark a unique barbarism among us, showing an immense danger of retrogression? Can we not see in spite of all the good there is in the world, that the very blood of some of our brothers is teeming with a heartless cruelty, a subtle viciousness, and a monstrous selfishness and hypocrisy? Is not the world brimful of unrest, unhappiness, injustice, and despair; and are we not on the very edge of a condition which, if not improved, must sweep away the bright prospects of our present civilization?

Viewing the present striking aspects can we for one moment be satisfied to live contentedly and selfishly in the shadow of darkness and unrest?

*Reprinted from *Universal Brotherhood*, Vol. XII, No. 12 March, 1898.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Is it possible for anyone having one grain of human pity in his heart, or love of truth and justice, to do aught but work, work, all the time unflinchingly, and unselfishly for his brother-man and all creatures,—not apart, but among them, with a courage and devotion that obscures all thought of self — on a line of simple justice and in the spirit of true peace?


“We need not fear excessive influence. . . . A more generous trust is permitted. Stick at no humiliation. Grudge no office thou canst render. Be the limb of their body, the breath of their mouth. Compromise thy egotism. Who cares for that, so thou gain aught wider and nobler? Never mind the taunt of Boswellism: the devotion may easily be greater than the wretched pride which is guarding its own skirts.”

The recognition of the divinity in us all, is necessary to comprehend the foundation of brotherhood. The paths we have trodden in learning Nature’s laws should enable us to extend invaluable assistance to our fellow-men.

Dr. Minot J. Savage is giving a series of lectures in this city on the subject of ‘Unitarianism.’ In the first sermon of the course, preached last Sunday, he made the statement that liberality of thought might belong to any people of any country and be accepted by them as expressing their innate religion. Dr. Savage said: “We have discovered the unity of thought, and we have learned to know that there is just one thought in the universe. Should we not believe in the unity of God when we see one eternal changeless order? There is a unity of love, of man, of ethics, righteousness. There is but one religion. All of us are the children of God. There is but one destiny. Some day every soul, however stained, however small, however distorted, will rise.”

“THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD” *

E. A. NERESHEIMER

 HE momentous tide of the new cycle which gave birth to a grand organization on the 18th day of February last is a complete vindication of all that had been told and promised in this direction; yea, all was foreshadowed by wave upon wave of growing sensibilities in the hearts of a nucleus of earnest souls who have held fast to the torch of truth which was handed down by the Gods for the enlightenment of mankind.

This beacon-light will now blaze forth brilliant and bright so that all

*Reprinted from *Universal Brotherhood*. Vol. XII, No. 12, March, 1898.

“THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD”

who walk the earth may see; it is the message of man's liberation, freedom from bondage.

This newly-born organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in nature; its principal purpose is to teach brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in nature and make it a living power in the life of Humanity.

The superb literature which was produced by the Theosophical Movement from the keynote given by the first messenger, H. P. Blavatsky, has brought to the world a sound philosophy of the life and destiny of mankind as well as a basis for conduct of individual existence. The principal feature of this philosophy, that brotherhood is a fact in nature and that it can be proved is now sufficiently grounded in the hearts and minds of a large contingent of students who have endeavored to make it a part of their lives to enable them to effectually interpret and promulgate these truths for the benefit of the people of the earth and all creatures.

Thanks also to the undying efforts of our chief, William Q. Judge, who guided the movement successfully through the period of preservation and assimilation as the second stage of the evolution of this all-embracing ideal, though the tide of materialistic activity was strong and the public ear apparently deaf to the divine message, the teachings have nevertheless penetrated subtly but permanently the minds of millions of men and women. The large extent to which this has been accomplished has made it possible to launch the movement forward before the world at the termination of the first cycle of 5000 years of the Kali-Yuga that it may now become the hope of the future for the ultimate welfare within the appointed time of the whole human race on this globe.

As the ideal precedes the practical in all things so has it been in this great movement; but, after the first two stages of inception and preservation, there remained yet to be done the master-stroke to make it practical so that it might reach the masses and become a lasting light among them.

The living torch-bearer at the present time, Katherine Tingley, who has taken upon herself the responsibility and burden of guiding this spiritual movement forward into the ages to come has already touched the keynote to the third stage which shall be the most lasting pillar of the temple — *Practical application of the philosophy!*

Already magnificent expositions in simple form by heretofore obscure students have come forward under this touch, the power and wisdom which has been stored up all this time during the existence of the Theosophical Society is now to come to the surface and spread its light among the hungrily seeking multitude of despairing souls. Then, practical philanthropic work backed by this philosophy of hope which as already outlined and inaugurated by this leader is not the palliative like casual

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or promiscuous application of benevolence, shall go to the root by simultaneously awakening the true principle of helpfulness.

While the Theosophical Society, as an instrument and vehicle for bringing the light of truth to the present point of usefulness, has done wonders thanks to the wise leadership of the guiding messengers and the devoted labors of its votaries — it was not a competent instrument to reach the ear of the world. To do this it had to broaden its views as an organization and fortunately for the world, its members perceived that the movement had outgrown the confines of an ordinary worldly society. The Theosophical Society in America had to become what it now is: a department in a fitting place of the world-wide movement for brotherhood in which there are other departments whose function the Theosophical Society in America could never have undertaken and much less have carried out, and which other organizations were seeking to monopolize.

One of the obstacles against popularization of Theosophy was its too high altitude in the scale of education, though this was necessary for a period until the philosophic foundation in a sufficiently large number had reached an impregnable standard of attainment. However, nothing is so certain as the destiny of destruction which would have awaited it, had it remained at the mercy of imperfect human nature alone. Its history has caused untold anxiety in the hearts of the seriously devoted members on account of the troubles and vicissitudes within its folds by ambitious individuals who sought to become leaders; it is only too well known that much power was wasted in scrambling for offices and strife for personal recognition; thereby its growth was impeded and greater spread of the doctrine prevented. All this is now obviated for all time to come.

From the beginning and up to this day the members have always tacitly recognised that the inception of the Movement in this century was due to the compassionate aid of Helpers, who yet hope to revive the slumbering faculties of man's divine nature, who also assisted in the establishment of its magnificent literature and teachings. It is undoubtedly true that the cause has been guided in its unfoldment at all important crises and even at all times in its plans and policy.

While thus recognising the actual condition and largely depending on this help in the future, the unique and extremely liberal platform of the outward organization was not made conformable to this belief. The time had not yet come. Meanwhile some members became enamored with the mere shell which they elected to preserve, though it might not now serve the purpose of the true work.

However, the intuition of the units had grown to such an extent that at the proper occasion, on the 18th day of February, 1898, an overwhelming

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majority of them asserted that they will declare to the world their belief in the ideal foundation of this institution.

The Gods are descending again among mankind under cyclic law. It is quite certain that no one human being, except a high occultist of the white order, can be entrusted with the guidance of a spiritual movement such as this.

Whatever the truth may be, the members of the Theosophical Society in America, in a supreme moment of inspiration, with genuine enthusiasm declared their belief that the Gods have come among us again to point the way whereby we may realize the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity.

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H. T. EDGE, M. A.

OGMAS fetter the soul, we say, when we are condemning other people's beliefs; but we are prone to forget that we too may have dogmas of another kind that fetter our soul. We may be "compounding for sins we are inclined to, by damning those we have no mind to." It is as possible to be hidebound by theories scientific or theories political as by theories theological. Another kind of dogmatism that fetters the soul is done up in those neat parcels or tabloids called aphorisms or maxims or proverbs. True, when one of these is hurled at your head, you can always, if smart enough, reply by hurling back another; for proverbs go in pairs and neutralize each other. For an instance of such a dogmatic proverb, take this: "Genius is born, not made."

Here we recognise the familiar, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further." A dose of cold water is enough to put out some fires, but others it merely feeds; and some natures, when confronted with such an apothegm, thrown at their aspiring head, will feel disposed to question its validity. They will say to themselves: "Perhaps the reason why this is said is that it is not true, but only expresses a wish on the part of the sayer." Is genius always and inevitably innate? Can it never be acquired? Am I everlastingly damned and predestinated by a birth which I did not choose? Away with such a thought! says the voice of my non-finite nature from within. If genius has hitherto been innate only, it shall from this time forth be otherwise.

And what indeed can produce genius, if not growth?

It is surely a general law — our observations tell us — that perfections are the result of growth. The alternative, in the case of human genius, is that they may be a special gift or grace, arbitrarily bestowed by a supernal

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power, a power great enough to be able to do this, and yet small enough to be able thus to distinguish that atomic speck known as a human personality. The fallacy is doubtless due to the dogma of setting a limit to the life of the Soul by making it begin at a point in time. Our observations show us that some people are born with genius and others not. We trace the line of growth no further back than the cradle, and so we have to assume that the Soul has arrived at that stage at a jump — that it was especially endowed at its creation (its creation being for us synonymous with its birth into earth-life).

But suppose there is a spark of life in man which never dies, but which is continued after all bodily and mental vestures have decayed or passed into invisibility, and is again clothed with a mind and a body. In this view, the life of the Soul is continuous, and growth goes on from incarnation to incarnation; so that genius is merely ability acquired by long exercise.

This view will cause an answering ray of hope to spring up in our heart, for it will show us that our efforts are not vain, and that our handicap is not insurmountable.

Another thought — progress is achieved by the degree continuous or the degree discrete (to use an expression of Swedenborg's). Geologists recognise this, when they point out that some changes in the earth's surface are slow and continuous and others sudden and great. Physicists recognise it when they show that water can be gradually heated up to a certain point, after which it undergoes a sudden and complete change of state into a gas. In our own growth, within the range of our own ready observation, we notice changes that are slow and continuous and changes that are sudden and revolutionary.

Putting these facts together, may we not reasonably infer (first) that slow plodding may eventually, if not in one life, then in more than one, achieve the towering heights of genius; (second) that we may at any moment achieve the degree discrete and pass at a bound from a narrower to a wider sphere? It might be that, in one climate, a plant would never yield more than leaves, and in another climate spring into blossoms overnight. There are plants that do next to nothing for many years, and then suddenly throw up a tall stem with flowers and fruit; there are insects which lie latent for long years and put forth wings only after certain periods.

It is possible through misguided effort to miss what we are aiming at; our very attempt defeats itself. In striving to recollect a name, we only push it further from our mind, and the memory comes suddenly back after we have ceased trying to recall it. Put too much mind into the tying of a shoestring, and you will boggle it; do a problem in your head,

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and your fingers will tie the knot of themselves. Do we make such misguided efforts in our attempts to achieve genius?

It is said that the essence of genius is impersonality — that it belongs to a plane above and beyond the plane of self-seeking. If so, it is evidently useless to try and achieve it by the familiar and humdrum method of exercising the will and patience under the urge of personal desire and ambition. Perhaps we do not need to strive harder, so much as to strive differently.

The great Teachers of all ages tell us that man is held in a narrow groove by the force of his personal desires, which bind him down to a limited circle of possible attainment. The harder he strives along these lines, the more he binds himself down.

"In the land of Wu-Ti there was a sausage machine. Its sausages were famous throughout all Wu-Ti. Gratified with its fame, it studied how to increase its capacity, and now the whole earth is filled with its sausages. Yet men held it not in high esteem and were wont to speak contemptuously of it. In the land of Ting-Fang there was a printing-press, and all the earth was filled with the fame of the wise words it printed. 'Sir,' said the sausage machine; 'I observe that all men praise you, while I am spoken slightly of everywhere. Pray tell me how is this?' 'Go to!' answered the printing-press; 'all your efforts are wasted; they result only in the production of more sausages. If you want to produce wise words, you must cease making sausages.' And the sausage machine was vexed, and said: 'I fear, Sir, your internal economy is seriously affected.' And it put on more steam, so that now the whole earth cannot contain the sausages which it makes. Yet men revere it not more than formerly."

"God tried to make man and failed. 'Give me more dirt,' said he. 'Go to!' said the other God; 'what you want is less dirt and a little of the breath of life.'"

And everywhere we see people making the same mistake. The rich man makes money and more money and never makes anything else. The manufacturer turns out ever more complete machines in one day, and dies a manufacturer — a manufacturer of that one machine. The savant piles up vast learning, and sends for the village priest to soothe his last doubts and fears. This is not growth; it is stagnation — stagnation *in excelsis*. There have been Theosophists who, burning with a new zeal, have shut their eyes and rushed headlong down some blind alley, where they are now vainly trying to butt through the stone wall at the end. Teachers say that selfish ambition is the great obstacle to wisdom and real attainment; it carries us ever along the same blind alley, and zeal merely hastens our career. How shall we avoid this disastrous mistake?

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Genius is the power to rise above the ordinary limitations which people impose upon themselves, and to manifest the higher and finer qualities of human nature. These limitations are those which we have ourselves made, for we built ourselves; we live in a house which we have made out of our own substance, and we crawl slowly on the ground with this house on our back. It shelters us, no doubt, and we are afraid to leave it.

In seeking to abandon personal desires, we are apt merely to change and enlarge them, so that, although we seem to have widened our sphere, we are still working from the same center after all, and still following personal ambition. The change needed is therefore one of kind, not merely of degree. The man who should develop his personal powers until he excelled his fellows in some few particulars, would become a lonely tower, cut off largely from sympathies — a talented man but not a genius. This is not the right path. Geniuses attract attention to their work rather than to their personality. Of some speakers we say, 'What a marvelous orator he is,' without remembering what he said; of others we remember and profit by their words, forgetting where we heard those words.

The gist of this article is that man, after reaching a certain stage in his growth, checks his own further growth by refusing to take the next step; and, instead of this, he goes on repeating himself, like a plant that, instead of yielding fruit, goes on producing larger and better leaves.

Man has gradually through the ages built up a great personality for himself, in the midst of which he dwells; and when it becomes time for him to step out into a larger sphere, he lacks the faith or courage to do it. This is because he has no confidence in what lies beyond his familiar limits. We continually see, both in individuals and in nations, that a certain point is reached when the individual or the nation stands poised and hesitating on the brink, undecided whether to go on or to fall back; and then falls back. The opportunity is missed for that time, but it must come again; for the undying spirit within compels growth, and increasing stress will eventually give the strength necessary for the advance.



"THE brain force is but the piano upon which the divine quality of man may play. This divine quality may become a living compassionate love for all Humanity. It adapts itself to every human need in life. Humanity has for ages been depending upon the brain-mind of man, resulting in too many words and too little cultivation of the spiritual. This condition is appalling in many parts of the world. Selfishness is the ruler, and love for mankind gives place to creeds and dogmas."— KATHERINE TINGLEY

ON THE VALUE OF PROOF

QUINTUS REYNOLDS

WE hear much nowadays from those who, with material evidence, are to 'prove' the reality of spiritual things — such as the survival of man after death,—and so uplift humanity to higher levels of religion. They have received letters from the dead, and parade all manner of 'phenomenal' occurrences; and go forth as prophets of a new faith. Professor So-and-so has discovered the Soul, just as Professor Somebody-else discovered radium; so now we must all become spiritually-minded. Of course; there is nothing else to do.

As a matter of fact the discoveries of scientists make no difference to the spiritual status of anybody; and if these particular prophets had discovered, or were to discover, anything, it would effect no advantage to the spirituality of any mortal creature. Supposing you could prove the Soul's existence, so that our brain-minds must believe in that, as they believe in saltpeter, submarines, or soft soap,—it would not be the Soul's existence that had been proven at all: the Soul would be remote from that captured situation, so to say; it would refuse to be the subject of such belief. It would not be there; the thing believed in would be something else. You cannot reduce it to the level of soap and saltpeter; if you could, it would be something on their level, and not the Soul at all. It would still be as non-existent, with respect to those believers, as it was before. I believe in radium, having never seen it; but that kind of faith has nothing to do with my spiritual nature: I am neither the better nor the worse for it. But that kind of faith cannot be applied to the Soul or the things of the Soul; can never reach to it. It would be more sensible to try to reach Sirius with ladders; granted you had a ladder long enough, we may suppose (for the sake of argument) that you could get to the star; but if you carried your ladder of phenomenal evidence quite *ad infinitum*, it would still be as far as ever from getting to the Soul, or its immortality, or anything connected with it. Indeed farther; because the direction taken would be necessarily wrong. I probably never shall see radium, or any of that long list of chemical elements that I believe in thoroughly, and don't know the names of; whether I see them or not, it will leave my belief in them entirely unaffected: that belief I keep in a textbook (borrowable from the public library — not on my own shelves); — as folk commonly keep their religious beliefs in a creed in the prayer-book,— where it can always be looked up when one wants to know what one's opinion really is. But belief in the Soul is a matter of the stirring

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of the Soul itself within one; at least it is an invocation of the Soul so to stir. Who does any generous or altruistic action, effectively then believes in the Soul; though his brain-mind may convince itself that he is the veriest materialist. The Soul knows itself to be existent, and immortal; that in us which doubts or itches for immortality, is mortal; let it pass! From the immortality of the dead we are never separated, while we have any hold on the immortality in ourselves. But as for these proofs,—granted that dear departed So-and-so has made a test case of himself, for any committee of scientists to sit on; and got a good thumping verdict from them, too; — why, then immortality would have nothing to do with it; the Soul would have nothing to do with it; the Soul would not have spoken, nor would it have been immortality that had been proclaimed; the thing that spoke with that mortal voice into this mortal world would be as mortal as anything else therein; as mortal as the brain-mind of you or me to whom it spoke.

This world is a very kaleidoscope of mortality and perpetual change; and all things that belong to it partake of its nature, including our personal selves. Your body is a little more durable than the clothes it wears; your mind than the body it wears; — but bless my soul! if you could prove that that mind, that thinking-machine through which the riffraff of personal 'thought' drifts, and which has for wheels and cogs and pistons the little vanities and emotions and self-seekings and prides and lusts and affections of common life,— if you could prove that that thing endured for a thousand ages after its body had been decently cremated or buried, what then? You would still have left the question of immortality untouched; you would not have come a jot nearer the Soul than you were before. For *that* is beyond and outside Time, which slides by and touches it not: the Soul is *now*, and its immortality is *now*; and in the self-forgetting mood we enter into it, and enjoy its immortality.

The letters that prove immortality come to a man out of the secret reaches of his heart; or for that matter, from the hearts of other men; because all the noble action of the Soul is in a way convincing. You see a man conscious of his soulhood, and (in so far as you have any decent susceptibility in you) do not escape the infection; if you are quite unsusceptible, it may stir you only to animosity; — for there is a warfare deep-seated in the nature of things, and the mortal part of us is envious of its great Superior.

Change is another name for death; and we all die daily. A passion that today is a great part of one's being,— that dominates one's life and sweeps all thought before it,— tomorrow is gone: it is dead: change has taken place in the man, which is the death of a great section of himself. Divine faculties, which once we possessed, die with neglect or misuse;

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evil tendencies, which once threatened our lives, die with the attainment of self-mastery. Most deeply rooted of them all is the sense of self; in which certainly there is nothing nobler than the levels of this mortal world. It is the thing that can come to hurt so much, that the suicide, to have (as he thinks) done with it, will brave the canons fixed against self-slaughter: a pretty immortality it would be, that should fix that burden on us through the ages! But thank Heaven it is mortal: changing constantly during life, it undergoes at last the great change called death, — which may be a process lasting years after it begins with the death of the body. So dear departed So-and-so's letters, supposing their genuineness proved, are but the communications of a dying thing waning gradually away — a thing less qualified to speak for immortality than is the living Soul in any one of us here.

Render unto Caesar the things which be Caesar's; prove soap and saltpeter and those chemical elements by phenomenal evidence; — but do not ask Caesar Brain-mind to sit in judgment on God the Soul, whom by no possibility can you hail before that tribunal. The thing is not to be done.

— Oh then, you say, it is to be a matter of blind faith after all, is it? We have heard all this before, *ad nauseam*, you say, and there is nothing for the world's health in it. — Not blind faith at all; a plague on blind faith! It is highly possible to prove immortality, and the existence of the Soul, which is immortal; — only it must be done on the Soul's own terms. There is that in us which we may call the Heart-mind, as well as the brain-mind that argues: it is not the seat of the emotions; none of the love that is tainted with self pertains to it; but from it comes compassion, which is the substance of the immortality in man. Living in that, one is immortal, and aware of one's immortality. That is the only effective belief.

The other kind has been tried and found wanting. The mischief with the western world, these many centuries, has been that it believed immortality proved by phenomenal evidence, and made a dogma of it; and precisely because men did that — the thing they believed in was not immortality. We must remember that the dogmatic system known as Christianity (no connexion with the teachings of Jesus) was held to be true, indubitable, unassailable, because proved by miracles and prophecy. A writer in the *Hibbert Journal* recently brought out this point well. It was supposed to be certain that a man who suffered capital punishment in Judea in the reign of Tiberius — who was crucified, dead, and buried — rose again the third day and was seen and recognised by many: thereby proving conclusively the fact of post-mortem survival. His coming and the details of his life had been foretold by certain Hebrew writers of old time: phenomenal evidence; — he worked miracles: further phenomenal

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evidence; — last of all he rose from the dead: the case was beyond dispute. No verdict from all the scientific bodies in the world, no discovery, could establish dear departed So-and-so's letters and the inferences to be drawn from them with such compelling certainty for the modern mind, as the evidence was held to have established the resurrection of Jesus for the mind of historic Christendom. It was phenomenal evidence; its appeal was to the brain-mind; there was no question of spirituality involved. Now to see what it did for Jesus himself and for mankind.

He certainly came to prove immortality. He went about it in the only possible way: by seeking to arouse in others the Heart-mind, so blazingly active in himself. What is told of him (with any ring of truth in it) shows that he was moved by a fiery love for humanity, for its divine side; and directed all the thunders of his thought and speech against what obscured the beauty and triumph of man. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God"; you could have no terser statement of the truth about immortality; it is as much as to say that the heart, free from self, is that which perceives immortality, and to which it stands proved. There was a grand immortal heart-life behind the man that enunciated the aphorisms of the Sermon on the Mount; let those who will, believe that the same man . . . was careful to arrange details and stage his actions so as to impress folk with the belief that it was he of whom the Hebrew prophets had prophesied,— "that it might be accomplished that which was written." — All such business must look to the unprejudiced like charlatanry; and charlatanry can be thought no part of his character as revealed in his teachings. The teachings are spiritual; the playing up to the prophecies is anti-spiritual; they are the "two masters" that "no man can serve." The teachings prove immortality, because they come from the immortal in man.

But after his death a legend was made for him. First, he was the Messiah of the Jews, foretold by their prophets. Then, because he failed to fulfil expectations in that respect,— did not free the Jews from the Roman yoke and become their king and make of them a great nation, but instead fell very soon a victim to their hatred,— he had to be made the only-begotten Son of God, born miraculously, proving his godhood by a train of miracles; and his death, which at first sight would seem incompatible with such a status, had to be made the crowning miracle that proved it. So far from having been a tragedy or misfortune, it was made the very corner-stone of the scheme of things. He had been offered as a sacrifice by his Father to his Father, by God wishing to be merciful, but without sufficient omnipotence to compass it, to God inflamed with wrath — a sort of Philip sober to Philip drunk,— that mankind might be saved. Like many meaningless formulae there is something vastly impressive

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about it; it was well-calculated to stifle reasonable thought; above all, to erase from human consciousness all memory of the spiritual import of Jesus' life and teachings. Thus, if the dogma was true, and it was necessary to believe it or be damned, you did well, for instance, to wipe out the Mexican and Peruvian civilizations, and with massacre, burnings, and torture, impose saving belief on the helpless Indians. But if, on the other hand, the teachings had been worth anything at all, the men who did those things had better have had mill-stones tied about their necks while they were yet in mid-Atlantic, and have been cast quietly overboard before they had done any offense against the least of the Inca or Aztec little ones. There was no logical reconciling the dogma with the teachings. But the dogma had been proved to the brain-mind; it rested firmly on phenomenal evidence; — and the teachings, therefore, had to go.

Cruelty and lust of gold and conquest might have accomplished much the same results without the dogma to spur them on; but without the dogma, and the invented phenomenal evidence on which it rested (no one dreamed that it *was* invented), the teachings might possibly have been remembered occasionally. And no one would suggest that dear departed So-and-so's letters might lead to the burning of unbelievers or the stamping out of civilizations. But the illustration may show how little phenomenal evidence can touch the spiritual nature.

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T. HENRY, M. A.

"Theosophy leads to action.— enforced action, instead of mere intention and talk."

— H. P. BLAVATSKY

HIS saying, which is but one of many similar, refutes any statement that might be made to the effect that Theosophy is merely speculative and impractical. It also serves to distinguish Theosophy from its counterfeits (some of the counterfeits being under the very name of Theosophy). We can surely point to the words of the Founder in definition of what Theosophy is and what it is not.

The inference is that anything which does not lead to action is not Theosophy, whatever it may call itself. The difference is the same as that between real and sham virtue, genuine compassion and mere emotionalism, merit and presumption, and, generally speaking, between all genuine things and their mere appearance.

Theosophy was never intended by its Reviver in our age to be a mere

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pursuit for the gratification of intellectual curiosity, love of the marvelous, or ambition; but strong efforts have always had to be made to keep it from becoming so. We may find even today people and coteries who use the name of Theosophy to designate unpractical activities of this kind; and they are in marked contrast with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, which alone carries on the work in the spirit of its Founder.

The teachings of Theosophy are of such a nature that they cannot be made serviceable to oneself unless one makes the sincere endeavor to apply them to one's conduct. And the application of Theosophical teachings to one's conduct implies that one shall engage in active practical work among men. As expressed by William Q. Judge:

"The power to know does not come from book-study nor from mere philosophy, but mostly from the actual practice of altruism in deed, word, and thought; for that practice purifies the covers of the soul and permits that light to shine down into the brain-mind."

The Theosophical teachings, such as Karma, the septenary constitution of man, the spiritual unity of mankind, may be studied intellectually and made objects of pious meditation; but, unless put into practice, will remain in the state of all such intellectual beliefs — that is, detached from actual life and barren of results so far as betterment of that life, or the attainment of real knowledge, is concerned.

There are many people perfectly willing to change their religious beliefs and adopt any new ideas, so long as their *real* religion — that is, the settled principles on which their life is ordered — is not disturbed; but when that is threatened, they resist strongly and instinctively. The invariable resort of such people is to make the new ideas unpractical, to keep them in the state of merely intellectual beliefs.

But Theosophy, as is abundantly proved from the utterances of the Founder of the Society and her successors, is intended to work a reform in the very life of humanity, to supplant some of our fondest delusions, and to influence us to lay aside many prejudices in favor of broader and more unselfish aims.

This may help us to estimate the magnitude of the task undertaken by the Founder. She called in question the validity of a vast and time-grown concretion of rooted ideas. And from out the depths of this mass of conservatism there went forth a silent and determined opposition, which she had to confront. Such is the price paid by Teachers.

In a smaller way, each sincere Theosophist has to face just such a problem in his own character.

Among those who are drawn to Theosophy we may distinguish people who merely anticipate a pleasant new belief but are not prepared to make

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any sacrifices for it; and those who welcome Theosophy as a herald of better achievements in the line of conduct and duty. Calling the latter sincere Theosophists, be it observed in reference to them that there is a law of nature which is called into operation by the force of their aspirations. It is Newton's third law of motion, but in a sense less restricted than usual: to every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. This law, however, does not prevent progress. A swimmer encounters the resistance of the water, which he does not arouse so long as he remains still; and in spite of this resistance he progresses. So the aspirant, by his aspiration, arouses resistance from the inertia of his character and his environment. Thus begins his practical work. It is the token that his Theosophy is sincere, has taken root in his character, and is accomplishing work. Theosophy leads perforce to action; otherwise what has been supposed to be Theosophy is mere intention and talk.

Obstacles, then, may be expected; but surely the wise man will hail them, not deplore. Are they not the tokens of his success?

As said in our second quotation, the practice of altruism purifies the covers of the soul. This refers to the teaching that the soul is the real knower, and the mind is one of its instruments, which should interpret it, but which in ordinary cases obscures it. Wisdom is to be attained by so purifying the mind that it is enabled to reflect the soul-wisdom. Desires and passions and wrong notions of all kinds are the great hindrances, for they throw the mind into a myriad fantastic forms, and no wisdom is able to penetrate. Hence real progress in Theosophy demands practical work, for so only can we render ourselves capable of appreciating the essence of its teachings.

It scarcely needs saying that, where there is the desire for practical work, the opportunity will not be wanting. Such opportunities present themselves all the time, and there is no need to go hunting for them. We have only to use the opportunities we have been hitherto letting slip. It is by no means an unknown experience that a student of Theosophy will, by his zeal, draw upon himself an opportunity; and then, instead of taking it, miss it. He has tested himself and failed at the test. If he is wise he will, looking back over the experience, learn a lesson that will prevent a similar mistake later on. Suppose, for example, that the student was anxious to overcome an irritable temper and acquire thereby a more equable and judicious disposition. In accordance with certain natural laws, which begin to become evident to the practical student of Theosophy, his aspiration would before long bring a test upon him. His desire to conquer his weakness would tend to bring about its own fulfilment. Then he would either win or lose in the opportunity. Thus practical work

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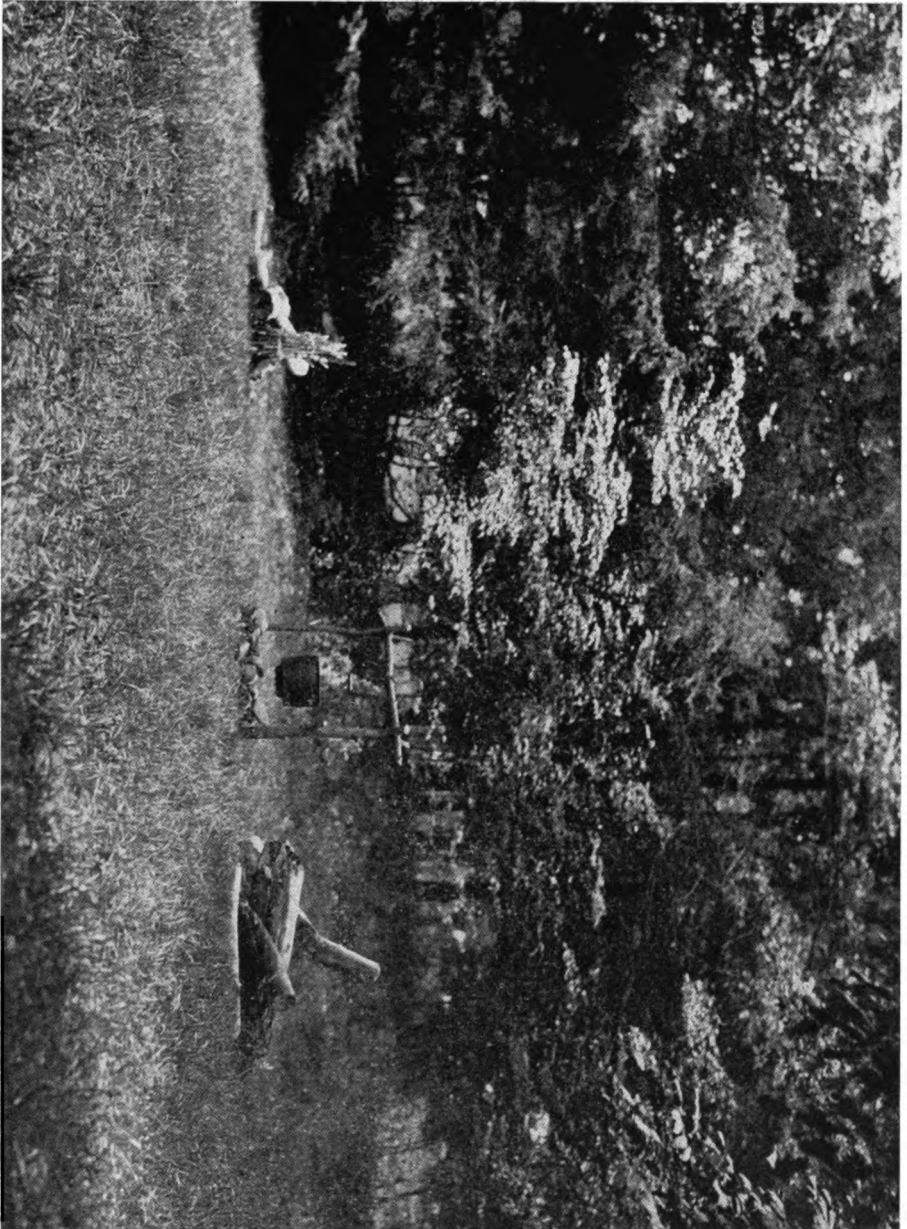
is indispensable, for who can overcome his temper theoretically and without actually trying?

People may say they have come across several different sorts of Theosophy, but there is only one practical, and therefore genuine, Theosophy; the others are of the mere talk-and-intention kind. Ardor and energy are the very essence of the character of the Founder. Hers was a herculean work. She had to go right beneath the surface and strike at many rooted ideas and prejudices in modern civilization. This roused a great amount of silent and determined opposition, and a character of surpassing strength was needed to stand the strain of such opposition. Thus Theosophy was anything but mere talk and intention for her: it was very practical indeed. And so it must always be for her pupils. If they aspire to the name of Theosophists, they must be endued with at least a portion of her spirit, however small; and this will mean that their desire is to achieve, to plant the seeds of real progress.

How, it may be asked, can we be practical in connexion with such a Theosophical teaching as Reincarnation? The answer is that the teaching was promulgated for the purpose of enduing man with that new hope and self-respect which is so necessary; it was not given out for the satisfaction of intellectual curiosity or to provide food for vain and foolish speculations and claims. We are expected to prove our belief in Reincarnation by acting as immortal Souls should act.

The desire for knowledge is a worthy aspiration, and Theosophy makes a point of assuring man that he is not forbidden to try and know as much as he can. But the sincere and earnest student is not long in finding out that he cannot advance in his quest for knowledge unless he obeys the necessary conditions — that is, unless he puts into practice what he has learned — puts it into practice in his conduct with himself and towards his fellows. There are some of us old members who were once attracted to the pursuit of vain speculations and experiments, but had our feet turned in a different direction by the Teacher, who showed us what were her real purposes and what Theosophy demanded of its adherents. Those speculations and experiments now seem by-paths, which cannot be profitably pursued until certain very urgent reforms have been accomplished in our own nature. The work of uprooting weaknesses becomes more important than the attempt to acquire new faculties. We are too top-heavy as it is, and need to acquire more strength at the center, more poise.

Theosophists are striving to create a better standard of life, for themselves and for others. And how can this be done except by continuous and strong practical endeavor? Mere talk and intention will not suffice.



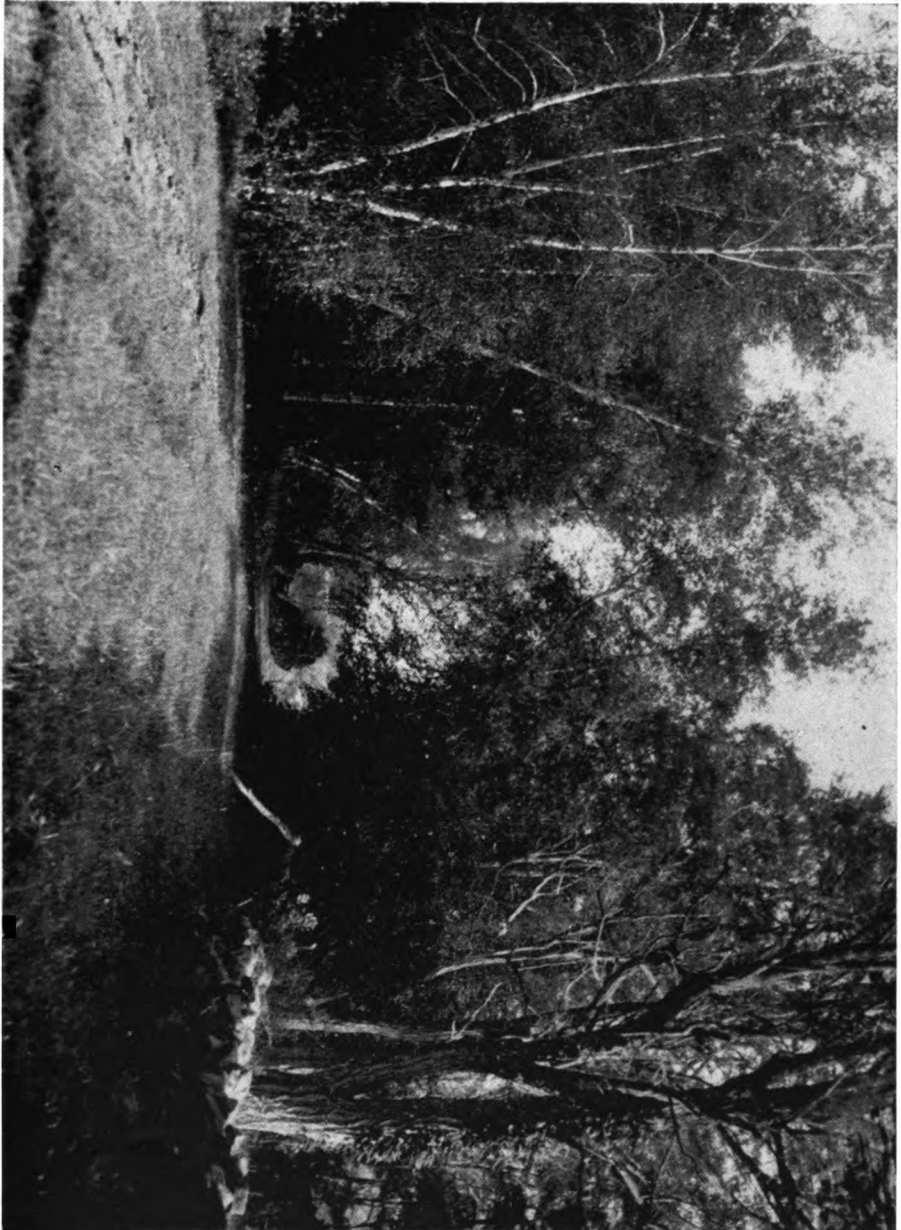
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THE GYPSY CAMP IN THE BACKGROUND OF STAGE SETTING FOR AS YOU LIKE IT
AS PRESENTED BY THE RAJA-YOGA PLAYERS AT LAUREL CREST, NEWBURYPORT, MASS.



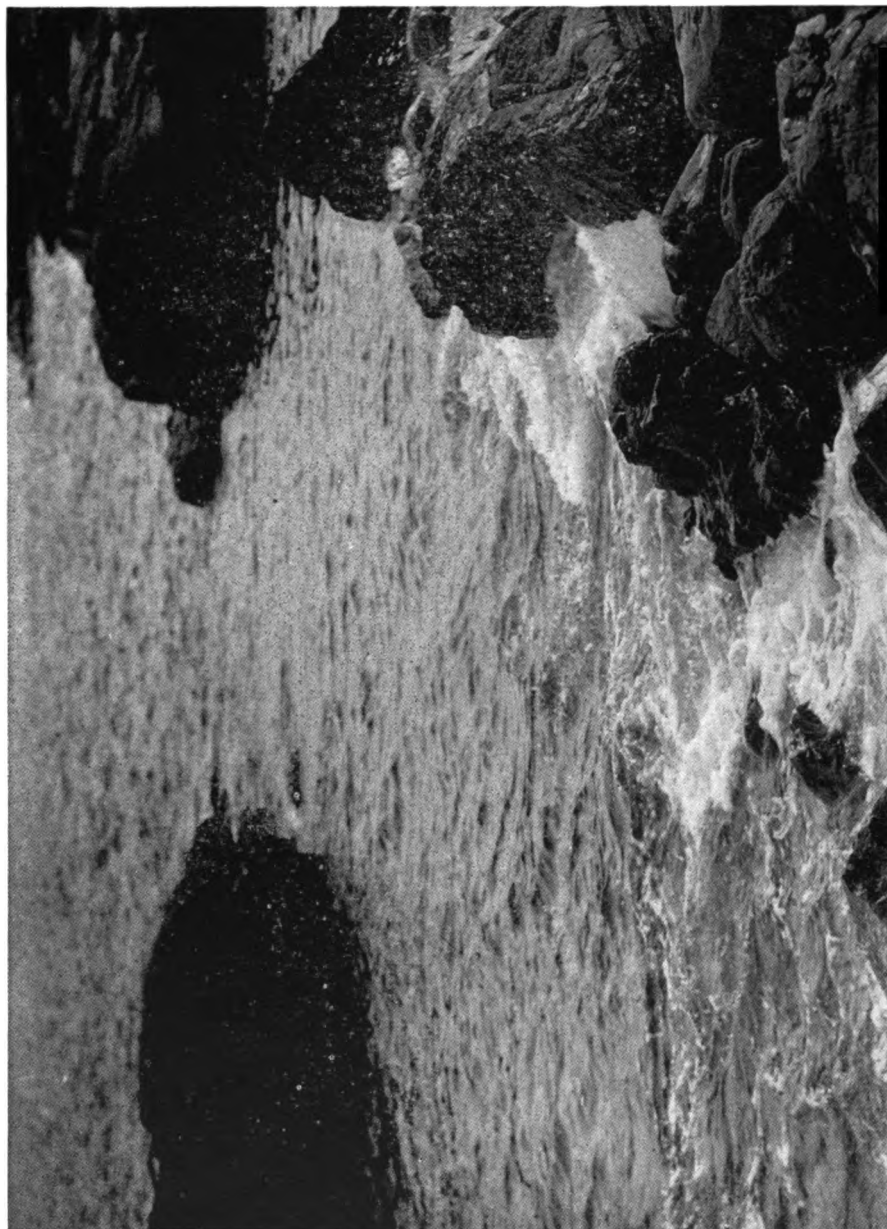
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LOOKING SOUTH ALONG THE ABANDONED 'FERRY ROAD,' LEADING TO LAUREL CREST
AND BORDERING KATHERINE TINGLEY'S ESTATE



LOOKING NORTH ALONG THE ABANDONED 'FERRY ROAD' TO THE
ENTRANCE OF LAUREL CREST ESTATE

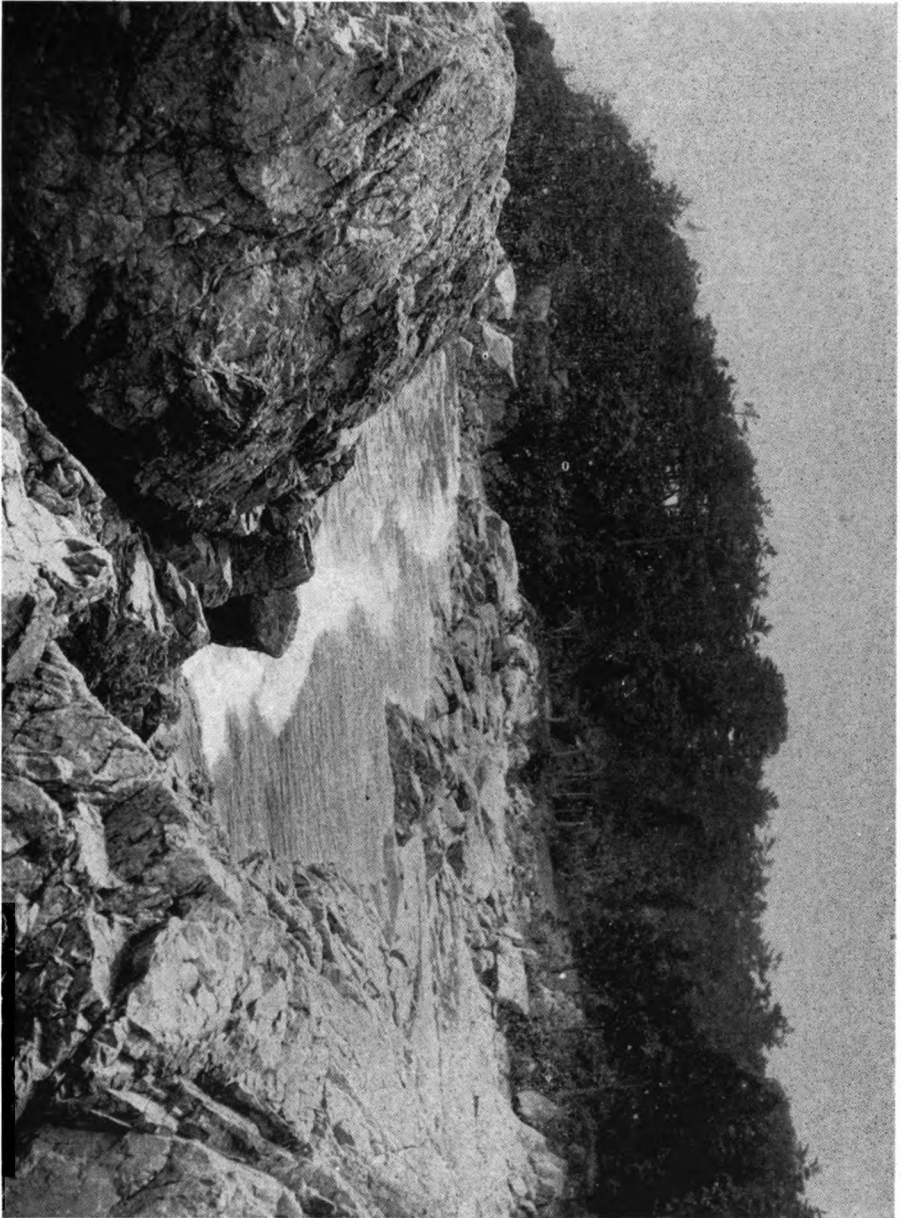
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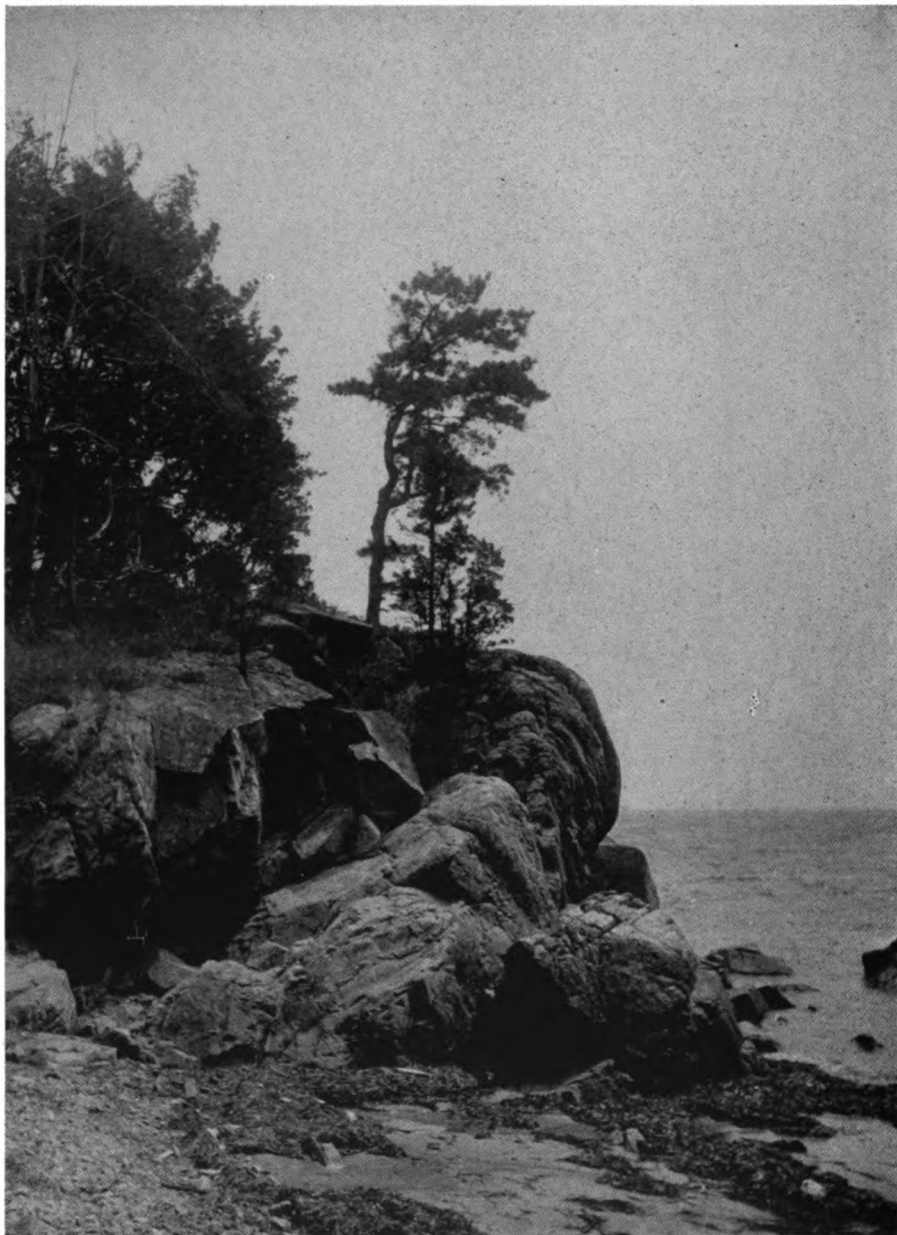
ON THE ROCKS AT CLIFTON

The summer home of Mrs. Caroline Hitchcock, Directress of the New England Center, Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, Boston, Massachusetts.



DENSE FOREST AND BREAKING WAVES ON THE CAPE ANNE SHORE,
BEVERLEY FARMS, MASSACHUSETTS

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ON BEAUTIFUL CAPE ANNE SHORE, BEVERLEY FARMS,
MASSACHUSETTS

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

From the Swedish of Esaias Tegnér by Kenneth Morris

THE sun has banished the sweet of Spring,
And no cool shades the palmtrees fling,
And it's time to be seeking the North, the homeland —
Birds of passage, to wing, to wing!
— O'er the banks of Nile in squadrons rising,
Home to the North, to wing, to wing!

Deep down below, and down below,
The green earth shines, the blue waves flow;
But only here in the sky is peace
Where we and the winds and the cloudlets go.

There's a green mead in a wild-flower vale
Where the snow-crowned mountains glint and pale;
And there the green-robed Fay of the Forest
Roams in the eve by moor and dale;

And there in the glimmering dusk a-winging,
Gold-winged elves are dancing and singing,
And deep in the dark the mountains under,
Goblin hammers are clinking and ringing.

And there, in the flower-sweet Spring of the year,
We shall light like snow through the sunlight clear,
And fear no wandering fowler's nets,
So far from the world, the Pole so near.

And there we shall build our nests, and lay,
And hatch our eggs in the nightless day,
And there we shall rear our downy fledglings,
The low sun watching us far away.

And even when Winter stands on the height,
And shakes from his wide wings snow and night,
And shakes from his wings the noise of storms,
And the skies are black and the world is white;

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And down from the Pole the wild winds roar,
And the snow wings drift from the Polar shore,
And the hare goes white-furred over the snow,
And the red ash-berries are frosted o'er,


And the sun-rich Southland lures us away
To the palmtree shade and the meadows gay,
And we go — we shall bear in our hearts a longing
For the Northland nests and the nightless day.

*International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California*

REINCARNATION AND SOME CRITICISMS

C. J. RYAN

PART II

T the beginning of the Great War, a prominent writer said: "If a Greek tragedian were dealing with the events of today he would see in them a confirmation of his favorite theme that man strives in vain against the decrees of fate. No one in Europe today really wants a European war."

Another speaks of the chain of events which led up to it as having "all the inevitableness of ancient tragedy, where persons and events are controlled, not by reason, but by the spell of an ironic Fate."

Now according to Theosophy this attitude of mind is absolutely wrong, though strictly natural from the superficial, materialistic position so common today. The Greek poets knew better; we have utterly misrepresented their views by reading into them our ideas, which were not the popular ones in ancient times. The ancients recognised the fact that man lives many times on earth, and that in the long run justice prevails. When the law of justice or harmony, the law of Karma, and the natural method of evolution of the soul through re-embodiment or reincarnation, are taken into account, the aspect of life changes in a marvelous way and no longer can pessimistic and narrow fatalistic views be accepted. The great misfortune which throws so many into fatalism or pure agnosticism is the mental blindness or ignorance as to the methods by which justice is done and ultimate harmony produced in nature. This mental blindness has been fostered by long centuries of dogmatic teachings based on misunderstood and twisted interpretations of the simple Theosophical teachings given to the world by the great spiritual Helpers of Humanity

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throughout all ages, dogmas which put God's laws on the level of the edicts of a capricious tyrant, to be evaded by theological subterfuges, such as the vicarious atonement taken literally.

The law of Karma is not advanced as a dogma by the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society — the Society has no dogmas to which members are compelled to assent; the belief in the principle of Universal Brotherhood and the desire to promote its recognition are the only necessary qualifications for membership — but we claim that a careful study of the law of Karma, the law that effects actually do follow causes in every department of life, moral, mental, as well as physical, is of supreme importance for the world. In the moral life it is the law of rational adjustment of the broken harmony produced by lack of self-control and ungoverned passion. Karma rewards generously those who work with nature and do not break her laws. To fulfill its decrees — which are really our own, for we set the causes in motion — appropriate conditions are required; one lifetime is not enough. In ordinary affairs of business we expect to reap the harvest of the seeds we planted in the field where they were sowed. What then can be more reasonable than the idea of reincarnation on earth, which provides opportunity for the fulfillment of the ordinary law of sowing and reaping? The states into which we pass after death between incarnations are not claimed in Theosophy to be conditions suitable for working the results of wrong action during life, but are for rest and refreshment and assimilation “after life's fitful fever.”

The confusion of thought existing today upon the subject of justice, of cause and effect, is horrifying to students who have penetrated even a little way into its larger meaning on Theosophical lines, particularly when the truth has been so plainly set forth by all the great Teachers, including Jesus. Not only are the churches responsible for the perversion of the primitive teaching that what a man sows that and that only shall he reap, but ignorance of it on the part of secular leaders of modern thought has had its place. Look around at the works of prominent writers who have largely molded public opinion, both directly and by infiltration through minds they have powerfully influenced. The art of fiction is one of the strongest influences of modern times; nearly everyone reads at least a few good novels, and the most successful are widely translated. The drama, both the ‘legitimate’ and the ‘movies,’ has a strong appeal; and the more or less scientific articles in the Sunday papers must not be overlooked in considering the factors which affect public opinion. The church sermon is no longer the vital power it was before reading became universal, and the divisions in the churches and the impression that the ground has been cut under the feet of preachers by the sapping of ‘almighty’ science, have greatly weakened their in-

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fluence. Compare the number of churchgoers with the number of people who sit at home on Sunday mornings and read the newspaper!

The vast majority of writers who powerfully affect public opinion are wielding their great weapon, the pen, in ignorance of two of the greatest laws of life — Reincarnation and Karma. The spirit of the age is not naturally reverent, and the simple faith in some kind of divine government — it doesn't matter what — which kept former ages from the materialism in thought and conduct so prevalent today, has almost disappeared in the atmosphere of modern skepticism. In the domain of fiction, which so profoundly affects public opinion, take, for example, Thomas Hardy, a commanding figure in the literary world, a penetrating and careful observer of human nature in its ordinary workings. He, and many like him, are obsessed by the false and pessimistic notion that man is not the arbiter of his destiny, that one life on earth with its forced limitations rounds out his miserable career, and his message to the world is that we must endure as best we may the grinding of an overmastering and colossal *world-machine* which laughs at our puny efforts to defy it. It is all very well to talk eloquently about the heroism in defying the worst that blind fate can do (and the brave do not run away from the field of battle), but what does it all signify unless there is a soul to be strengthened by the exercise of fortitude, and a future in which the progress made would come to some useful end? It would be but "sound and fury, signifying nothing," tragical and purposeless. Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* or Ibsen's *Ghosts* are illustrations of this class of literature in which an inexorable destiny overwhelms the leading characters. You watch them struggling in vain like a fly in a spider's web. No suggestion is made that they have originated in some previous life the causes now working out, and that justice, not blind, insensate cruelty, is the guide of events. Such pictures of human life are drawn with great skill; the reader is thoroughly convinced that under such conditions and with such personal characteristics, the tragedy was inevitable; you see them with helpless pity following the line of least resistance to the edge of the precipice. From the one-life standpoint, you turn away saddened and with your sense of confidence and trust in the just government of the universe weakened.

A leading critic writes, in reference to a volume of short stories:

"Each creates its own impression, and all make clear the fact that there is an inevitable destiny which sweeps us along towards an irresistible end. In other words, the nameless thing which brings man, guilty and guiltless alike, to his doom, is Providence, Fate, or Chance. That is the problem propounded in all these stories, but it is a problem not solved, because it cannot be solved."

This is a frank expression of the prevailing negations, which are now so wide-spread. Thomas Hardy says, in regard to his attitude:

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"Existence is either ordered in a certain way or it is not so ordered, and conjectures which harmonize best with experience are removed above all comparison from other conjectures which do not so harmonize. . . . This story [Tess] is sent out in all sincerity of purpose, as an attempt to give artistic form to a true sequence of things."

There is no question of the sincerity of our best literary artists; what we question and deny is their perception of the true sequence of things; we observe a great skill in the perception of the superficial sequence, or a part of the sequence, but a lack of understanding of the deeper causes. Dickens, who was broader and more reverent in outlook than many of his successors, ridicules a pot-boy in *Pickwick* who thought he was "seeing life" when he peered through the dirty window of a bar-parlor at the tipplers. Without pressing the comparison too far, let us try to realize the expansion of vision when we step out of the close mental atmosphere of the one-life theory and breathe the invigorating atmosphere of Theosophy. Instead of finding this world an inexplicable mystery, filled with incomprehensible injustices, with men and women blundering along in a lawless chaos, the simple idea of the pre-existence of the soul reduces everything to order. Think of one short life but as a 'day' in the life of the true Self. Throw aside what Herbert Spencer called "the paralysing thought" that perhaps there is no comprehension of the workings of the universe ever to be found. Dare to imagine that there may be methods by which we may find our way to knowledge that are superior to reasoning from insufficient data, in the manner so popular. In its respect for science the present age accepts the law of cause and effect in material things, in chemistry, in physics, but it has not carried it to the logical conclusion in the affairs of human life. It believes in the inexorable law in accordance with which a stone falls to the ground, but it still babbles of 'chance' and 'fate' and 'accident' when persistent ill-luck, ill-health, or unavoidable misfortune follow a family or a person for years.

The writer just quoted speaks of 'Providence' sweeping along guilty and guiltless alike to their irresistible end and doom. What is this Providence, this irresponsible, lawless, unreasonable tyrant? It cannot be the working of a Divine Law, a God who loves justice and righteousness, for how could such a Power sweep the guilty and *guiltless* alike to an irresistible doom? When, however, the fact of the pre-existence of the soul is realized, everything falls into place, and the apparent exception to the laws of nature — the existence of Results without Causes — is seen to be nothing but the imaginary child of ignorance.

It may be objected that if Reincarnation be true, such an important fact should be as plain as other controlling facts of life. As a matter of common knowledge, an immense proportion of the people of the earth do consider it a palpable fact, but for those to whom it is new the scientific

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method of elimination of useless theories must be adopted. The current theories may be separated into two main divisions, the materialist position which looks upon human life merely as a fleeting outcrop of the earth's vital energy, generation after generation vanishing into nothingness like mushrooms; and the group of theories which regard earth-life as the beginning of an endless future, a momentary flash in view of the eternities to follow. According to the orthodox creeds the few years of terrestrial existence determine the entire future happiness or misery of the soul. Now when all these notions have been tried at the bar of justice and reason and probability, and found wanting,—as they certainly will be,—the principle of Reincarnation comes as a revelation, a lightbringer.

The elimination of the illogical and unjust hypotheses which leaves Reincarnation paramount is the true scientific method to arrive at reasonable views. The final test in science is "Does the theory explain all the facts better than others?" Think of the difficulty the geologists had to persuade the mass of ignorant people about a century or so ago that the stratified mountains were not 'eternal,' that they had not been 'created' as they are by the hand of God, but that they were originally flat beds of sand and mud brought down by rivers and laid on the beds of oceans long vanished, which had been elevated by movements of the earth's crust. Still more difficult was it to induce the religious world to believe that the fossil shells, bones, and trees found in the rocks were the remains of living things. Public opinion was shocked at such a flouting of orthodox teachings; it was gravely declared that Satan had put the fossils there in order to mislead the curious and to tempt weak and rebellious men to doubt the Word of God. Some asserted that the fossils had merely an accidental resemblance to real shells and bones and plants! Anything to avoid facing the truth, and to uphold preconceived notions, however false. Yet we must not be too hard upon those who held to what they had been taught in their youth, for unless one takes a large and comprehensive view of the earth and its age and realizes how insignificant its little roughnesses are in comparison with its immense size, the suggestion that the Himâlaya mountains have been elevated nearly thirty thousand feet seems unreasonable and the old teaching that they were created as they are seems like common sense. Numerous illustrations could be brought forward in support of the principle that in nature the real causes of the most striking phenomena need persistent research to find them.

In a recent article we took for consideration criticisms received from various sources against Reincarnation; we will now examine a few more:

"If Reincarnation is true, why don't we remember our past lives? What use is it to have lived before if we know nothing about it? The God of Theosophy is more cruel than the Jewish Jehovah, who at least told his creatures for what they were so barbarously punished."

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This objection has two heads; we must consider each by itself. As the point about recollecting past lives is one of the first that presents itself to inquirers it must be that many persons assume that they could not have existed at all unless they had a clear recollection of the details of those former days. This assumption can be easily shown to be unfounded. Each one of us has undeniably lived at least a year — the first year of our lives — of which no record can be found in the memory; and lapses of memory occur in which the subject is apparently rational, can talk and act sensibly, and yet afterwards recollects nothing. The famous case of the Rev. Ansel Bourne is a perfect example. There was a man who disappeared from home and was found months afterwards in a distant city, leading a new life with a new name and carrying on a successful business, but without the slightest recollection of his former life. A shock restored the memory of his real name and condition, and then he forgot all that had happened since he left home. We remember little — often nothing — of our condition during sleep or under anaesthetics, yet we are certainly not annihilated during those hours. Memory of a state is not a necessary condition of having been in it, and so the question of Reincarnation is not affected by the fact that we, as we are today, do not recollect the details of past existences.

In connexion with the apparent loss of memory, there is a valuable sidelight in the experience of many persons when almost drowned. Numerous cases are recorded where the minutest details of the life have been revived at such moments of great strain, panoramas of events totally forgotten under normal conditions. Hypnotic experiments have proved that all that has happened to a person is recorded and can be made available to certain states of consciousness, though otherwise utterly lost. Certain hypnotic experiments have also shown that elaborate actions can be performed, apparently intelligently and with intention, by a person who is simply obeying orders previously given in the hypnotic state, and who has not the faintest recollection of having received such commands, but thinks he is acting on his own initiative. Sometimes the order is executed after weeks or months, at the very instant mentioned by the hypnotizer. The records of psychology are rich in observations showing that the absence of the recollection of an event is no proof that it did not occur. We remember very little that has occurred to us in this life, and, as Madame Blavatsky says, "it is not the fact that our memory has failed to record our precedent life and lives that ought to surprise us, but the contrary, were it to happen." For those who would pursue the subject farther, there is much information in *The Key to Theosophy* and other Theosophical literature.

Concerning the alleged necessity of recollecting past lives for their

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experiences to be of use, the answer is twofold. Firstly, the true Ego, in its endeavor to guide and help the personal self, has the knowledge of ages of past experience clearly before it. When the conscience warns us against wrong-doing, what is that but the voice of the higher self which knows from experience the foolishness of such a course? Psychologists say that the conscience is not always infallible; there are times when it speaks with an uncertain voice; this is what we might expect, for the true Ego has not yet passed through all the experiences necessary for perfect wisdom. It is quite true that in our ordinary state — the brain-mind consciousness — we do not know the reasons for suffering which we have brought upon ourselves in former lives, neither can we tell why we should have special privileges. As was suggested in the first part of this paper (published in THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH for March, 1921) we should be much worse off if we positively *knew* we should live forever, and we should find the constant presence in memory of our past lives an unbearable burden. Few, if any, persons have led consistently noble and heroic lives through the ages, and there would be very much — perhaps nearly everything in some lives — that we should like to cancel. The sense of future immortality as a matter of positive *knowledge*, (but not of trust, faith, intuitive feeling, which we ought to have), would remove much of our power of concentration upon present-day duties, and would even deprive life of its stern teaching-force derived from the uncertainty concerning what will happen to the personality after the dissolution of the body; it would weaken the power of overcoming troubles and building up strong character. In respect to clear vision of the past, only very advanced, well-balanced souls, illuminated, could endure the pressure of those painful memories. For most of us, the agonized cry would be for oblivion. The weird legend of the Wandering Jew, though it does not explicitly teach reincarnation — probably because the medieval church would not permit it — depicts the sufferings of a man who remembered too much. For having mocked Jesus on his way to the crucifixion, so the story runs, he was to live on and on in full strength and consciousness until the second coming of the Lord. He would give anything for peace and forgetfulness, but he is obliged to see generation after generation find oblivion in the grave for their sins while he lives on alone with his haunting memories.

The Theosophical teaching is that when man becomes strong, god-like, when he has become one with the 'Father,' the Higher Self, when he is so splendidly balanced that nothing can shake him, the knowledge of the past opens itself to him. Even in the ordinary man's case, we are told that before taking up the burden of a new incarnation a sufficient glimpse of the past and of the self-sown causes which have led up to the coming

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experiences is given to the new personality so that it then realizes the perfect justice of what is coming to him under the Law. The influence of this illumination remains, though we cannot remember the details; it acts as a strengthener, a background of support to the trust which keeps alive some belief in the right ordering of events.

The objection that comes next shows wilful misunderstanding or complete ignorance of Reincarnation. It is this:

"Reincarnation outrages our sentimental feelings, for a mother nursing her baby would be lavishing her love upon a stranger; she would never know if she was rocking to sleep a cannibal or a Columbus, a Shakespeare or a savage."

The Shakespeare or the savage do not reincarnate as such; the personality of the new baby is not the former cannibal or Columbus, but belongs to the family in which it is born quite closely enough to satisfy the most exacting parent. If the former personality was Shakespeare, so much the better; if the savage, it would show that the inner Ego was on the path of rapid progress; in neither case would the past personality be recognisable by ordinary means, nor would the mother have any excuse for failing to love her offspring. In India it is commonly believed that many children, when very young, have some recollection of their last incarnation, and no one is surprised when they speak of it. When a child indulges in such 'fancies' here, it is strictly forbidden to tell such fibs. But although family affection is quite as strong in India as anywhere else, there is no prejudice against a child because it once belonged to another family.

Another curious objection is:

"If kings and rulers have to return and incarnate in lower stations of life, how can we say that progress is the rule of life?"

This displays a false notion of real progress, which is identified by the objector with rank, power, riches, and position in the eyes of men. The real self is not looking for such things. The king who ruled badly is no higher than any other inferior personality, and it is not necessarily the reward of a noble life to reach a high position; rulers seldom appear to have had happy lives. The ruler who is truly qualified, who is wise and unselfish will certainly not fall back in spiritual development, though he may not retain his worldly position. He may be too advanced for those he governs; they may need the discipline that can only come from an incapable ruler or a tyrant. The illustration of the Wheel of Fortune upon which we are all bound is nearer the truth when applied to our experiences in successive lives than when confined to conditions in a single lifetime. We need far more varieties in experience than one or a dozen lives can offer. At one time it may be necessary to be a ruler over millions,

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at another to be a beggar. To become perfect through suffering is a Theosophical teaching found in the Christian scriptures as well as in those of other faiths.

It is hardly necessary to say more about the objection that Reincarnation cannot be true because many persons do not like the idea of returning to earth again, except that what we in our ignorance think pleasantest is not necessarily the best for us, usually rather the contrary, and that, if they prefer the theological teaching about the next world, they may go farther and fare worse! In contrast to the theatrical heaven and hell, how reasonable Reincarnation seems with its glorious opportunities for improvement and for service to humanity!

A serious and thoughtful critic brings up this point, which is the last of any importance:

"Reincarnation and Karma are true in a *metaphorical* sense; they mean that the spirituality of a lower order has to perfect itself through a series of mental experiences — evolutions from one plane of thought to another of higher degree. Rebirth is a metaphorical expression of character-development, because to return from spiritual life would be to degrade it. After having learned all that can be gained from the physical senses in one life on earth and having passed on to a higher sphere, why come back?"

We come back because we have not learned our lesson under physical conditions. Because in the intervals between earth-lives the immortal Ego, fresh from the trying experiences of the material plane, returns for rest and refreshment to its more natural state, that does not mean that it has won its great battle and finally risen above the seductions of sense, the conqueror of matter. In the latter part of *The Key to Theosophy*, H. P. Blavatsky discusses the necessity for Reincarnation very fully. She points out that, although there is so much pain and suffering on earth, the conditions here are necessary to induce us to acquire the wisdom which will give us permanent relief. Gradually the impression grows that we are dual in nature, and that the dominance of the lower nature, the intellectualized animal, selfish, vain, always looking for pleasure and gratification at others' expense if necessary, is the cause of all our troubles, and that nothing but a complete reversal of attitude, the recognition of the divine, impersonal, the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, the true self and redeemer, can bring peace and content. The final victory is certain, but it is not to be won without great effort for self-conquest.

How long it takes utterly to eradicate one small fault! How much longer it will take to realize the inferiority and imperfectness of the ordinary personal self with which we unwisely identify ourselves!

Reincarnation is not a metaphor; it is nature's method of leading us onward to find our greatness; when one considers the problems of human

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life from the Reincarnation aspect, a reassurance as to the existence of justice takes the place of despair, and the meaning of the brotherhood of humanity becomes startlingly clear. Nothing else can bring home to us how close the tie of brotherhood binds the human race, and how truly the earth is our home for a long time to come. Once the force of the Reincarnation-idea, acting as it does throughout all nature as the method that evolution uses to work its wonders, takes hold of the mind, it puts everything into its proper proportion. Under its magic wand the most discordant elements fall into their rightful places in the world pattern. It is not a dogma to be accepted on faith or rejected from prejudice, it is a scientific fact which can stand the closest scrutiny. A close study of its fundamental principles brings forth very practical results. No longer can a man look upon himself as a single, self-centered individual separate from the rest; when he finds that behind his insignificant personality there stands a greater self, of which he is only a partial reflexion, and that it is in his power to become one with it, he feels more keenly his responsibility for every act and thought.

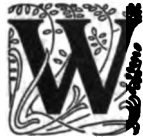
The limitations of a short magazine article have only permitted the briefest consideration of the objections to Reincarnation sent to the writer; many other arguments could be brought forward, but they do not bear specially upon the points raised. Reincarnation, however, must be studied by every sincere inquirer from the vantage-ground of his own experience of life and the study of history. In the Theosophical literature numerous suggestive lines of thought will be found, and the result of many years observation has led to the conclusion that once intelligent inquiry has been made students can never return to the unjust, illogical, and superficial one-life theory. Reincarnation is not offered as a dogma, nor is the acceptance of it a pre-requisite for membership in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

There is one very important and beautiful essential in the theory of Reincarnation that is offered as the last thought in this article. It is that we all have a glorious Companion, an elder Brother, the Higher Self, one who is "nearer than hands or feet" as the Eastern Wisdom says, who is always there to be called upon in need and all the time. We are not alone, even in our most desolate moments; we can evoke this greater self, if we dare, at times of temptation or trial, but we must awake to the overwhelmingly important fact that this privilege is ours. This is the divine self, the Christos that Paul said he was trying to arouse in the hearts of his followers. Reincarnation helps us to understand how we shall reach the point where we can at last say, in the fullness of realization, "I know that my redeemer liveth." (*Job*, xix, 25)

THE WRITINGS OF H. P. BLAVATSKY

STUDENT

"I saw ingathered, bound by Love in a single volume, all that through the universe is scattered: substance, accidents, and their relations, as though fused together in such wise that what I tell of is pure flame."— DANTE: *Il Paradiso*



WHO was this modern Titan, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky? What was this blue-eyed, clear-browed, womanly woman who was strong enough, fearless enough, and close enough to the center of things to set half mankind a-thinking and to sift the world in consciousness by the archaic Doctrine of the Heart? So that you can say: Here are the enemies of Justice and there the friends; here stand those who love and serve and look ahead, and there are the ranks of the self-seeking and those who look behind. It takes a Titan to divide the thinking world into friends and enemies: weak natures cannot do that.

Helena Petrovna Blavatsky stands out in the sunrise light of an opening cycle like a bugler on some high hill, winding her challenge down the slopes, this mighty summons-note of Soul. And those who from whatever pretext arouse themselves to answer the challenge see themselves in no long time unveiled — unveiled to themselves and to the world. For the inmost nature of them wakes and shows itself forth in the truth of what it is. He who is Odysseus is reborn thrice so. The drove pass on.

This is testimony, based on experience and observation both, and herein is the explanation of the unsuspected nobility and power so often disclosed in sincere students of Theosophy. Here, too, the explanation of the passionate selfishness that sometimes leaps into surface-activity in certain others who demand to have 'the doctrine' while refusing to 'live the life.' How could it be otherwise with these latter? They would not have justice: they would throw dice. They would have reward without sacrifice, the life of the soul without giving up the life of sense. How could the result be otherwise? It is the Karma always invoked by the approach of the selfish to the tree of knowledge or of life. The choice of two ways is offered and none can escape this choice: those who choose selfishly reap disappointment; they rage and storm and turn and rend the Teacher whose 'methods' they 'do not approve.' It is the old, old story.

But the others — those who feel the surge of human sorrow and would give their all to ease it; those to whom nothing is "higher than Truth" — those reap, too, as they have sown, but truly in celestial fields.

H. P. Blavatsky brought back to a world that had lost and forgotten it the archaic Wisdom-Religion, once the universal religion of mankind: that primeval body of Truth from which have sprung all that is true in the

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religions and philosophies of humankind, like rivulets from a common fount. "My message is not mine," she said, "but Theirs who sent me," and her task was to preserve this message pure, to give out the truths imparted to her uncontaminated by elements of personality, to defend these truths from assailment and from soil, to fight for them, live for them, drudge for them, suffer for them, and finally to die for them, fighting their battle to the last. And did the world need her message? Does the world need it now? The answer is *the writing on the wall*.

This Teacher passed away almost thirty years ago, but her writings live to speak for her, and their office is supremely a teacher's office. Here they lie before you: *The Secret Doctrine*, *Isis Unveiled*, *The Voice of the Silence*, *The Key to Theosophy*, and the Olympian pronouncements sent forth by her as editor during those twelve hard, crowded years. Take them up, turn the pages, study them — and then reflect. Do you still think Truth has spent her fires? — while these great moral principles flash their signals from height to height: Karma, Reincarnation, the Divinity of Man, the Immortality of the Soul, Brotherhood as a fact in nature, Hierarchies of Compassion extending down from Deity step by step to touch human hearts with their fire, Compassion as the 'Law of Laws,' Love as the link binding all.

The writings of H. P. Blavatsky lead you into a new world of thought and of life. You are on the mountain-tops of consciousness and they flame with holy beacons; the thunders peal and crash and flashes of forked light rend the sky. The Gods are out in arms and they rout the legions of Abaddon, while you — you are a part of it all! Out of the jail of your petty self, for an hour at least, you are free to hurl a lance of your own, you are free to fight and glory with them — these while-mailed hosts of Light and Truth, battling with the powers of the Dark.

Open *The Secret Doctrine*: read on and read again. Test the truth of its pictures of divinity and the mighty cosmic sweep of it by the secret intuitions of your heart. You are carried out of and beyond yourself on the surge and swell of the vast unfathomed ocean of Ancestral Wisdom; the perfume of a dawn-hued prehistory is in the very air; the mighty tides of Being beat in and around your soul. How clear it all is, and how true! Yes, in spite of man's weakness and blindness and sin, the great, wide Waters of Divinity still ebb and flow and drench and shower the heart-life of a world unconscious of its deeper Self. And they rise in an eternal cadence, as though they would sweep all things, all men, all that hath been or shall be, into one rapt, archaic Progress of Purification.

The student who invokes in simple dignity of soul the genius of the writings of 'H. P. B.' enters into another world. For around these writings wrestle and whirl great masterful winds blown down from other worlds,

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winds wet with the sweet mistiness of mountains, cool with the coolness of celestial heights, imperious with the high, wide power of Wonderful Things. And then — only turn a page or two now — the dew of a sunrise-twilight is on your head; you hear the low of kine, the twittering of thrush and linnet, the low scream of the circling gull, the echoing boom of the bittern, the prattle of childish voices over all. You are walking in sunlit valleys where Phoebus Apollo lies asleep on flowered banks and where human tenderness and godlike love hold world and sun and stars in their embrace. The very pages are alive — oh, this is the testimony of many! — and they utter forth the antique, new-old message that will not be denied: *O Man, O Woman! You are more than creatures of a year or of a day; you are more than material for celestial mockery; more than bodies content to be sheltered and fed; more than the minds you so rely on to your shame; more than the passions that make you slip and suffer! Your destiny is no march of failure; you are spiritual warriors, godlike, divine! We will lead you into the Chambers of Antiquity, and we will open before you the ancient doors to that Divinity which is yourself and lead you through to know it. Come — find the holy, celestial part of you! Cease parley with the self that jails you in! Faint-hearted, are you? Is it all too astounding, too much? Then go back to your toiling and moiling, your thankless grubbing, your schemes for the nearest honor, the dearest ambition, the next meal! Only come not back this way later with any whining or complaint! But you — you choose to dare? You desire to be? Your heart does ache with the ache of the drifting world? You will have Truth at any cost? You will stand alone and shelterless, if need be, in the light of that blazing sun — Truth's beacon, the Ancient of Days? Come! The ultimate revelation is for such as you!*

And then — mystical, magical sequence of things! Here you are, just for the daring, in the realm of spiritual forces and possibilities — the world's true faerydom — where every aspiration is an alembic, every experience a crucible, with the hot, bubbling gold of you in it, all curtained and invested as the fire grows hot about it with glory and iridescence and light, its prophecy of the purified life.

One cannot read the writings of H. P. Blavatsky sympathetically — more especially *The Secret Doctrine* and *The Voice of the Silence* — without feeling that one is bathed in the Spirit of the Past. For Divinity is their keynote. Over, beyond, above, below, within, without, pouring into one's soul its mysterious fluidic life, is THAT — the Inscrutable, the Immeasurable, around whose pavilion is the silent dark and whose veil no mortal hand hath ever raised.

The Secret Doctrine in particular stands absolutely apart from all contemporary writings, in the sanction, as it were, of a heritage of its own. How big and broad is her handling of theme after theme in this book —

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this Titan of ours, H. P. Blavatsky! How she does lay the colors on that world-canvas of hers! No niggling, no experimentation, no shambling notes and sketches! All is structural, all is sure. There is a confident energy, a superlative grasp, and a constructive power in this book only to be equaled by the creative purpose that surges behind. You are conscious of a background of infinite range, an artistry of infinite truth. You are one with the vast supernal tendencies of the world's ancestral thought.

The Secret Doctrine is a book for the student, the altruist, the born philosopher, the sincere lover of mankind who has no taste for sowing dragon's teeth and will have a reason for things. You who live for pleasure or for nothing at all, to whom the world, if not an oyster for your eating is yet but a spectacle before your eyes; you who do not wish set notions disturbed nor the edges of your mental ruts pared down — close the pages quietly and lay the book away: it is not for you at all. But to you in whose veins still pulses the Indomitable, the Ancient of Days, to you whose heart holds still some gleam of an unforgotten Golden Age — to such as you these writings open vistas of primeval glory, whole universes of light, with their throbbing, scintillant hierarchies of gods and genii and demi-gods and heroes and godlike men and women, linking stars and worlds and humankind in one vast golden chain, one endless noble accident of glory. Down, down this chain extends, not a link missing or overlooked, from the Promethean Messengers of all the races that ever were, to the spirit of a wayside flower. And you are part of it — you! for it is the Golden Chain of evolving Spiritual Life.

The writings of H. P. Blavatsky usher you into no hall of disputation, but rather into a temple of royalty, lighted by such "light as never was on sea or land," and from out whose pillared pronaos you look down the aisles of the ages to the very heart of human needs. You may see things as they were — and as they are. "Whether one sets out to the bloom of the east or to the chambers of the west, without moving, O holder of the bow, is the traveling on this road." This is written over the portal.


When you can harness the sun, then you can hold in leash by argument the spirit of exaltation that the writings of H. P. Blavatsky quicken into life, and which takes you by the hand and leads you dare the hitherto Indomitable, bids you brave the hitherto unchallenged, while it rises lambent in your heart of heart like some great gold-pinioned, archaic, Bird of Flame. . . . *Her writings*: they lead you into the treasures of the gods themselves; you are for the time at least as one of that august company that guard the archives of the ancient world; they press to your lips the Wisdom-cup of the Ages, filled from the Stream Inexhaustible that flows in forgotten abodes; they drench you with Divinity and you rise reborn, revived and whole, from that celestial bath.

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*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919.*

XXIV — FROM JULIAN TO BODHIDHARMA (CONTINUED)

KENNETH MORRIS

S we have seen, since the Hans fell there had been a confusion of ephemeral kingdoms jostling and hustling each other across the stage of time: there had been too much history altogether; too many wars, heroes, adventures and wild escapades. Life was too riotous and whirling an affair: China seemed to have sunk into a mere Europe, a kind of Kilkenny Christendom. Not that culture ever became extinct; indeed, through this whole period the super-refinement that had grown up under the Hans persisted side by side with the barbarian excursions and alarms. It was not, as in Rome, a case of major pralaya; men did not revert to savagery; literary production seems never to have run quite so sterile. But things were in the melting-pot; centripetalism had gone; little dynasties flared up quickly and expired; and amidst all those lightning changes there was no time for progress, or deep concerns, or for the Soul of the Black-haired People to be stirring to manifestation.

You will, I dare say, have learned to look for a rise in China at any falling-time in Europe; so would consider something should have happened there in 365, the year of the great earthquake and tidal wave, when the fifty thousand Alexandrians were drowned,— the second year after Julian's death. Well; in that 365 Tao Yuan-ming was born, who later became known as Tao Chien: in Japanese, Toemmei. There had been poets all along. During the last thirty years of the Hans, 190 to 220, there had been the Seven Scholars of the Chien An Period: among them that jolly K'ung Jung who, because he was a descendant of Confucius, claimed blood-relationship with the descendants of Laotse. Ts'ao Ts'ao himself wrote songs: he was that bold bad adventurer and highly successful general who turned out the last Han and set his own son on the throne as Wei Wenti; who also was a poet, as was his brother Ts'ao Chih. Of Ts'ao Chih a contemporary said: "If all the talent in the world were divided into ten parts, Ts'ao Chih would have eight of them." — "Who, then, would have the other two?" asked somebody. — "I should have one of them myself," was the answer, "and the rest of the world the other."

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Ts'ao Chih enriched the language with one of its most familiar and delicious quotations:

"The Superior Man takes precautions,
And avoids giving rise to suspicion:
He does not pull up his shoes in a melon patch,
Nor adjust his cap while passing through an orchard of plums."

It is indicative of his own position at court.

Later in the third century came the Seven Sages of the Bamboo Grove, a "club of rather bibulous singers"; and there are names of many scholars besides to say that the time was not too barren; yet on the whole it was, I suppose, a period of slump in literary production, as it was of confusion in politics. But when Julian had been dead two years in the west of the world, Tao Yuan-ming was born in the east: I do not say the creator of a new time; but certainly a sign of its coming.

A large amount of his poetry survives; and it is filled with a new spirit. Like Wordsworth, he went back to nature. Ambition, of course, had been a great mark of the age: men raced after office, and scrambled for the spoils. Tao Yuan-ming was called to fill an official post, and went up reluctantly to the capital; but very soon escaped back to the things he loved: the mountains, and his chrysanthemum garden, and the country, where he could hear the dogs barking in the far farms, and see the chickens scratching in the lanes. We do not find in him, perhaps, the flood of Natural Magic that came with the poets of the Great Age three or four centuries later; but we do find a heart-felt worship of the great unspoiled world under the sky: he is there to say that China was returning to her real strength, which is Nature-worship. While he pottered about in the front garden, he tells us, his wife pottered about in the back garden; they made an idol of their chrysanthemums, and started or nourished the cult which has flourished so strongly since in Japan. He was I suppose the greatest poet since Ch'u Yuan, who came some seven centuries earlier; it is from him we get the story some of you may know under the title *Red Peach-Blossom Inlet*.

For about half a cycle (sixty-five years) barbarian dynasties had been holding the north; with the result that the center of gravity of the real Black-haired People had been shifted from the puritan landscapes of North China to the pagan landscapes of the Yangtse Valley,—a region of mountains and forests and lakes and wild waters: Tsu, the land of Laotse and Ch'u Yüan, and I think Chwangtse too. It is here are the Hills of T'ang, the metropolis of Natural Magic perhaps for all the world; and the mind and imagination of China, centered here, were receiving a new polarization; something richer and more luminous was being born. Contemporary with Tao Yuan-ming was Ku Kaichih, the first supreme

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name in painting. Fenollosa speaks of a "White Lotus Club," organized by Hui Yuan, a Buddhist priest, and consisting of "mountain-climbers and thinkers,"—Tao Yuan-ming being a member.

One would like to get at the heart of what happened in that last quarter of the fourth century. This is what we see on the outside: Canton and the Yangtse ports were being visited more and more by Hindû, Arab, and Sassanian traders, bringing in new things and ideas: the Hindûs, especially, an impetus towards culture from the splendor of the Gupta period, then at its topmost height. Also there were new inventions, such as that of paper, which was an incentive to literary output. The Chinese mind, in the south especially, was quickened on the one hand by the magical wind from the mountains, and on the other by a wind from the great world over-seas: the necessary nationalistic and international quickenings. But deeper quickenings also were taking place. India was fast becoming, under the Gupta reaction towards Brahminism, no place for the Buddhists; and the Hindû ships that put in at Canton and the Yangtse were bringing much to China besides merchandise. A great propaganda of Buddhism was in process; by Indian monks, and now too for the first time by native Chinese. We read of a missionary who went about preaching to an indifferent world; then in sorrow took to the mountains, and proclaimed the Good Law to the mountain boulders; and they "nodded as it were their heads in assent."* But there is evidence that China was fast becoming the spiritual metropolis of the world: Buddhism was drifting in, and mingling among the mountains with mountain Taoism, that dear and hoary magic of the Eastern World; and the result was an atmosphere in which astounding events were to happen.

In 401, Kumârajîva, the seventeenth Buddhist Patriarch, came from India and took up his residence at the court at Changan, where a Tibetan family was then reigning over the north; and this, when you think that these Patriarchs were (as I believe) no popes elected by a conclave of churchly dignities, but the Spiritual Successors of the Buddha, each appointed by his predecessor, was an event momentous enough in itself. Still, Kumârajîva came (it would appear) but to prepare the way for the great change that was impending; left behind him a successor in India, or one to fill the office at his death: in India the headquarters of Buddhism remained. Two years before his arrival, Fa Hian, a Chinese Buddhist monk, had set out on foot from Central China, walked across the Gobi Desert, and down through Afghanistan into India, a pilgrim to the sacred places: a sane and saintly man, from whom we learn most of what

*Giles's *Dictionary of Chinese Biography*; from which work, and from the same author's *Chinese Literature*, the facts, quotations, and anecdotes given in this lecture are taken.

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we know about the Gupta régime. He returned by sea in 412, landing at Kiao-chao in Shantung,—a place latterly so sadly famous,—bringing with him spiritual and quickening influences. In the south, meanwhile, another Indian teacher, Buddhahadra, had been at work. Before very long, a Renaissance was in full flow.

The political events that led up to it were these: between 304 and 319 a Tatar family by the name of Liu, from Manchuria, succeeded in driving the House of Tsin out of northern China: these Tsins were that effete, ladylike, chess-playing, fan-waving, high-etiquettish dynasty I have spoken of before. In 319 they took up their abode in Nanking, and there ruled corruptly for a hundred years, leaving the north to the barbarians. In 420, a soldier in their employ, Liu-yu by name, deposed the last Tsin emperor, and set himself on the throne as the first sovereign of the Liu-song Dynasty. He was a capable man, and introduced some vigor and betterment into affairs; he found conditions ripe for a renaissance of civilization; and in his reign we may say that the renaissance took shape. 420 is, so far as a date can be given for what was really a long process, a convenient date to give. We have seen Persia rise in the two-twenties; India in the three-twenties; we shall not go far wrong in giving the four-twenties to China. That decade, too, marks a fresh step downward in the career of Rome: Honorius died in 423. *Fenollosa* is definite upon 420 for the inception of the great age of the Southern Renaissance of art. That age culminated in the first half of the next century, and ended with the passing of the Liang dynasty in the five-fifties: a matter of thirteen decades again; which, I take it, is further reason for considering our four-twenties epochal.

I fancy we shall grow used to finding the twenties in each century momentous, and marked by great political and spiritual re-shapings of the world. We shall find this in our historical studies; in the next few years we may find it in current events too; and what we shall see may remind us that in these decades the sun generally rises in some new part of the world,—the sun of culture and power. Naturally enough:—in the last quarter of each century you have the influx of spiritual forces; which influx, it is to be supposed, can hardly fail to produce changes inwardly,—a new temperature, new conditions in the world of mind. So there must be readjustments: there is a disharmony between outer and inner things, between the world of causes and the world of effects; and one commonly finds the first two decades of the new century filled with the noise and confusion of readjustment. New wine has been poured into the old skin-bottles of the world; and ferments, explodes, rends them. Then, in the twenties or so, things calm down, and it is seen that readjustments have been made. By 'readjustments,' one does not mean the treaties of states-

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men and the like; brain-mind affairs for the most part, that amount to nothing. One means a new direction taken by the tide of incarnating souls. As if the readjusting cataclysms had blocked their old channels of these, and opened new ones. . . .

A new *arpeggio* chord, but rather a faint and broken one, sounds in the five-twenties, or begins then. At Constantinople the thirteen pralayic and recuperative decades since the death of Theodosius and the split with the West have ended. Now an emperor dies; and it becomes a question which of several likely candidates can lay out his money to best advantage and secure the succession. There is an official of some sort at court there, one Justin, a Balkan peasant by birth; you will do well to bribe him heavily, for he, probably, can manage the affair for you, — One of the candidates does so; hands him a large sum, on the assurance from Justin that he shall be the man. But the old fellow has peasant shrewdness, shall we say; and the money is *used* most thriftily; but not as its donor intended. Justin duly ascends the throne.

Nothing very promising in that, to insure manvantaric times coming in. But the old man remembers a nephew of his back there in Bulgaria or Jugoslavia or where it may have been; and sends for him, and very wisely lets him do most of the running of things. In 527, this nephew succeeds to the purple on his uncle's death: as Justinian; and, for Europe and the Byzantine empire, and for the times,— that is to say, 'considering,'— manvantaric doings do begin. A man of hugely sanguine temperament, inquisitive and enterprising and impulsive, he had the fortune to be served by some great men: Tribonian, who drew up the Pandects; Belisarius and Narses, who thrashed the barbarians; the architect who built Saint Sophia. Against these assets to his reign of thirty-eight years you must set the factions of the circus, at Constantinople itself; and bloody battles over the merits of the Greens, the Blues, the Whites, etc. But certainly Justinian contrived to strike into history as no other Byzantine emperor did; with his law code, and with his church. So now enough of him.

Four years after the accession of this greatest of the Byzantines, the greatest of the Sassanids came to the throne in Persia: Chosroes Anushirwan: a wise and victorious reign until 579. There was an 'Endless Peace' sworn with Rome in 533; and not peace merely, but friendship and alliance; it was to last for all time, and did last for seven years. Then Chosroes, jealous of the western victories of Justinian, listened to the pleadings of the Ostrogoths, and declared war; peace came again in 563, on the basis of a yearly tribute from Rome to Persia,— but with compensations, such as toleration for the Christians in Persia. — There were reforms in the army and in taxation; improvements in irrigation;

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encouragement of learning; revision of the laws; some little outburst in literature and culture generally: the culmination, in all but extent of territory, of the whole Sassanian period. — We may throw in one item from the future,— that is from 620: in that year Sassanian Persia had flowed out to the full limits of the empire of Darius Hystaspes: held Egypt, Syria, all West Asia to within a mile of the walls of Constantinople. Within three years the fall had begun; within twenty it was completed.

As to India, this (520) is among the hidden times: the Ephthalites had overturned the Guptas; they were Huns of the Hunniest; they had overturned the Guptas and all else (in the north). Tales come down of the fiendishness of their kings: of a man that for his sport would have elephants hurled from the top of precipices: it may be that the Indian manvantara closed with the Gupta fall; — though we get the finical dandiacal 'great' reign of Harsha in 700. The light certainly was dying from India now: the Crest-Wave had been there, in all its splendor; they had made good use of it in all but the spiritual sense, and very bad use of it in that. The year in which you may say (as nearly as history will tell you) the light died there, was precisely this year of 520; and that effected a change in the spiritual center of gravity of the world of the most momentous kind: so much so that we may think of a new order of ages as beginning then; and looking at world-history as a whole, we may say, Here endeth the lesson that began where we took things up in the time of the Six Great Teachers; and here beginneth a new chapter,— with which these lectures will hardly concern themselves. But we may glance at the event that opens it.

It made very little stir at the time. It was merely the landing at Canton of an old man from India: a 'Blue-eyed Brahmin,'— but a Buddhist, and the head of all the Buddhists at that; — and his preaching there until Liang Wuti, the emperor at Nanking, had heard of his fame, and invited him to court; and his retirement thence to a cave-temple in the north. Beyond this there is very little to tell you. He was a king's son from southern India; his name Bodhidharma; and one would like to know what the records of the Great Lodge have to say about him. For he stands in history as the founder of the Dhyāna or Zen School, another form of the name of which is *Dzyan*; when one reads *The Voice of the Silence*, or the Stanzas in *The Secret Doctrine*, one might remember this. Outwardly,— I think this is true,— he refused to cut into history at all: was a grand Esoteric figure, whose campaigns, (super-Napoleonic, more mirific than those of Genghiz Khan), were all fought on spiritual planes whence no noise of the cannonading could be heard in this outer world. He was the twenty-eighth Successor of the Buddha; of a line of Masters that included such great names as those of Vasubandhu, and of Nāgārjuna, founder of

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the Mahâyâna,—“one of the four suns that illumine the world.” We have seen that he had been preceded: Kumârajîva had come to China a century before; but experimentally, leaving the Center of the Movement in India: there must have been thousands of disciples in the Middle Kingdom in 520 when Bodhidharma came, bringing with him the Buddha’s alms-bowl, the symbol of the Patriarchate, to make in China his headquarters and that of his successors. For a thousand years the Buddha’s Movement had been in India a living link with the Lodge; — in that land of esoteric history which hides from us what it means to be so linked and connected. Now India had failed. The Guptas had reigned in great splendor; but they had flourished upon a reaction away from the Light. I suppose it means this: that the burden of fighting upward had been too much for this people, now wearied with old age; they had dropped the burden and the struggle, and found in the relief a phantom of renewed youth to last them a little day.

Whatever may be true of Buddhism now,— however the long cycles may have wasted its vitality, and to whatever depths it may have fallen,— we should remember this: that certainly for about fourteen centuries there was contained within it a living link with the Masters’ Lodge. It was not like any other existing religion (so far as one knows): like none of the dominant religions of today, at any rate. At its head, apparently, through all those long centuries, was a line of Adepts, men of spiritual genius, members of the Lodge. So what Bodhidharma’s coming meant, I take it, was that in China that was established actually which in the West first Pythagoras, and then Plotinus had tried to establish, and tried in vain. It was, as you may say, the transplanting of the Tree of Life from a soil that had grown outworn to one in which it could flourish; and the result was, it appears to me, a new impulse given to the ages, to all history.

Hitherto, in the main, we have seen (except in China) a downward trend of cycles; from this point an upward trend began. We have been dealing, latterly, with dullish centuries, and history in a febrile and flickering mood; — but give this wonderful change time to take effect, and the centuries begin to flame up, and history to become a roaring conflagration. We might here spy out into that time, which will lie beyond the scope of these lectures; and see the glory of the T’angs begin in China in 618; Corea’s one historic age of splendor, in art and also in military prowess, at its highest point about 680; the era of Shotoku Daishi, saint, sage, prince and protagonist of civilization in Japan, from about 580 to 620; the rise of Siam, and of Tíbet, into strength and culture and Buddhism, in the first half of the seventh century; — then, looking westward, the wonderful career of Mohammed in Arabia, who gave the impetus that

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rescued civilization first in West Asia and then, when in the thirteenth century a new European manvantara was ready to open, in Europe also: an impetus which worked on the intellectual-cultural plane until it had brought things to the point where H. P. Blavatsky might come to give things a huge twist towards the spiritual,— and where Katherine Tingley might accomplish that which all the ages had been expecting, and the whole creation groaning and travailing to see. Oh, on brain-mind lines you can trace no connexion; but then the plane of causes lies deeper than the brain-mind. We may understand now, I think, what place the Buddha holds in human history: how it was not for nothing that he was *the Buddha*, the central Avatar, the topmost and Master Figure of humanity for these last twenty-five hundred years, with what other sublime men appeared as it were subordinate to him, and the guides of tributary streams: Laotse and Confucius preparing the way for him in China; Pythagoras carrying his doctrine into the West. . . . Well; here is scope for thought; and for much thought that may be true and deep, and illuminative of future ages; and *yet not convenient to write down at this time*. — But to Bodhidharma again.

H. P. Blavatsky affirmed that Buddhism had an esoteric as well as an exoteric side: an affirmation that was of course disputed. But here is this from a Chinese writer quoted by Edkins:

“Tathâgata taught great truths and the causes of things. He became the instructor of men and devas; saved multitudes, and spoke the contents of more than five hundred books. Hence arose the Kiaumen or Exoteric branch of the system, and it was believed to hold the tradition of the words of the Buddha. Bodhidharma brought from the Western Heaven the seal of truth, and opened the Fountain of Dhyâna in the east. He pointed directly to Buddha's heart and nature, swept away the parasitic growth of book instruction, and thus established the Esoteric branch of the system containing the Doctrine of the Heart, the tradition of the Heart of Buddha. Yet the two branches, while presenting of necessity a different aspect, form but one whole.”

Now that Doctrine of the Heart had always been in existence; it does not mean that Bodhidharma invented anything. But in a line of Teachers, each will have his own methods, and, if there is progress, there will be new and deeper revelations. The Buddha gave out so much, as the time permitted him; Nâgârjuna, founding the Mahâyâna, so much further; Bodhidharma, now that with the move to China a new lease of life had come, gave out, or rather taught to his disciples, so much more again of the Doctrine that in its fulness is and always has been the Doctrine of the Lodge.

Liang Wuti, the emperor at Nanking, had been at the end of the fifth century a general in the service of the last scion of a dying dynasty there, and a devout Taoist; in 502 he became the first of a new dynasty, the Liang; and presently, a devout Buddhist. Chinese historians love him

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not; Fenollosa describes him as too generous-minded and other-worldly for success. Yet he held the throne for nearly fifty years; a time in which art was culminating and affairs advancing through splendor and un-wisdom to a downfall. Twice he took the yellow robe and alms-bowl, and went forth through his domains, emperor still, but mendicant missionary preaching the Good Law. — The Truth? the Inner Doctrine? — I learn most about this poor Liang Wuti from the record of an interview held once between him and the 'Blue-eyed Brahmin' Master of Dzryan. Liang Wuti invited Bodhidharma to court, and Bodhidharma came. Said the emperor:

—"Since my accession I have been continually building temples, transcribing sacred books, and admitting new monks to take the vows. How much merit may I be supposed to have accumulated?"

—"None," said Bodhidharma.

—"And why none?"

—"All this," said the Master, "is but the insignificant effect of an imperfect cause not complete in itself; it is but the shadow that follows the substance, and without real existence."

—"Then what," asked Wuti, "is real merit?"

—"It consists in purity and enlightenment, depth and completeness; in being wrapped in thought while surrounded by vacancy and stillness. Merit such as this cannot be won by worldly means."

Wuti, I suppose, found this kind of conversation difficult, and changed the subject,— with an exotericist's question. Said he:

—"Which is the most important of the holy doctrines?"

—"Where all is emptiness," said Bodhidharma, "nothing can be called holy."

A neat compliment, thinks good externalist Wuti, may improve things. — "If nothing can be called holy," says he, "who is it then that replies to me?"—holiness being a well-known characteristic of Bodhidharma himself. Who answered merely:

—"I do not know"; and went his ways. The final comment on the interview is given by a Japanese writer thus: "Can an elephant associate with rabbits?"

For the rest, he spent the remaining years of his life in a cave-temple near Honanfu; and died after appointing a Chinaman his successor. Besides this small stock of facts there is a mort of legend; as for example:

After leaving the court of Liang, he crossed the Yangtse on a reed,— a theme in sacred art for thousands ever since,— and because of this miraculous crossing, is worshiped still by the Yangtse boatmen as their patron saint,— on the 28th of February in each year. — Once, as he sat in meditation, sleep overcame him; and on waking, that it might never

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

happen again, he cut off his eyelids. But they fell on the earth, took root, and sprouted; and the plant that grew from them was the first of all tea-plants,— the symbol (and cause!) of eternal wakefulness. He is represented in the pictures as being footless: in his missionary travels, it is said, he wore away his feet. Thus where there is no known life-story, but all hidden away beneath a veil of esotericism and a Master's seclusion, myths have grown, and a story has been made. — He sat there in his cave silent through the years, they say; his face to the wall. Chih Kuang came to him, asking to be taught the doctrine; and for seven days stood in the snow at the cave-mouth, pleading and unnoticed. Then, to show that he was in earnest, he drew his sword and sliced off his left arm; and the Master called him in, and taught him. — Legend again, no doubt.

I imagine we can only judge of the man and of his astounding greatness by the greatness of the ages he illumined. It was as if he gave, in East Asia, the signal for nation after nation to leap into brilliant being. As for China, she became something new. The Age of Han had been golden: strong, manly, splendid. But Han was like other empires here and there about the world. Henceforth during her cycle China was to be as a light-giving body, a luminary wondrous in the firmament with a shining array of satellite kingdoms circling about her. Her own Teachers of a thousand years before had prepared the way for it: Confucius when he gave her stability; Laotse when he dropped the Blue Pearl into her fields. That Pearl had shone, heaven knows. Now Ta-mo, this Bodhidharma, breathed on it; and it glowed, and flame shot up from it, and grew, and foamed up beautiful, till it was a steady fountain of wonder-fire spraying the far stars. Heretofore we have had a background of Taoist wizardry: in its highest aspects, Natural Magic,— the Keatsism of the waters and the wild, the wood, the field, and the mountain; henceforth there was to be a sacred something shining through and inmingled with this: the urge of the Divine Soul, the holy purposes of evolution. We may say this: in Art, to take that one field alone, the most perfect, the fullest, the divinest, expression of Natural Magic

“whereof this world holds record”

was to come in the school of the Successors of Bodhidharma, directly the result of his ‘Doctrine of the Heart.’

His school remained esoteric; but it was established, not among the secret mountains, nor in far unvisited regions; but there in the midst of imperial China: an extension of the Lodge, you may say, visible among men. Bodhidharma — are you to call him a *Messenger* at all? He hardly came out into the world. It was known he was there; near by was the northern capital; — he taught disciples, when they had the strength to

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insist on it. Yet he dwelt aloof too, and wrapped about in the seclusion Masters must have, to carry on their spiritual work. One must suppose that Messengers of the Lodge had been very busy in China between 375 and 400, in the days of Tao Yuan-ming and Ku Kai-chih; that they had been very busy again in the last quarter of the fifth century; for it seems as if somehow or other there was such an atmosphere in China in the first half of the sixth century,—when ordinarily speaking the Doors of the Spiritual World would be shut,—that the Lodge was enabled partly to throw off its seclusion, and it was possible for at least one of its Members to take up his abode there, and to be known to the world as doing so.

A Messenger was sent out into the Chinese world from the School of Bodhidharma in 575: Chih-i, the founder of the Tientai School which was the spiritual force underlying the glory of the T'ang age; but he was a Messenger from the Dzryan School of Bodhidharma, not its Head. As far as I have been able to gather the threads of it, the line of those Heads, the Eastern Patriarchs, Bodhidharma's successors, was as follows: He died in or about 536, having appointed Chi Kuang to succeed him. Chi Kuang appointed Hui Ssu, called the "Chief of the Chunglung School of the followers of Bodhidharma." Hui Ssu died in 576, having sent out Chih-i into the world the year before, and having appointed Seng T'san to succeed him as head of Dzryan. Seng T'san died in 606; Tao Hsin, his successor, in 651; Hung Jen, his, in 675. Hung Jen, it appears, left two successors: Lu Hui-neng in the south, and Shen Hsiu in the north. It was the last quarter of the century: I imagine Lu Hui-neng was the Messenger sent out into the world; he spent the rest of his life teaching in the neighborhood of Canton; I imagine Shen Hsiu remained the Head of the Esoteric School. After that the line disappears; but the school attained its greatest influence in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in China, and later still in Japan. — All these were men living not quite in the world,—in a certain seclusion; and yet not quite apart from the world: it was known that they were there, and where they might be found. After Shen Hsiu, the last Northern Chinese Patriarch, the line probably withdrew to Tibet, which had lately come into relations with China, and where civilization had been established through the efforts of T'ang Taitsong. And now I will close this lecture with a saying of Shen Hsiu's which, in this modified form, is very familiar to all of you:

"Mind is like a mirror: it gathers dust while it reflects. It needs the gentle breezes of soul wisdom to brush away the dust of our illusions."

EDISON AND BLAVATSKY

MAGISTER ARTIUM



THE LISTENER' in the *Boston Transcript* has received from a correspondent quotations from *The Secret Doctrine*, for comparison with certain views expressed by Edison as to the constitution of man. Madame Blavatsky (*says the Transcript*)

"declares that every physiological change and pathologic phenomenon — nay, even life itself, or rather the objective phenomena of life — is due to unseen 'creators' and 'destroyers,' classed as a whole by her as 'fiery lives,' and known to science in a loose and general way as microbes. She asserts that the preservation and decay of the physical body of man are due to the alternate functions of these 'fiery lives' as builders and destroyers. During the first thirty-five years of a man's life the fiery lives are directly engaged in the process of building up man's material body. After this period the age of retrogression begins, and the fiery lives, having exhausted their creative strength, decrease, and destruction commences. Further than that, she declares that the same infinitesimal invisible lives compose the atoms of the bodies of the mountain and the daisy, of the man and the ant, of the elephant and of the tree that shelters him from the sun. 'Each particle,' she asserts, 'whether you call it organic or inorganic, is a life. Every atom in the universe is both life-giving and death-giving in the form of which it is a part, inasmuch as it builds by aggregation both universes and ephemeral vehicles ready to receive the transmigrating soul, and as eternally destroys and changes the forms it has built, and expels those souls from their temporary abode.'"

The writer then goes on to say that the analogy between H. P. Blavatsky and Edison ends here, for that the former regards the spirit of man as something entirely different from his material make-up. We gather that Edison's theory provides for no unitary man, capable of surviving as an individual soul the dissipation of his elements; whereas Occultism regards the Soul as the real and perpetually existing man, the separate elements or 'lives' being merely drawn together by the Soul and afterwards discarded.

From what we have seen of Edison's speculations, we do not regard them as being in any way distinguishable from the kind of views which one often hears from intelligent and thoughtful people in the course of intimate conversation. They are crude and uncorrected by any adequate familiarity with philosophical and metaphysical thought in general; and doubtless they have acquired a fictitious importance from the celebrity of their author — in quite different fields however. It is scarcely necessary to point out that, if man is no more than an assemblage of lives, which fly apart when he dies, then there can be no permanent individuality at all, and the man is reduced to nothing more than a committee, elected for temporary purposes. There is the usual confusion between the meanings of an aggregate and a unit, to which one frequently has occasion to refer; and though man is doubtless compact of myriads of distinct living beings, and is reducible to those elements when he is decomposed, it does

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not follow that he is this and nothing else. A heap of bricks does not constitute a house, nor does a mass of musical notes necessarily make a symphony by Beethoven. The architect in one case and Beethoven in the other are very necessary elements in the problem. It is the Ego, the I, the real unit and individual Man, that is lord of all, and draws together all the elements, mental, material, etc., required for his manifestation as a corporate being. The dissipation of these elements, or some of them, at death, cannot destroy the individuality; it is merely a taking off of old clothes.

The view that everything in the universe, down to the minutest atom, is alive, and moreover is conscious in its own way, is one of those keynotes which H. P. Blavatsky struck, and to which science has ever since been gradually coming round, as it must inevitably do sooner or later. If we deny life to a certain portion of nature or to certain kinds of matter, we have to invent a new category in which to place these so-called dead or unliving materials; and we at once find ourselves face to face with the difficulty of knowing where to draw a line between what we shall call living and what unliving. Moreover we cannot on any reasonable hypothesis explain the activities of so-called inorganic matter, except by supposing it to be endowed or at least inspired by conscious will and mind. For such words as *affinity* and *attraction* denote effects rather than causes. The explorations of science can reach no further than the revelation of minute particles or centers of energy in rapid movement; and even the concept *mass* seems, in the light of recent researches and conclusions, to be reducible to terms of quantity of energy. This *energy*, then, does it not seem likely that it is simply a particular phase of that omnipresent *life* of which the Teacher speaks when she says that everything is alive?

In view of the most informing and suggestive hints of H. P. Blavatsky, in view of the perplexity of science over such problems, and in view of the obvious fact that science has been steadily following the lead of H. P. Blavatsky, it seems strange to find 'The Listener,' in his comments inverting the actual situation and speaking as though it were H. P. Blavatsky that is vague and the scientific theorists certain and sure.

"All of which is pretty deep [he says], as far as the ordinary comprehension is related to it, and also too nebulous for scientific grasp, assertion, or formula. It is the merit of science that it does not go beyond the 'material' understanding."

We are far from blaming those modest souls who find their safety in clinging to the tranquil shores of the ordinary and the material and the commonplace; but the more adventurous spirits also claim our sympathies and such assistance as we may be capable of rendering. Nor do we deny that much, very much, of what professes to transcend the ordinary is mere superstition and mental vertigo. But if man is endowed with

EDISON AND BLAVATSKY

discrimination and judgment to distinguish the false from the true, and to know that which helps him from that which hinders, he may be expected to use those powers of discernment in discriminating between such teachings as those of H. P. Blavatsky and the mere intellectual mazes to which we have just referred. There is considerable evidence that many people have not found H. P. Blavatsky's teachings too deep to quarry in; and whether such people have copied direct, or by thought-transference, or whether they have honestly and independently arrived at the same conclusions as H. P. Blavatsky, the flattery implied in the resemblance is equally valid.

Science, says the writer, does not go beyond the material understanding. Hence, we suppose, we are justified in assuming that the writer and the simple plain matter-of-fact scientific people for whom he writes, understand all about the Einstein theories and that they would be found on examination to be proficient in all those elaborate mathematics with which science so liberally deals. Thus they would be competent to take the tone which, with the 'Listener' as spokesman, we find them taking. Otherwise — if they fail at the test — why then we would recommend them to turn to and study their own science a little more adequately. One discovery they might make, should their ordinary comprehension and modesty prove equal to the task; and that is that the really competent men of science are not quite so cocksure about the laws of the universe as are some of those who sun themselves in their beams.

"We get into deep water when we go with Blavatsky, but we remain on terra firma as long as we stay with Edison."

So, friend Reader of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH, you are invited to choose whether you will go into deep water with Blavatsky or remain on terra firma with Edison. As a plain matter-of-fact man myself, I would suggest that, for storage batteries and incandescent lamps, you cannot do better than go to Edison and his terra firma. But I do not recommend Edison for treatises on ancient philosophy, universal symbolism, archaeology, and the other important matters dealt with in *The Secret Doctrine*. For that you should go to Blavatsky; and then you will not be like

"Baron Hanwell of Colney Hatch,
Who went to the butcher to sew on a patch";

though, doubtless, if you should ever become a notable athlete or movie-star, you might become competent to give an opinion on everything from shaving-soap to the latest memory-system.

It has been remarked that there is a dogmatism and cant of skepticism that is more fettering to the intellect and soul than any other kind; and

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the man who slashes blindly around at Pythagoras and the Indian philosophies, and anything else he happens to have heard of, can claim comradeship with the little Bethelite who believes that his own soul is the only article of the kind in the universe that is qualified to achieve salvation.

REACTIONS OF INJUSTICE

LYDIA ROSS, M. D.



THE *Boston Transcript* recently headed a brief article with: 'Poliomyelitis Gone Again.' It said in part:

"Almost unheralded this year, Poliomyelitis, the disease which caused so much dread in 1916, has run its course and has again practically disappeared. This unusual disease is as little understood today as it was years ago."

Then statistics are given to show how, from the 1916 epidemic, with 1926 cases in Massachusetts, its yearly recurrence has numbered less and less cases, until only sixty-six were reported for 1919. In view of the arbitrary quarantine measures enforced against the possible spread of infantile paralysis in New York and elsewhere, it is interesting to learn that now

"Physicians admit that they know very little about the disease. While the State Department of Health has been handling the situation on the theory that the disease is infectious, it now finds that there are no scientific facts for even that contention. A study of the cases which occurred in 1916 discloses the rather surprising fact that in only 190 instances were there secondary cases in homes in which the disease was reported, which refutes the belief that it is infectious. The germ, if there be one, has not been isolated. Why it came back this year nobody knows, and when it passes in the course of a few weeks, it will still remain a mystery."

Even if the unremitting search for the germ had found one, would that solve the mystery? Accumulating evidence points to the ubiquitous germs, not as the authors of diseases, but as the agents which deliver the malign goods of subtil forces quite beyond the last analyses of microscope and test-tube. Why not take a hint from the ancients and study the man as well as the incidental microbe? Surely the man himself, who is the sum-total of the conscious part of every cell in his animal body, must react powerfully upon his physical make-up, for health or disease. Germ mania is a medical phase of materialism gone to seed. The key to modern pathology is a psychology based upon the composite nature of man.

The increasing racial consciousness must be reckoned with, in analysing the diseases of sensitized organisms, which our so-called civilization keys to an artificial and intense standard of living. Moreover, the individual is constantly affected by the mental and emotional forces that act and react in the highly organized life around him. He may fall a victim to some festering wrong in the body politic, merely from lack of resistance,

REACTIONS OF INJUSTICE

and so suffer with some physical, mental, or moral disorder. Furthermore, in the realm of causes, there is the Karma of past lives. This is the real heredity, which alone accounts for the apparently unjust suffering which often falls upon mere children. Reincarnation changes every aspect of the case, for the soul in the babe's body is old in evolutionary experience.

With the whole industrial, religious, and social structure of the world disorganized today,—not by microbes but by ideas and emotions,—inevitably the highly-organized modern brain and nervous system must react also in keeping with this upheaval. The social organism and the individual body must suffer the penalty of wrongs done, even those done unwittingly and in the sacred name of healing.

Everywhere the malign force of cumulative injustice is overturning the institutions founded upon it. Among many other signs, observe the educators, with intuition blunted by Darwinism and by a pseudo-psychology which overlooks the reincarnating soul in the child of destiny. Now they openly admit that the educational system in vogue is a failure in character-building. The injustice of ignoring the soul as the real source of 'self-directed evolution' has reacted to discredit the inadequate system. From any standpoint, this is a day of reckoning, a time for the balancing of old accounts of injustice.

The analogy of such general reactions suggests that the scourge of infantile paralysis, with its heavy mortality and its blighting touch left upon the survivors, must be the physical expression of some inner wrong. But what evil is so cruel and so overlooked that Nature must call attention to it by letting its effects fall upon our beloved little ones?

It so happens that, adjoining the *Transcript* article quoted above is a notice of a public meeting of the New England Anti-Vivisection Society. What relation, if any, do the two articles bear to each other? Grant the *sincerity* of the vivisector in thinking that those who oppose him are trying to hinder scientific research for causes and cures. Suppose, however, he should leave his microscope, scalpel, and laboratory long enough to analyse the active *qualities* in human life,—beginning with medical circles.

The question arises, why, with ever-increasing hygienic and quarantine measures carried out by Boards of Health, by popular education, and by the profession, and with endless search for agents and avenues of infection and contagion,—why is not a scourge like poliomyelitis wiped out, instead of becoming a baffling mystery? Since the animals are not subject to it, the inference is that it has a human origin, and that it is the penalty of some broken law of body, mind, or morals. Perhaps self-analysis is needed, instead of laboratory-findings, and new light would come with more knowledge of how much pathology 'begins at home.'

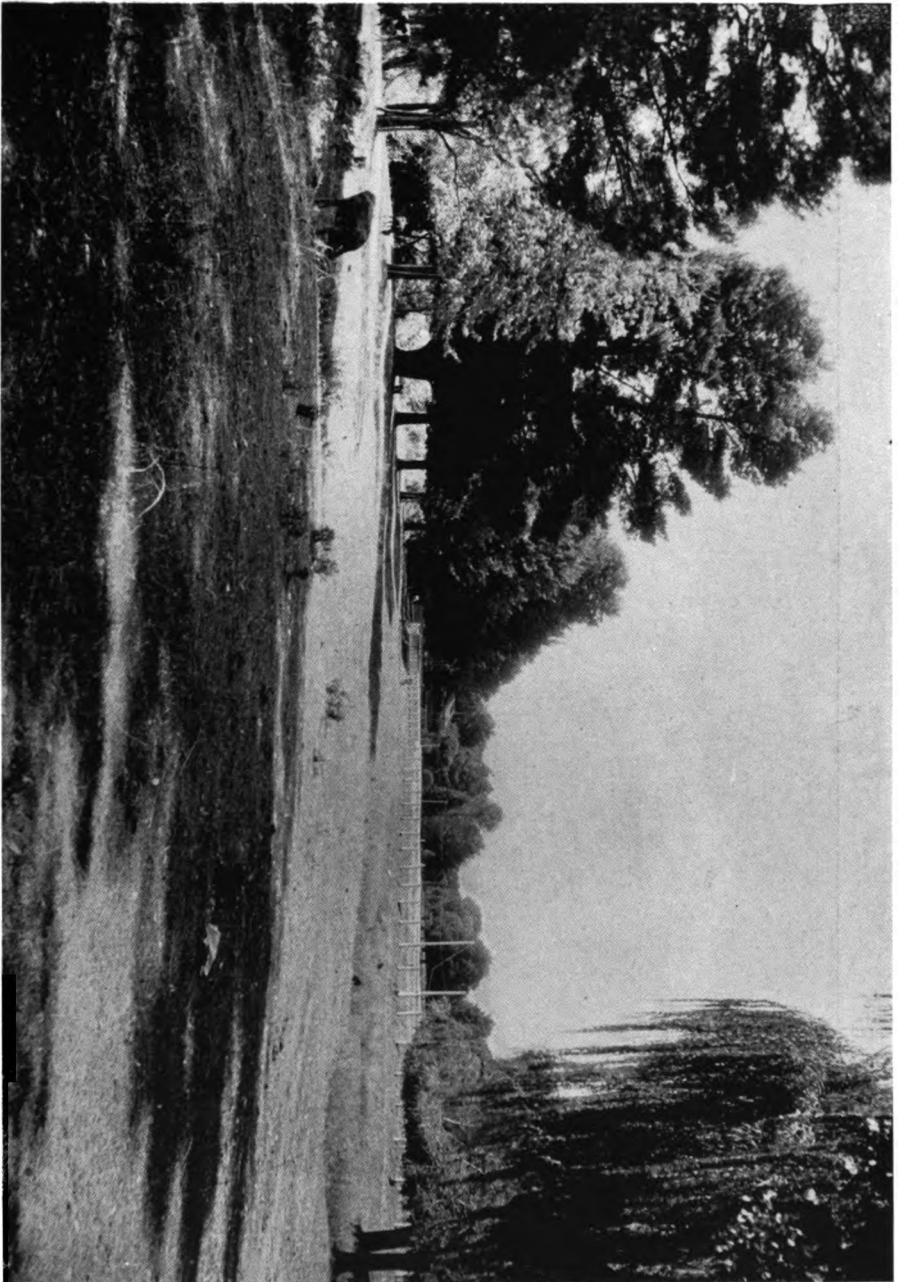
THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

Science teaches that all effects must equal their causes. Therefore, the needless cruelty to innocent and helpless animals, by which experimenters seek to wrest knowledge and vicarious atonement for human errors,—this unmerited suffering inevitably must react, in kind, upon humanity, in the moral world of causes. The equation of health and disease must include all the factors in the case. The weaker, less intelligent, dumb creatures are unable to square their account with man for artificial mutilation and premature death. But the universal law of equilibrium, eternally working to restore the disturbed balance of physical and superphysical forces, notes every 'jot and tittle' of this human injustice to the lower forms of life.

Animal parents have no part or lot in making the disease of infantile paralysis, though they and their young are sacrificed by thousands, at the hands of unreckoning experimenters. How could law-abiding Mother Nature more surely bring home the cruel folly of attacking innocent, helpless, little creatures than to let the unmerited account of suffering, helplessness, and death rebound upon the cherished children of men? It is unlikely that the whole wrong of vivisection rebounds in the form of poliomyelitis. There are other disease-mysteries baffling the researchers. Perhaps infantile paralysis represents only the reaction of experiments carried out under the influence of curare, a drug used to paralyse motion while leaving the tortured nerves responsive to every touch. Possibly the moral replica of curare-action comes in the suffering of the helpless mother, watching her paralysed child. Who knows — that it does not? From the world's vivisectioning laboratories there is emanating into the social atmosphere a human miasma of injustice, suffering, needless disease, and death. In this day of general reckoning, it is a timely question to ask: How much disease and disaster originates in the research-laboratories?

The stock charge that the anti-vivisectionists are sentimentalists who would sacrifice the children rather than the animals has psychologized many minds into accepting the experimenters and their methods. But there is nothing sentimental in the unerring action of the law of cause and effect, the karmic law which perforce returns to responsible humanity the living *quality* which it chooses to express.

Truly the old fear of a Satanic majesty is no more absurd than the modern fetish of microbiophobia. Has not old theologic fear reincarnated in fresh scientific form? Certainly medieval theology and modern science are akin in teaching man to evade responsibility by looking outside of himself for the origin of his suffering and of his salvation as well.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

PARK LANDS AT TUMUT, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA

One of the old country towns, established long before the approach of the railroad.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

**ENTRANCES TO TWO OF THE LIMESTONE CAVES AT
YARRANGOBILLY, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA**

These immense limestone caverns, occurring in so many countries throughout the world, may truly be regarded, apart from their entrancingly beautiful stalactite and stalagmite formations, as designed by Nature to play a part in recording the history of the Earth.



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INNER CAVE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVERN AT THE RIGHT OF THE PRECEDING
PICTURE, YARRANGOBILLY, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA

It is in such limestone caves, in Europe and elsewhere, that have been discovered the prehistoric human and animal remains, as well as paintings and sculptures, so enlightening to the student of archaeology.



Lowland Photo & Engraving Dept.

LOOKING ACROSS THE RIVER FLATS TO TUMUT, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA

Not everyone realizes that Australia is a place of vast plains and distances; actually it is about equal in area to the United States of America.

GLIMPSES OF PREHISTORIC SURGERY

HERBERT CORYN, M. R. C. S. (Eng.)

THE proceedings of medical societies do not ordinarily command the notice of the lay reader. He is glad to know that these gatherings take place, but the reports of their discussions he is well content to leave to those who can understand and profit by them. He knows, moreover, that if there *should* be anything of general interest and comprehensibility it will probably be digested for his benefit — more or less accurately! — by some smart journalist in the magazine section of his Sunday paper.

The smart journalist seems, however, to have missed a chance in a very interesting paper on prehistoric trephining, read in May of last year by Dr. Frank A. Burton of San Diego before the Medical Society of California and published in the September issue of the *California State Journal of Medicine*. This has been reprinted as a pamphlet, and by Dr. Burton's courteous permission we reproduce therefrom some of the photographs taken by him from skulls in the San Diego 'Museum of Man,' and one which he gives from another source — the Squier's specimen.

Says Dr. Burton:

"To modern minds there is a tendency to forget the wonderful achievements, under great difficulties, of those of ancient days. In reading the history of medicine one should not be content to learn only of modern medicine and surgery or even in going back to and including the wonderful period of the Renaissance; but it should be remembered that prehistoric man, as well as man of antiquity, figure in the accumulated knowledge of today."

Of the medicine and surgery of *antiquity* we know a good deal. Treatises on them remain in some of the old literatures, and there are extant specimens of the often excellent instruments with which the surgery was done. Even what we call plastic or reparative surgery was understood and practised. An ancient Indian surgeon, Sushurta, for instance, twenty-three centuries ago, gives a quite modern-sounding account of the method of replacing a lost or absent ear-lobe.

"A surgeon well versed in the knowledge of surgery should slice off a patch of living flesh from the cheek of a person devoid of ear-lobes in such a manner as to have one of its ends attached to its former seat. Then the part where the artificial lobe is to be joined on should be slightly scarified with a knife, and the living flesh, full of blood and sliced off as previously directed, should be united to it so as to resemble a natural ear-lobe in shape."

A few years ago the Siberian Buddhists petitioned the Russian government to establish among them schools in which the ancient Tibetan

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medical science should be taught. The Russian Academy of Physicians was instructed to look into the matter, and a Swedish account says:

"As material for its study the Academy has used a Tibetan manual on medicine, which was known and in use in Tibet 1200 years ago and was even then considered very ancient knowledge. Much to their surprise they found in this book observations and remedies which European medical science discovered many centuries after."



No. 1

The book contained a great deal of correct anatomy, and instead of an attribution of disease to demons we find a statement of a truth that the modern medical practitioner is not always as well grounded in as he might be:

"Diseases generally come from the wickedness and ignorance of men, and above all from their incapacity to overcome their passions, which disturb the healthy nourishment of the bodily organs. Every evil thought has a reaction on the heart and the liver."

Of *prehistoric* — as distinct from antique — medicine we naturally know very little, almost nothing save the scraps of it that remain in the practice of savages of our own times. Of the surgery, very little more, only so much of it as stands in evidence on the skeletons found in tombs and burying-places. What surgery of the soft parts there may have been we cannot know — unless perhaps some mummy or ice-locked body should some day tell us something.

Prehistoric man everywhere seems to have practised the art of trephining the skull. Sometimes the patient died, just as he sometimes dies today, examination of the skull showing that healing had not begun. Often he recovered; the healing was complete and the edges of the opening are smooth and rounded. Probably the man was thereafter held in high esteem as one who had come through



No. 2

GLIMPSES OF PREHISTORIC SURGERY

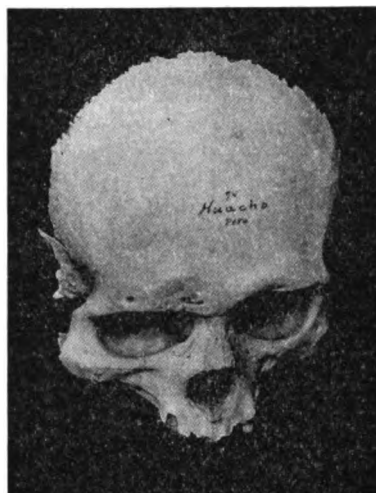
a notable ordeal. If he died, the esteem was concentrated on the skull. Dr. Burton says:

"There is evidence that the rim of the trephined opening was removed and divided into several pieces having healed edges and that each piece was perforated and suspended round the neck as an amulet to defend the wearer against the disease for which the dead was operated upon."

But possibly, as some think, it was often a religious ceremony, and possibly also, sometimes done just before death with the idea of making a convenient exit for the departing soul.

As Dr. Burton remarks, it was a practice common to many peoples and in some of them apparently of frequent performance.

"Of the several hundred specimens now available for study a large per cent. came from Peru, where the art, obviously, had reached considerable popularity and had been fraught with no meager degree of success as testified by the number of cicatrized skull-openings showing recovery from the operation and healing of the bony wound. Specimens have also been found in France, Russia, Austria, Poland, Bohemia, Italy, Portugal, and the Island of Teneriffe as well as in Bolivia and Mexico."



No. 3



No. 4

A prehistoric burial-place at Vendrest in France contained remains of about 120 individuals and of these no fewer than 8 — 1 in 15! — had been trephined. Certainly no such proportion can be accounted for by disease. Professor Arthur Keith in his book *The Antiquity of Man* says:

"How does it come about that in ancient Peru, in Neolithic France, in the New Ireland of today, we find the same daring and difficult operation carried out? Has each people discovered the practice for itself, or — as seems to me more probable — was it not evolved so long ago that it has permeated the whole stock of modern man?"

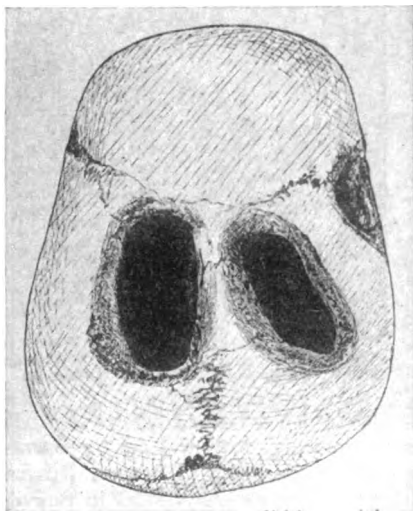
In other words, a bit of primeval Aryan surgery originating in Central Asia—or even *pre-Aryan*?

We have noted one or two possible reasons for its performance. Dr. Burton mentions Parry's and Broca's suggestion — that convulsive fits, epilepsy, or intense pain in the head may have been regarded by early man as evidencing the attempts of an indwelling demon to get out, the opera-

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tion being done to facilitate his endeavor; and Fletcher's very probable view that it was also done for the relief of depressed fractures of the skull sustained in battle. The demon theory aside, the operation itself is good modern surgery in all these cases. The pamphlet quotes MacCurdy as concluding that

"Trepanation [trephining] was seldom resorted to for the purpose of removing diseased bone. That in 28 per cent. of the cases it was to relieve depressed fracture, while in a large majority of the instances the operation itself obliterated all trace of its cause, or else the cause was not of such a nature as to affect the osseous system."



No. 5

Anaesthetics may or may not have been known, and prehistoric man was probably by no means as sensitive to pain as we. Dr. Burton suggests alcohol or herbs of a desensitizing nature. They may have known the properties of the coca-leaf, growing on their hills. The instrument was probably a sharp chip of flint or obsidian used as a scrape or saw and the operation must have taken a good while. In ancient Peru there were, it seems, specialists at it to whom patients came from afar,

"as the majority of the Peruvian specimens have been found within a narrow radius. So once again 'there is nothing new under the sun' — even including sinus specialists and sinus surgery."

The skulls now on view in the Museum of Man are prehistoric Peruvian, collected from ruins and cemeteries by a special expedition despatched by the School of American Research. Among them there are 63 examples of trephining, of which three were directly over one of the frontal sinuses — two chambers in the substance of the bone above the eyes and opening into the upper part of the nose. Being within the field of Dr. Burton's specialty as a rhinologist they naturally attracted his attention and study. The first of his examples is far from suggesting good surgery, though the victim recovered. Dr. Burton thinks that the opening over the eye into the right sinus was done first, possibly for fracture, possibly disease and pain from retained pus. Subsequently an abscess of the brain occurred and the irregular opening above and to the left of the first was for the relief of this.

The second case — where the opening is into the left sinus — shows much better work. Dr. Burton says:

"Among points of interest in this specimen, suggesting possible knowledge, are well chosen place of entrance of the sinus, and success, despite the depth of the groove necessary to perforate the outer wall."

WHAT IS A GREETING?

The third specimen, an opening into the right frontal sinus, "is the work of a skilful, conservative surgeon."

The fourth photograph is from Squier's specimen, very ancient, and clearly showing the sawing or scraping method of its performance. A circular instrument, that should take out a neat round disk of bone as is now done, was beyond the skill of the mechanics of those days. But among a set of thirty-seven ancient *Greek* surgical instruments, discovered near Kolophon in Ionia, is a bow, which when fitted in a spring, was actually used to rotate a trephining instrument.

The fifth is taken from Dr. Keith's book and suggests very creditable surgical work, though why the patient should have needed three openings we cannot guess. Anyhow they seem healed and the purpose was therefore gratifyingly attained.

In conclusion we may express a hope that Dr. Burton will go further with his interesting researches. There is a large and little-occupied field in front of him and the shades of his prehistoric professional brethren must be hopefully watching him from wherever they may be.

WHAT IS A GREETING?

R. MACHELL



HAD sent a greeting to a comrade and he had courteously acknowledged it, thanking me in appropriate language: but the letter had a postscript: "What does your greeting mean, anyway?"

That set me thinking. I had tried to formulate my thought clearly and to express it in simple terms, but it seemed that its meaning had not reached the receiver of the note; and I knew that when that had occurred there was good reason to suspect that the writer did not know how to accomplish his object. But on thinking more closely I saw that it might also mean that the writer had no very clear idea of what it meant to send a greeting. And I asked myself again: "What is a greeting, anyway?"

Apparently it is a call to someone or to something capable of responding to the call; for a greeting is not a mere expression of emotion having reference alone to the one who utters it. It must be addressed to some other person or intelligence, and it can only be intended as an expression of friendliness, approval, or compliment, an encouragement, a congratulation, or a consolation, unless it be a challenge. It is more than a mere

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salutation or simple act of recognition. One may salute a dead body, a monument, or a flag; but such a salutation need not contain a greeting.

A greeting has in it some appeal to an inner consciousness, which may not be outwardly displayed, but which is recognised or divined by the one who pronounces the greeting. In this sense it may be said that a greeting partakes of the nature of an evocation, in that it appeals to an unmanifested spirit supposed to be latent in the person addressed.

Another form of evocation is the expression of what we call good wishes. In this form of greeting some other power is evoked, that can bestow favors and benefits, honors, or health, or joy, upon the recipient of the greeting. It matters little whether the greeter actually invokes the beneficent action of some higher power, or merely expresses a hope that the natural course of events will bring about the desired result. In either case there is the recognition, however involuntary, of some sort of guardian spirit or presiding genius whose favor may be invoked. There is also an implied belief in the power of goodwill to effect an improvement in the circumstances of the person who is greeted.

Of course in our own days it is customary to deny any such belief; but if the denial be sincere then the greeting is not; and can at best be regarded as an empty compliment. The exchange of such empty compliments may be a general custom, but it would have died out entirely, if it were not supported by either faith, fact or experience. In fact, the general skepticism is itself insincere; and while faith may have vanished, superstition unavowed acts as a substitute; so that greetings are still given and received, with a lurking hope that they may carry some sort of a blessing with them, in spite of the insincerity of their utterance.

We wish each other a "Happy New Year" with a certain sincerity of desire for the fulfillment of the wish, that is modified perhaps, but not entirely neutralized, by an avowed skepticism as to the efficacy of prayer on the one hand and the possibility of happiness on the other.

Faith in the efficacy of a good wish may be spasmodic; but it is based upon a natural fact that is known to the soul, if not to the brain-mind that formulates the wish; and that fact is, that the mind is dual. There is a higher mind that can know truth in itself; and there is a lower mind, that can only reason and argue, or can speculate and hope. The higher mind sees the realities of life, where the lower sees only their shadows or images, of which the material world is so largely composed. These shadows are our impressions about the unknown realities and are all that the lower mind can understand. And yet the two minds are not entirely separate. Should they become so the individual would be so unbalanced as to be really insane. It may be a question whether this kind of insanity is not so widespread as to pass notice under favorable circumstances,

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while the disorders of human life are all traceable to the lack of balance in the dual mind.

To attain to happiness, self-mastery is necessary. Self-mastery means the control of the lower mind by the higher: for the higher mind sees 'the fitness of things,' and can understand the spiritual nature of the universe and the meaning of universal law; whereas the lower mind is under the influence of the animal nature in man, and can only argue, reason and speculate about right and wrong. As happiness results from obedience to the higher law, or from an intuitive perception of the fitness of things, and a willing conformity to that fitness, it is necessary that the lower mind be the faithful reflector of the light shed by the higher Self, and that there be a true co-operation between the two.

When one wishes happiness for another, one necessarily invokes the aid of the higher mind to dispel the delusions of the lower; for all unhappiness is due to delusions of the lower mind. A greeting therefore is an invocation. It is an appeal to the higher mind to come down and take control of circumstances, and assert its authority. That is to say, a greeting should be so.

But things are not as they should be; if they were, our evolution would be an accomplished fact. This being as yet but a dream to the ordinary mortal, a greeting may be no better than an appeal to the lower nature to take things into its own hands and to assert its independence of the control or guidance of the higher nature. Such greetings usually take the form of wishes for the success of enterprises aimed at, the attainment of wealth, prosperity, honor, or fame, or such things as tend to the gratification of the passions and desires of the lower mind. They are, in fact, evocations of the subhuman, elemental nature, which constantly tries to get the higher mind enlisted in schemes for self-gratification, which, if successful, reduce the higher to a servant of the lower, as in the case of some specimens of perverted genius which so puzzle the ordinary observer of human nature. A greeting is not always a benediction: but it would be so if people really understood the duality of the human mind and the power of the mind to make or mar the happiness that seems so dependent on circumstances or destiny. And even without this knowledge a kind wish is indeed both a benediction and an evocation; for, however ignorantly expressed, a kind wish comes necessarily from the heart rather than from the brain-mind, and so is a ray from the higher nature; and it awakes a certain sympathetic response which in itself is a recognition, if no more, of the existence of the higher mind.

So intimately blended are the two natures of man in general, that it would be hard to decide in any particular case what might be the source

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of what we call good wishes. But to a student of human nature it should be always possible to make such wishes truly beneficent, for it should be more easy to such a one to distinguish between happiness and the mere gratification of desires, which latter is more generally the cause or the forerunner of unhappiness.

So I conclude that a greeting is an appeal to higher powers than those of the lower nature, an evocation and a benediction, a declaration of faith in the divine nature of man or else it is a dead form of words, used as a blind to hide the absence of the Soul, or a survival of better days, when men were not ashamed to recognise the Soul as a reality that might be evoked in ordinary life.

Perhaps materialism has nearly run its course; and if our civilization can recover from this malady, the day may come when men will greet one another openly as souls, and will not have to ask the meaning of a greeting.

ORIGINS OF CIVILIZATION

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[NOTE.—While we must admit that our ignorance of the currents and tides of history is great — largely owing to the limitations of theological misinterpretations of Biblical chronology which even now have their influence — I cannot entirely agree that students of Theosophy are obliged “to flounder without star or compass to guide us” because the infant science of archaeology can carry us only a short distance beyond the horizon of the historically apparent. When H. P. Blavatsky brought the few keys of knowledge that she was permitted to offer this skeptical and materialistic generation, she fixed some landmarks in archaic prehistory which give definite points from which certain historical developments can be traced. As new discoveries are made they confirm these.

In regard to the source of the early civilizations of Mesopotamia and neighborhood, *The Secret Doctrine* contains a sketch of the gradual spread of the remnant of culture saved after the break-up of the immensely ancient world-civilization that we call Atlantean, a break-up which really meant a new world, practically an entirely new start for humanity as a whole. But, while a large part of mankind was beginning afresh and going through the various Stone-Ages, a seed of knowledge was saved which grew through many vicissitudes and ups-and-downs in cyclic progress. Because we do not find Neolithic remains in certain places where traces of higher culture exist, we are not necessarily justified in concluding that there was once a Neolithic culture there which developed into the higher and was then entirely swept

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away. The higher civilization may have originated in some different way. For instance, according to the teachings of the ancient Theosophy, the Sumerian (or Akkadian) was not an evolution *in situ* from a hypothetical Neolithic savagery but was brought from elsewhere. It is a cardinal principle in Theosophy that Nature in all departments makes progress through assistance by the more to the less advanced, by a spark from above, as we may say, lighting up the latent fires when the time comes for the lower to step forward. To quote H. P. Blavatsky:

"It is strongly contested that the Akkad tribes of Chaldaea, Babylonia, and Assyria were in any way cognate with the Brāhmans of Hindūstān; but there are more proofs in favor of this opinion than otherwise. . . . The Akkadians . . . were simply emigrants on their way to Asia Minor from India, the cradle of humanity, [recollect that H. P. Blavatsky specifically states that 'India' in ancient times included far more territory than it does today; large portions of Central Asia are covered by that name, as she uses it] and their sacerdotal adepts tarried to civilize and initiate a barbarian people. Halévy proved the fallacy of the Turanian mania in regard to Akkadian people, and other scientists have proved that the Babylonian civilization was neither born nor developed in that country. It was imported from India and the importers were Brāhmanical Hindūs.' [*Isis Unveiled*, quoted in *The Secret Doctrine*]

"And now, ten years after this was written, we find ourselves corroborated by Professor Sayce, who says in his first Hibbert lecture that the culture of the Babylonian city Eridu was of *foreign importation*. It came from India.

"Much of the theology was borrowed by the Semites from the non-Semitic Akkadians or proto-Chaldaeans, whom they supplanted, and whose local cults they had neither the will nor the power to uproot. Indeed, throughout a long course of ages the two races, Semites and Akkadians, lived side by side, their notions and worship of the gods blending insensibly together.' [Sayce]

"Here, the Akkadians are called 'non-Semitic,' as we had insisted they were in '*Isis*,' which is another corroboration. And we are no less right in always maintaining that the Jewish Biblical history was a compilation of *historical* facts, arranged from other people's history in Jewish garb — *Genesis* excluded, which is esotericism pure and simple. But it is really from the Euxine to Kashmir and beyond, that science has to search for the cradle — or rather one of the chief cradles — of mankind and the sons of Ad-ah; and especially in after times, when the Garden of Ed-en on the Euphrates became the college of the astrologers and magi, the Aleim." — *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 203

The cradle "of mankind" of course means the cradle of the new humanity that succeeded the Atlantean world and which H. P. Blavatsky calls the "Aryan" for distinction.— C. J. R.]

* * *



THE greatest force in the Universe is MIND. All things are emanations from mind; it is the source from which all material things spring. In other words, objects, artifacts, all handiwork, are the resultants of Mind. Mind is cause; material objects the effect.

In the study of Archaeology, the average scientist is ever prone to consider the object *per se*, and leave untouched the Mind behind it. Conclusions that may be utterly erroneous are drawn from objects. Why? Because the thinker has not been taken into consideration.

There are some things fundamental to the whole human race; some things that must be fundamental in order that we may be rational beings. These principles must be common to all the different races, otherwise

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there could be no common ground upon which all men could meet. There is such a ground, as every anthropologist knows. If such principles exist, they have done so from the time that man became a sentient being.

Man, then, from the beginning, was endowed with Mind, that intangible something called the *ego*. If he had mind, that entity functioned in such manner as to distinguish between cause and effect, a thing which no other animal can carry to any extent.

Man, possessing this power, has been able to build cities, states, empires and civilizations; each accomplishment a little greater than its predecessor; each a round in the ladder of progress(?). Yes, progress to a certain stage, also a retrogression, but the retrogression of the helix of a screw, retrogression that rises again; the Phoenix that arises from its own ashes.

Civilizations have arisen and fallen for these untold ages; civilizations of whose existence we wit not of; civilizations whose every trace is lost except in the esoteric influences that have been left behind. Civilizations, like individuals, have their birth, youth, old age, and death; this death is merely the passing away of that which is to be discarded, and the re-arrangement of sterling qualities into new forms, thus giving rise to a *new* civilization.

Our perspective of the civilizations that have passed is very limited, very circumscribed. We are like a man standing on the edge of an ocean; we realize that it extends for unmeasured leagues, but our eyes soon meet the horizon. We are standing on the shores of a vast ocean of civilizations extending into the far unnumbered years; we can see only a short distance where our eyes meet the historical horizon beyond which the science of archaeology must guide us. Yet how very limited is the distance which even this science carries us beyond the historical horizon! Here we flounder in the midst of infinite immensity without star or compass to guide us.

Fully conscious of the utter unfeasibility and hopelessness of attempting to penetrate this vast unknown, yet we shall not despair of tracing the present European civilization to some of its sources. This is the task we here set ourselves. We also realize how boundless and how almost illusive it is; how many lacunae occur, how many pitfalls, how many dark places, yet we hope to be able to throw some light where it is needed, in order to help some bewildered student who is struggling with the average text-book on history or economics.

Three sciences, archaeology, geology and palaeontology, have conspired to place the artifacts and appliances contemporaneous with the Quaternary Period on a much higher level than scientists had previously sus-

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CHRONOLOGY

CRETE	(according to Petrie) EGYPT	BABYLONIA	PALESTINE	GREECE
10000-3000 B. C. Neolithic Age	10000-5510 B. C. Neolithic Age	10000-5000 Neolithic Big City States	Neolithic	Neolithic
3000-2600 Early Minoan I	5510-4206 I-Vth Dynasties	Dynasty of Kish
2600-2400 Early Minoan II	4206-4003 Dynasty VI	Dynasty of Akkad
2400-2200 Early Minoan III	4003-3502 VII-X Dynasties	Dynasty of Ur
2200-2000 Middle Minoan I	3502-3459 XI Dynasty	Hammurabi (Khammurabi)	Abraham
2000-1850 Middle Minoan II	3459-3246 XII Dynasty
1850-1600 Middle Minoan III	1346-1580 XIII-XVII Dynasties Hyksos Kings
1600-1500 Late Minoan I	1580-1322 XVIII Dynasty
1500-1400 Late Minoan II	1322-1202 XIX Dynasty
1400 Fall of Knossos	Rise of Philistines	Mycenae & Tiryns
1200— Homeric Age	XIX Dynasty Rameses III
1000-900	David and Solomon	Dorian in- vasion; coloniza- tion of AsiaMinor

pected. So far back do these sciences carry us that we may be said to be contemplating an older world.

European civilization as it exists today seems, in the present status of knowledge, to have two sources: (1) Indigenous: (2) Extraneous. In its indigenous phases we can pause only to mention its stratigraphic order of

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development, viz: the Aurignacian, the Solutrean, the Magdalenian, and the latter's decadent offshoot, the Azilian. These stratigraphic phases may be said to present us with a continuous story — provided we do not examine it too closely.

The two worlds of Palaeolithic and Neolithic man seemed to have a yawning gulf fixed between them, which it was impossible to bridge; but the later phase of the Magdalenian, the decadent Azilian, seems partially to be such a bridge, yet the complete juncture between Palaeolithic and Neolithic man has not yet been made. There still exists a break; there is not any real continuity between them. Between the two there is evidence of great climatic and geologic changes that imply a vast interval of time. Northern, central, and western Europe have a Neolithic culture that is Eurasiatic in type; southern Greece and the Aegean basin have a culture that is an extension of the Asia Minor type. It is upon this Neolithic foundation that our later civilization stands.

The extraneous sources lie in two directions: the valley of the Nile, on the one hand, and the Euphrates on the other. Just what the action and reaction of these sources was upon each other is difficult to tell.

We owe our first real knowledge of the early culture of the Euphrates to De Sarzec, due to his excavations at the mounds of Tell and Lagash. But back of this culture which we know as Babylonian, is still an older one now known as Sumerian.

As we said above, in the Mediterranean basin, in the valley of the Nile, the history of culture can be traced to the Neolithic period. This achievement cannot be placed to the credit of any excavator on the Babylonian sites; this is not due to any defects in methods, but to the character of the country. Babylonia is composed of an alluvial deposit, subject to ever recurring inundations, so that the traces of Neolithic man have been swept away or destroyed. With the advent of the race that has been called Sumerian began the practice of building platforms or artificial mounds upon which were erected buildings far above the reach of the flood and devastating inundation, and which at the same time rendered them easier of defense against any foe. It is through excavation in these mounds that the earliest traces of the Sumerian culture has been brought to light; but the traces of earlier Neolithic man have been utterly swept away.

These early Sumerians must have been far advanced in culture when they began to occupy the valley, for we find them building houses for themselves and temples for their gods from burnt and unburnt brick. They were rich in cattle and sheep; they constructed a regular system of irrigation and had means of controlling the waters of the great rivers. Where did they get their preliminary training, and how many thousands

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of years old was their culture when they wandered into this rich alluvial plain? It is true that their sculpture and pottery were crude, but they had invented a system of writing that had long departed from picture-writing; so far was the system removed from picture-writing that the earliest form that has been recovered uses ideograms phonetically for syllables. All this presupposes a long period of development in some other place than the Babylonian plain; it also indicates that they were probably settled on the Persian Gulf some centuries prior to the earliest remains yet recovered.

It is of interest to recall that only a few years ago the existence of such a culture or race as the Sumerian was seriously questioned, in fact there was a 'Sumerian Question' which divided the scholastic world into two hostile camps. The late Sir Henry Rawlinson rightly concluded that there was an earlier race back of the Semitic, that the language of this vanished culture was to the Assyrian what Latin is [to Italian] today. He christened this early race "AKKADIAN"—a term that is now more properly applied to the later Semite. Sir Henry's view was shared by others, among them Professors Sayce, Schrader, Oppert, and others. It is not our purpose to write the history of the Sumerian Controversy; suffice to say that Rawlinson's conclusions were correct in the main, and that there no longer exists a 'Sumerian Question,' the only difference of opinion now being the date at which Sumerian and Semite came into contact; there is no longer a dispute *in re* the Babylonian civilization being derived from the Sumerian.

In regard to the names, Sumer and Akkad, it is probable that neither name was used in earliest historical times. The ideogram Ki-en-gi (Sumer, or Shumer) occurs in early texts. Shumeru is the Semitic form of the word. Ki-en-gi or Ki-en-gi-ra is translated into Semitic by the word Matu which simply means 'land.' Then like the word Kalam it comes to be used for the general designation, 'The Land.'

Akkad or Akkadu was the Semitic pronunciation of Agade, the older name of the town Akkad. The application of the name to the whole of the northern part of the country dates from the reign of Naram-Sin. The kings of Ur united the halves into one kingdom and called themselves the Kings of Sumer and Akkad.

WHENCE CAME THE SUMERIANS?

UNTIL very recently this question was problematical, but due to the two expeditions conducted by Mr. Raphael Pumpelly in 1903-1904 the problematical side of the question is disappearing. Further light was thrown upon the subject by Dr. Stein in 1906-1908.

Long have anthropologists been puzzled regarding the cause of the

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migratory movement of tribes from east to west, but the question now seems on the point of solution.

For untold ages the deserts of Asia have been growing in size, extending their borders, ever encroaching upon the more fertile and favored land, due to desiccation since the Glacial epoch. Great glaciers extended down the mountains surrounding the central Asian basin. These glacial expansions reacted upon the climate, causing general desolation. The dried silts of dried-up inland seas and rivers were blown about by the winds. The lightest material was carried farthest and when obstruction of vegetation was sufficient, it was deposited as 'loess,' that fine fertile soil covering northern China, Turkestan, and from the north of the Caspian Sea to Central Europe. The heavier material moved more slowly, forming great deserts of sand-dunes, heaping to more than a hundred feet high in places. It is to the forming or shifting of such deserts that we owe the burial of the cities in the Khotan region.

It is probable that these regions were not always so arid as today. Periods of extreme aridity were followed by periods of greater humidity, while certain other portions may have been more arid than at present. If this be true, then the population of these regions must, of necessity, have fluctuated, for traces of habitations now utterly deserted and desert were found by the Pumpelly Expedition. Evidence points to a change in climatic conditions which have reacted upon the character of the country in such manner as to cause racial migrations. These migrations, in turn, reacted upon the outside world.

There is no use, in our present state of knowledge, trying to put our finger upon the spot of central Asia or Iran from whence the Sumerians came. But the Pumpelly Expeditions tend to indicate from what region we may expect future excavations to furnish us with more conclusive evidence. We may with some confidence picture the Sumerians before arrival in the Tigris-Euphrates valley as inhabitants of some district east of the Euphrates, where they developed the elements of their culture is found in a very advanced stage on the earliest sites in south Babylonia.

Likewise the Arabian peninsula and surrounding territory were subject to similar periods of aridity, thus giving rise to the Semitic invasions of both the Euphrates and the Nile Valleys. Thus both races, the Sumerians and Semites, were brought together in Mesopotamia by the same cause, though coming from opposite directions. The Semites, on their way north from Arabia, colonized the Syrian coast, while the Sumerians doing the same from the east probably left traces of themselves in the valleys and oases of Iran, which it will be the good fortune of some future excavator to bring to light, and perhaps reveal for us the original picture-writing from which the early cuneiform characters were derived.

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According to all available evidence the Sumerian came from the east. He was not, apparently, indigenous to the region, and his are the traces of the earliest civilization in what is later known as Babylonia. Neolithic man was probably there, but as we have said before, all traces of him have disappeared.

THE CHRONOLOGY OF SUMER

WHEN did the Sumerian come into Babylonia? When did he lay the foundations of his first cities? These questions are fascinating, extremely interesting, but defy definite answer, yet allow of a tentative solution.

Formerly, scholars were inclined to give great antiquity to the Sumerian civilization; but archaeological facts tend to reduce this time. This tendency was fostered through two sources: Berosus, and the first archaeologist of whom we have any written account, Nabonidus, the last king of the Neo-Babylonian Empire. He dug for the foundation-memorial of the temple of the sun-god at Sippar, and he states on a clay cylinder that this foundation was laid by Naram-Sin, and that 3200 years had elapsed between the burial of the memorial and its excavation.

Naram-Sin was an early king of Akkad, and tradition states him as the son of Sargon I. If Nabonidus' statement be true, then Naram-Sin reigned about 3750 B. C., while Sargon ruled *circa* 3800 B. C. Upon this basis Sumerian history has been set back as far as 7000 B. C. or even possibly beyond that. But the high date of Nabonidus for the date of Naram-Sin has long been under the fire of criticism. In the first place it is an isolated statement without any supplementary evidence so far discovered: second, it leaves immense gaps in chronological schemes. These gaps cannot be filled in our present state of knowledge, and third, archaeological and epigraphic evidence tends to disprove the extreme date.

The materials employed in setting the order of the Kings and the periods fall into three classes. The first and most important consists of contemporaneous inscriptions of the early kings themselves on the site of the ancient cities.

The second consists of chronological documents drawn by the scribes relating the history of their own times and that of their predecessors. This system was not very convenient, but very useful to us in so much that it furnishes us with a summary of the principal events for long periods of time.

The third class of material resides in votive inscriptions, deeds of sale, tablets of accounts, etc.

Without entering into the details of the process of arriving at accuracy in dates, it is sufficient to say that the earliest upon which we can place

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any reliance is about the middle of the fourth millennium. The archaeologist does not say that this marks the beginning of Sumerian culture, but probably marks approximately the date of arrival of the Sumerians in the Tigris-Euphrates valley. Their culture had already reached a high standard, for cuneiform writing had been developed. How many millenniums did it take them to reach that stage? The writer will not attempt to answer. The reader is just as good a guesser as anyone.

These facts before us almost take away the glamor of romance with which most of us surround the home of Abraham. But in the final analysis they do not detract from history; they merely make the rise and fall of Sumer and Akkad a matter of yesterday, so to speak. Five thousand years is as a day when compared with the time that man has been upon this planet, compared with the immense age of relics whose origin we know not, and yet we are getting closer to the sources of our present form of civilization. If civilization revolves in cycles, a theory that most scientists now hold, we are getting close to the beginning of this cycle. More than that, is not our present objective.

If Sumerian civilization had its beginning *circa* 4000 years B. C., developed and waxed strong, the question naturally arises as to what influence it exerted upon other cultures, especially that of Egypt. The theory was formerly held that Sumer influenced Egyptian culture extensively, and was based upon the following facts:

First, the use of cylinder-seals. The cylinder-seal was peculiarly characteristic of Babylonia during all periods. The use of like seals in Egypt formed a very cogent argument in favor of early Babylonian influence in Egypt. The cylinder-seal, as stated, persisted through all stages of Babylonian culture, while in Egypt it died out and was early discontinued. From this fact the inference was made that the seal was introduced into Egypt in late predynastic or early dynastic times.

Second, the use of brick instead of stone as building material was regarded as due to Babylonian influence; the crenelated walls of early Egyptian buildings, the existence of which has been proven by actual remains, such as the Mastaba-tomb of King Aha at Nakada, and the ancient fortress at Abydos; these were treated as borrowed *in toto* from Sumerian types. Further, irrigation was practised in both countries, and wheat was grown in both valleys. This seemed to necessitate the theory of a cultural influence upon Egypt from the Euphrates.

Third, it has been generally held that the hieroglyphics of Egypt were derived from the cuneiform of Babylonia. But it has been proven, so far as present knowledge goes, that the hieroglyphics were NOT derived from the cuneiform. Just as far back as the Babylonian writing can be traced, the earliest period yet obtainable, the cuneiform is conventionalized, and

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only the initiated or educated could read it, a condition not true in case of the hieroglyphics of the earliest period. In the earliest form the hieroglyphs are pictures pure and simple; later they take the form of ideographs, and it is many centuries before they become entirely conventionalized. Each system was indigenous and developed independently. True it is that they had common characteristics, a coincidence that can be most naturally explained. For illustration, a circle would be the symbol for the sun in Egypt, as well as in Babylonia; a horned head the symbol for the ox, etc. It would seem that the Babylonian system is much older, for when the curtain of history goes up in both valleys, the cuneiform system has already become conventionalized, while the hieroglyphs are still ideographs. That the hieroglyphs were originally picture-writing and ideographs is shown by the monuments of the First Dynasty.

In Babylonia all traces of Neolithic man have been swept away, while in Egypt there have been found many artifacts assignable to man of that period.

Dr. Reisner has proven that there was no sudden break between Neolithic and early dynastic cultures. In fact the Neolithic or predynastic culture persists long into the dynastic period, even to the Sixth Dynasty. There was no sudden departure from burial customs long established. Neolithic man buried in a flexed position; this continued far into the dynastic times. Extended burial does not mark the end of the predynastic and the beginning of the dynastic period. Neither do the ideas of future life change. During the early dynastic period, implements, arms, foods, etc., were placed in or by the grave just as in Neolithic times. Ideas have long life and are the hardest things in the world to kill. Some of these ideas persist even to our day. Think, gentle reader, think! Why do we place floral offerings upon the graves of our departed? Why do we erect tomb-stones?

Copper was known to the predynastic Egyptians, but the articles made from it were useless or mere ornaments; development into articles of utility and war was gradual but inevitable, until the Egyptians finally became skilled copper-smiths. But in spite of the manufacture of copper implements, stone ones survived even into the Sixth Dynasty. The later use of the stone implements was mainly ceremonial. But let us bear in mind that the first copper implements were modeled after the stone originals. Then improvement followed, also wide deviation from the original, until the improved article had no relation to its stone prototype. In other words, as metal casting improved, flint knapping degenerated and finally died out, and stone implements ceased to be used about the close of the Sixth Dynasty. But predynastic pottery, or at least pottery copied after it, survived and continued to be used as late as the Eighteenth

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Dynasty. In whatever manner we may choose to explain the survivals, the beginning of dynastic times in Egypt does not present any break in cultural continuity. Neither is there any break between Neolithic and dynastic cultures. Changes were much slower and less uniform than formerly considered.

Thanks to the Hearst Expedition and Dr. Elliott Smith, we now know that predynastic and dynastic Egyptians are identical; they represent the same people, and there is no trace of any new racial element or the advent of any foreign strain. Thus the theory of a Semitic Invasion of Egypt towards the close of the predynastic period must be given up.

If the Semitic Invasion must be relegated to the realms of exploded theories, then the last stronghold of the upholders of the theory of Sumerian origin of Egyptian culture must also give way. The hieroglyphics of Egypt were not derived from Sumer. No example of Sumerian writing has been found as yet that could furnish the Egyptian a basis upon which to start his hieroglyphics. Neither country was indebted to the other for the knowledge of writing. In fact Babylonian culture did not begin to spread westward until Shar-Gani-sharri conquered Syria.

Sumer's part in the world's work was in helping to mold the civilization of Babylonia, forming a basis for this later culture. Perhaps its greatest legacy was the invention of the cuneiform system of writing, for it was adopted as the common script throughout the east, and became the parent of other systems of like character. Its sculpture inspired Semitic work of later times. Urukagina's legislative acts furnished the basic principles for Hammurabi's laws, which in turn furnished the mold for the Mosaic legislation. The literature of Babylon is based throughout upon Sumerian originals, and even the rituals were Sumerian in origin. Sumer was the source of later Babylonian civilization. The inscriptions give us the political evolution of Sumer from the village community and city-state to a great Empire that held under its sway extensive foreign provinces.

Egypt, in many respects, paralleled Sumer; in fact, in a general way, we may say that the two civilizations did have a parallel course of development, but each indigenous to the region in which it is found. In Egypt, we have the tribe or nome, the city-state, in part, and finally the Empire formed by Mena or Menes.

It is not our purpose to enter into the archaeology of Egypt — it is too well known for us to use space in recounting what is already understood — but we shall seek to find its points of contact with other civilizations that formed the basis of European civilization as we have it today.

CRETE

Of all the accomplishments of the archaeologist, none surpass those

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that brought to light the prehistoric age of Greece, and disclosed the marvelous civilization that had been attained on both the mainland and the isles of the Aegean, and carried us back so far in time as to make us gasp with astonishment; the truth revealed transcends the wildest imagination of the novelist, leaving us stupefied with the vastness and immensity of the thing, the unmeasured sweeping ages that lie uncovered.

The generation now living has seen the wondrous discoveries in the valleys of the Nile and Euphrates, but neither Nippur nor Abydos has revealed anything so new or unexpected as have the labors of Schliemann at Troy, Mycenae, and Tiryns, and those of Sir Walter Evans in Crete.

The discoveries in Sumer and Egypt just pushed our knowledge back a few centuries; we were acquainted with the characteristics of these civilizations, but the above-named explorers revealed to our astonished gaze a vista and REALITY which heretofore had been considered to exist only in the midst of misty and unreal legends. It was acknowledged that great and mighty men must have lived before Agamemnon, Menelaus, and Achilles, but what manner of men they were and in what sort of world they lived and moved was utterly unknown. Legend told of mighty armies, kings, palaces, heroes, princes, treasures, and all the paraphernalia of a great civilization, yea, also of gods who walked and talked with men, of demi-gods and monsters, all mingled together in a promiscuous profusion and confusion — all patently imaginative to such degree that all scholars despaired of ever reaching the solid ground of truth, if any such ground existed as a basis for the legends.

The First Olympiad, 776 B. C., was the starting-point of Grecian history for the historians of the last half of the nineteenth century. All before that was legend and myth as far as the historian was concerned. Even the Dorian Conquest was considered a myth when the writer was first wrestling with the introduction to those classic times. The Homeric poems were considered only as literature of poetic form embodying the imagery and license permissible to such form, and it was the opinion of scholars and teachers of that day that Homer, or rather the school of rhapsodists who constituted the 'Homeric School,' merely projected into the different *lays* the culture of their own period or periods. There are none so bigoted as the really ignorant who are laboring under the illusion that they know all there is to be known relative to their special subject!

Beyond and behind the Homeric poems, there lay that great mass of legends dealing with Minos, the Labyrinth, the Minotaur; Theseus and Ariadne; Daedalus and his son; Aegeus and Androgeus, etc.

Philologists and historians despaired of ever being able to disentangle the golden thread of fact from the mass of fiction and imagination that clustered round about it. They became very dogmatic and proclaimed

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there existed no fact or historic ground in the legends. Grote's attitude is typical of all scholars. The myths were beautiful, but they contained not one grain of historical value.

But what havoc the spade of the archaeologist in the field has played with these easy-chair dogmatists! Now these old legends are beginning to give up their golden treasures of truth; the thread of gold is beginning to be disentangled, and the historical settings are becoming more and more apparent. It is even possible that we may be able to identify the heroes of Greece that lie far behind the Dorian Conquest, provided some new Rosetta Stone can be found for the Cretan script which no one yet has been able to decipher. There can be no reasonable doubt that men and women of the Greek stock played the roles in fascinating romances that afterwards became legend and myth; but that the stories of their deeds and misdeeds are, in part, the actual records of their achievements.

The most important role in the revelation of the facts underlying these legends has been played by the evidence from Crete. Schliemann's and Dörpfeld's work at Troy, Mycenae, Tiryns, and Orchomenos and Ithaca, convinced us of a civilization that was brilliant, and, in all probabilities, the original of that described in the Homeric poems, but it did not answer the question: Whence this culture?

The year 1900, by the excavations at Knossos and Paestos, began to reveal the fact that the Homeric or Mycenaean civilization, as it was called, was only the decadence of a civilization far richer and far more diversified, whose fountain-head had been in Crete. These explorations in Crete have led to the vindication of many of the statements in the legends and traditions, and have shown that they contain a vast amount of historical truth.

Greece has many legends concerning Crete, its inhabitants, and their relation to the other peoples of the Mediterranean basin. The very geographical position of Crete, situated between three great continents, connected by island stepping-stones to the Peloponnesus, designed it as the home for the development of a culture that should spread and influence the surrounding areas. As a matter of fact, all ancient traditions point, without deviation, to the isle of Crete as the cradle of Greek civilization.

Even the great Zeus was born and reared on the island of Crete, in the fastnesses of its mountains, in the depths of its caves. When Chronos wished to swallow Zeus, as he had his other children, Rhea substituted a stone for the infant, then fled to Crete to bear and rear her son. The Dictaeon and Ideon caves vie with each other for the honor of being the birth-place of the god. In the Dictaeon cave Zeus grew to manhood, and here he was united in marriage to Europa. From this union sprang Minos the great legendary King of Crete. When the span of life was run by the

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god, he returned to Crete to close his career. Ancient legend has it that his tomb was on Mount Juktos.

It is around this son of Zeus and Europa that the great mass of legend clusters. As to the actual personage who bore the title or name of Minos there is some dispute, but there must have been one man who bore this name, and like Abraham he was the 'friend of God.' He received from the hands of God the code that formed the basis of his legislation; he also held direct communication with God, and once in every nine years he went up to the Dictæan cave to converse with God and to receive new commandments, also to render account of his conduct during those nine years. At death he became the judge and lawgiver of the underworld.

There is no doubt that Minos became a title after the first great Minos just as Pharaoh and Caesar were titles. This is borne out by the fact that after we leave the oldest form of the legend, Minos becomes a many-sided character, in fact the compositum of many men. The Minos of the Greek story is not primarily the friend of God, or the priest, or the lawgiver, but the great lord of the Mediterranean basin, the great sea-king with a great navy and merchant-marine. This is the king that Theseus thwarted. He is the one who first established a sea-power according to Thucydides. He ruled all the Hellenic sea; did his best to suppress piracy, thus rendering his own revenues safe. Herodotus mentions the fact that Minos was the first sea-king. His merchant-marine reached far for the commerce of foreign countries; this is attested by the many Minoas scattered along the coasts of the Mediterranean. These were either trading-posts or garrisons or both.

"Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown." The rattling skeleton in the king's closet was the Minotaur, that monster half human, half bull. Daedalus built the Labyrinth as a place of confinement for the monster, and was himself locked in the confines of his own creation by Minos. Daedalus escaped from his prison by means of a pair of wings, thus being the first aeronaut of whom we have any account.*

Minos came to be the arch-enemy of Aegeus, king of Athens, from the fact that Androgeos, the son of Minos, conquered all competitors in the Panathenaic games. This so angered Aegeus that he had the victor murdered in some manner. Minos angered, and justly so, levied war against Athens, laying waste Attica to such a degree that the Athenians accepted a hard and humiliating peace; a part of the terms being that every nine years the Athenians should deliver to Minos seven youths and an equal number of maidens as an offering to the Minotaur.

King Aegeus had an unacknowledged son, Theseus, by the princess

*See Dr. Chas. Hallock, *The American Antiquarian*, May, 1911.

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Aithra of Troezen. The mother reared her child at Troezen, the boy having never beheld his father. But it was the ambition of Theseus to compel his father to acknowledge him as son. Upon reaching manhood, Theseus made his way to Athens, performing on the way several remarkable feats becoming a king's son. He arrived at Athens just before time for the third departure of youths and maidens for Crete. Theseus offered himself as one of the victims, believing that he could slay the Minotaur and thus end that dreadful ordeal. With many misgivings, Aegeus finally gave his consent. It was agreed that in case the purpose was successful, the black sails of the vessel should be changed to white upon the return journey.

Theseus sailed to Knossos, was thrown into confinement to await the day he should enter the abode of the Minotaur. He stood noble and defiant before the powerful king, unflinching and unafraid. When the 'fair-haired' Ariadne beheld him, she lost her heart, and all thought of duty vanished except that involved in her new-found love. She set up communication with Theseus in his prison, gave him a sword with which to slay the Minotaur, and a thread as a clue to lead him back through the intricacies of the Labyrinth. He was successful in slaying the monster and in escaping with Ariadne. She did not reach Greece for some reason, though Theseus did; but in his joy he forgot to change the sails, and Aegeus, who was watching for the return of the vessel, seeing the glint of the sunlight afar upon the black sails, fell or threw himself into the sea.

This is the one great legend of Minos in connexion with Greece. What ground was there in fact for the tale? There must be historical fact as the basis, for until the third century B. C. the Athenians sent annually the vessel of Theseus to Delos. This vessel was held to be the very one in which Theseus sailed, though many times repaired. This annual event delayed the death of Socrates thirty days, since it was unlawful to put anyone to death while the ship was on its pilgrimage. Great was the reverence in which the vessel was held by the Athenians, and for them to persist in this annual event is strong evidence that some historic ground lay behind a tradition so deeply imbued in the minds of the people.

The story of the Labyrinth lived through the ages and would not die. Scholars revelled in erudition as to what it really was, but again it took the spade of the archaeologist to settle the question. The spade can do more in a month than logic and the imagination of savants can do in a thousand years.

As Dr. Schliemann had faith in the Iliad, so Dr. Evans had faith in the legends relating to Crete. So strong was his faith that he was willing to stake a large amount of money upon the venture. All tradition in regard to Minos clustered around Knossos, the ancient capitol. A mound

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existed near Mt. Juktos, the traditional burying-place of Zeus. Drs. Schliemann and Stillman were attracted to the place, but obstacles were thrown in their way and explorations were never made by them. In 1895 Dr. Evans bought part of the site known as Kephala; political disturbances retarded his efforts until in 1900 he was able to purchase the entire site. On March 23rd, 1900, Dr. Evans began excavations with a force of from eighty to one hundred and fifty men and continued until June.

In nine weeks he uncovered about two acres of a vast prehistoric palace, and it soon became apparent that this area was only a very small portion of the original palace. The story of the excavation of the palace of Minos reads like a romance. The excavations were carried to the Neolithic stratum, this stratum being in places 24 feet deep. To give in detail the results of even the first season's work would require the writing of a book. First there came to light a great court on the southwest of the site, and at the southern corner of the court was the great portico that gave entrance to that side of the palace. The wall flanking the entrance was decorated with the fresco of a great bull, the favorite subject in the Minoan and Mycenaean art.

As the excavations proceeded, marvels began to reveal themselves to the astounded eyes of the excavator. Two small rooms connected with each other were found; in the center of each is a single column composed of four gypsum blocks, each block having upon it the double axe. Now the name for the double axe is *labrys*. Tradition links the names of Minos and Knossos with a wonderful structure built by Daedalus, which was called the Labyrinth. The pillars, the marks of the *labrys*, the palace, all suggest that here we have the source of the tradition.

But let us go on down the central court, and by means of a flight of four steps enter a small antechamber. Passing through this small room we stand in the throne room of Minos; not only are we in the throne room, but we are looking upon his very throne, the oldest of its kind in the world. It is of gypsum, has a high back, and was originally covered with decorations. Its lower part is an extraordinary anticipation of Gothic architecture. Opposite the throne was a tank of gypsum slabs, reached by a flight of descending steps; this tank or pool suggests connexion with Egypt, and an anticipation of the impluvium. The room was splendid, yea rich, in its appointments, for in it were found green porcelain, gold-foil, crystals, and plaques with painting on the back.

On the northern side of the palace was another portico, and in this part of the building was found a series of frescoes of inestimable value, for here before our eyes we have the appearance, dress, and environment of these mysterious people. Here we look upon the faces of the women with their white complexions, their costumes resembling very closely the modern

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evening dress, with the very low neck, slender waist, flounced skirt, and an occasional puffed sleeve. Their hair is curled and elaborately dressed. So modern in appearance are they that a French savant, upon looking at the fresco, exclaimed: "*Mais ce sont des Parisiennes!*"

The men have reddish-brown complexions, and are guiltless as to clothes except for loin-cloths and puttees half way up the leg. Their hair is done up in a crest upon the crown of the head. The subjects of this fresco are many, and suggest the episodes of the shield of Achilles. Do we have here the source of the episodes or do we have a continuous historic piece? This is the finest piece of fresco art that has come down from antiquity.

The curious fact about Knossos was that it had no fortifications, no walls of any kind. It lies three and one-half miles back from the harbor with a paved road leading to the very doors of the palace. What a contrast to the palaces of the Mycenaean Age on the mainland of Greece! Tiryns and Mycenae are vast with fortifications. The walls at Tiryns are still 57 feet thick and 24½ feet high; the wall at Mycenae is 46 feet thick and still 56 feet high. Note also the strong fortifications at Troy, the Constantinople of the ancient world.

Knossos, far richer than any of the above-named cities, was utterly unprotected by fortifications of any sort. Truly, peace was the rule in this land! No enemy was expected to be able to interrupt that peace by any rude or unexpected descent upon the palace. Where was the protection for Knossos? Not far to seek, is the answer. The Minoan fleet was the fortifications of Knossos. The Cretan had builded his fleet long before Tiryns had 'learned the way of a ship on the sea.' So long as the fleet of Minos ruled the waves, Knossos had no need for fortifications of stone. But the fleet was both the strength and weakness of the national defense, for it provided no 'second line of defense.' Apparently, at last, the fleet did fail, for the palace was sacked and burned, perhaps more than once, thoroughly sacked the last time, for there is scarcely a trace of metal except some gold-foil. Everything portable was carried away. Did the Minoan fleet decay from internal sloth or did it finally meet a stronger fleet? At any rate, the sea-power was lost, and with it Knossos sank into oblivion, its very existence fading into vague and misty tradition to be handed down through the ages.

We reach at this point the place where history in its course of making is quite well understood. About the seventh century Greece took its place as intellectual leader of the world, and for many centuries really made the history of the world.

THE BURIED CIVILIZATIONS OF PREHISTORIC ASIA

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

FOR many years Mr. M. A. Stein has been making extensive travels and archaeological explorations in Central Asia and Western China, and has just published* the record in two volumes with maps and illustrations. His discoveries are of importance as confirming so much that was said by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* (published 1888). When we consider the explanation and import of these discoveries, we can contrast the explorer's conjectures and those of other archaeologists with H. P. Blavatsky's explanation, and see how much more reasonable the latter is. For instance, when Mr. Stein discovers the remains of a civilization which resembled many different nations known to us, he infers that the said civilization was a *conglomerate* of the others; whereas the theory that the others were offshoots of a once *homogeneous* culture not only suits these facts better but is in conformity with the general plan of history outlined in H. P. Blavatsky's writings. To quote from Mr. Stein:

"How could I have expected, by the desolate shores of Lop-nor, in the very heart of innermost Asia, to come upon such classical representations of cherubim? And what had these graceful heads, recalling cherished scenes of Christian imagery, to do here on the walls of a Buddhist sanctuary?"

The writer's bewilderment about Christianity and Buddhism is not peculiar to himself but is met with in the case of other explorers. When they find a Cross, they think Christianity must have brought it there; and a figure seated in the attitude of meditation is called a statue of Gautama the Buddha. But the true explanation is simple. All religions have their origin in the one universal Wisdom-Religion, also known as the Secret Doctrine, which may be defined as a body of knowledge constituting the accumulated wisdom of Sages from time immemorial and carefully preserved in esoteric schools. As this Doctrine pertains to the deeper mysteries of life, and is consequently beyond the reach of the totality of mankind, it has always had its esoteric and its exoteric side, the former taught privately in the Schools to advanced students or aspirants, ready to undertake the necessary conditions, and the latter for the instruction of the public who are not yet ready to take that step. Our present religions are what remains of the exoteric teachings of the Wisdom-Religion, assuming diverse manifestations according to local and racial genius. Hence the similarity in religions, especially in the matter of

*This article was written some years ago.

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symbolism. The explorer has therefore unearthed, not a sign of mingled Christianity, Buddhism, etc., but a sign of that religious culture from which these various religions afterwards diverged. He has in fact found a source, not a confluence.

In the cave-temples of the 'Thousand Buddhas' he found great piles of old manuscript rolls and silk paintings guarded by a pious priest, who by dint of persevering diplomacy was induced to permit their examination and finally to allow some of them to be taken away to the British Museum.

The clue to such puzzles is to be found in *The Secret Doctrine*, from which we quote the following:

"The traces of an immense civilization, even in Central Asia, are still to be found. This civilization is undeniably *prehistoric*. And how can there be civilization without a literature, in some form, without annals or chronicles? . . . The gigantic, unbroken wall of the mountains that hem in the whole table-land of Tibet, from the upper course of the river Khuan-Khé down to the Karakorum hills, witnessed a civilization during millenniums of years, and would have strange secrets to tell mankind. The Eastern and Central portions of those regions — the Nan-Shan and the Altyn-Tagh — were once upon a time covered with cities that could well vie with Babylon. A whole geological period has swept over the land since those cities breathed their last, as the mounds of shifting sand, and the sterile and now dead soil of the immense central plains of the basin of Tarim testify. The borderlands alone are superficially known to the traveler. Within those table-lands of sand there is water, and fresh oases are found blooming there, wherein no European foot has ever yet ventured, or trodden the now treacherous soil. Among these verdant oases there are some which are entirely inaccessible even to the native profane traveler. Hurricanes may 'tear up the sands and sweep whole plains away,' they are powerless to destroy that which is beyond their reach. Built deep in the bowels of the earth, the subterranean stores are secure; and as their entrances are concealed in such oases, there is little fear that anyone should discover them."— Vol. I, p. xxxii

Was this civilization the "joint product of Indian, Chinese, and Hellenic influences," or were *they* the product of *it*? And did Buddhism and Christianity contribute their symbolism to this ancient culture or derive it therefrom? It looks a good deal more as though a vast and homogeneous culture had *broken up* into many scattered fragments, when the land became uninhabitable, sending out offshoots to India, China, Greece, etc., each with a portion of the original culture, which we now call severally 'Hellenic,' 'classical,' 'Buddhist,' etc., according to where we find them. And notice the confirmation of H. P. Blavatsky's statement about hidden records. In connexion with this, the following remark, made by a newspaper in 1910, is pertinent:

"Of his explorations we do not propose to speak, nor of the importance of his archaeological finds, but of his amazing luck in coming upon them."

Instances of such 'luck' have been known before in the history of archaeology and go far to confirm the opinion held by some people that there are many secrets regarding ancient history that are carefully guarded and only let out bit by bit upon suitable occasions.

With regard to the discoveries in the Buddhist monastery, we read in

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an account dated March 1909 that these had been hermetically walled up towards the tenth century of our era and dated as far back as the first century. The manuscripts were done up in bundles and were practically as fresh as when deposited. Their number exceeded 4,000. They were, "as far as can be approximately told, in about seven different languages." In *Five Years of Theosophy* we find the following germane to this part of the subject:

"It is extremely difficult to show whether the Tibetans derived their doctrine from the ancient Rishis of India, or the ancient Brāhmans learned their occult science from the adepts of Tibet; or, again, whether the adepts of both countries professed originally the same doctrine and derived it from a common source."— p. 154.

This was written prior to 1885, and to it is appended the following note signed by H. P. Blavatsky:

"To ascertain such disputed questions, one has to look into and study well the Chinese sacred and historical records."

Which is exactly what is now being done. This so-called Chinese Buddhist mission, with its coy but tractable guardian, is clearly an important link in the unraveling of the history of Central Asia.

In 1907 a Boston archaeologist, Ellsworth Huntington, reported the results of his investigations in some of these desert regions of Asia, and said that:

"The history of Central Asia shows that there has been on the whole a diminution of prosperity since the beginning of recorded history. . . . The whole of a vast region, about 3,000 miles in extent from east to west, is made up of enclosed basins with no outlets. The rivers run northwards from the mountains, and now lose themselves in the sand or flow into small salt lakes. . . . Far out in the desert, fifty or sixty miles from the fringe of life that now exists, are the remains of the ancient oases, indicative of a large population that was once supported there. . . . Modern Niya has a population of perhaps 3,000 today. Fifty-five miles below the present town and four miles below the present flow of the river are ruins covering about 28 square miles, a tract which in olden times was under irrigation."

White-skinned races in unexpected regions is a topic that is frequently mentioned; and the explanations provided are usually adapted to various special cases: the blond Eskimo, for instance, are supposed by some to have immigrated into America from the Icelandic colony in Greenland. But to cover all cases we need a more general explanation. Take the following, for example. A Russian explorer in Eastern Turkestan declares that in the great Tarim Desert, north of Kashmir, he has discovered a "mixed Caucasian and Mongolian race" ruled over by a family of purely European appearance and customs. He describes a town like a medieval European town, in an oasis near the Khotan river, with 3,000 population, of European features. They spoke a Turkish dialect. They said their ancestors came from the West. (*Century Path*, May 14, 1905)

In 1905 we read of an expedition from Berlin to explore Chinese

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Turkestan, a region mostly desert, where ancient civilizations have been buried. It brought back a collection of statues, paintings, and manuscripts, said to be from ancient monasteries known to have flourished in the fifth century. Chinese Turkestan is a vast depression in the great plateau of Eastern Asia, bordered by the Pamirs on the west, the Kuen-Lun mountains on the south, the Desert of Gobi on the east, and the Tian Shan Mountains on the north. Its only river, the Tarim, is now lost in the marshes of Lob-Nor. Kashgar, the chief town in the west, has a floating population of about 50,000. The whole region is composed of the friable and supposedly wind-accumulated dust known as *loess*. There are other similar towns, situated on oases, and occupied by mixed Aryan and Turanian populations. It has been in turn under the sway of Chinese, Huns, Turks, and other races; and most religions seem to have flourished there.

About December 1910 a British expedition returned from Asia, where it had been defining part of the boundary between Persia and Afghanistan. This region is as vast in reality as it is insignificant on most maps. What, for instance, will an ordinary map tell us of the Persian province of Seistan, which is about 100 miles long and from 70 to 100 wide? The expedition had to endure terrible hardships from weather and desolation, but it was a well-equipped military and engineering party and the men were brave and determined throughout the whole two-and-a-half years. "*From end to end Seistan was found to be one mass of ancient ruins*, and even where ruins do not exist the ground was covered with brick and pottery." "Many of the ruins are of imposing dimensions, covering very large areas of ground, marking the existence of what must have been a very wealthy and populous country . . . the bulk of the deserted cities had probably not been occupied for the last 500 years."

What better proof could be had of the truth of H. P. Blavatsky's statements? For it is evident that the chief reason why so comparatively few vestiges have yet been found is simply that they have not been sought. Here was an almost inaccessible region, never visited before, and scarcely even suggested on our maps; how many more such regions are there? Look at your map and see the large empty spaces, partially filled in with sprawling names with letters each as big as a whole country. Our conceptions of the human race, both of the historical and the biological kind, if criticized from a strictly scientific standpoint, or a strictly legal standpoint, must appear as dogmatic systems erected on a very slender and insecure base. For within reach are piles of evidence that bid fair to undermine the whole structure. If we could keep our theories more fluid, pending the accumulation of more facts, we should not need to recast them so often in order to accommodate new facts as they come.

CONCERNING SOKRATES

STUDENT

KRISHNA: "Such a man, O son of Prithâ, doth not perish here or hereafter. For never to an evil place goeth one who doeth good."— *The Bhagavad-Gîtâ*

"**B**UT you too, O judges, it behooves to be of good hope about death, and to believe that this at least is true,— there can no evil befall a good man whether he be alive or dead, nor are his affairs uncared for by the gods."— From Sokrates' closing address to his judges as reported by Plato

"Sokrates took only as much food as he could eat with a keen relish. He advised men against taking that which would stimulate; not to eat when they were not hungry, nor drink when they were not thirsty, for these things disordered body and mind. He used to say in jest that Circe transformed men into swine by entertaining them with abundance of luxury, but that Odysseus, through his temperance, was not changed into a swine."— *Xenophon on Sokrates*

Of his fearlessness and calmness in moments of danger, Alkibiades, one of his pupils, testifies in one of Plato's dialogs as follows:

"At the battle of Potidaea . . . I, who knew the real state of the case, insisted that if any man had distinguished himself in the fight, it was Sokrates, to whom on that occasion I should willingly resign the intended laurels. . . . When we retreated to Delium after the defeat, I was riding off on horseback while Sokrates and Laches followed on foot as hoplites, and coming up to them I cried, 'Fear not, good friends, I will keep alongside of you and defend you from the pursuit.' On that occasion I admired even more than at Potidaea the conduct of this man. For while both were in danger of being overtaken, it was manifest that Sokrates during the whole retreat displayed far more coolness than Laches, who was by profession a soldier. . . . Instead of hurry and trepidation we saw in him only the large full eye that with wise wariness turned to this side and to that in a fashion that seemed to say to all comers that they would find a steady nerve if they came within a sword's length of him. And thus he got out of the rush safely. I have always observed that in a retreat the men who are most afraid fare the worst. Many other things I might relate which would show clearly what a strange and truly admirable creature this Sokrates is."

Grote the historian says:

"To Sokrates the precept inscribed on the Delphian temple 'Know thyself,' was the holiest of all texts."

Speaking of his own approaching death, (before drinking the hemlock) and referring to Krito who is lamenting it, Sokrates says:

"Thus will Krito bear it more easily, and, when he sees my body burned or buried, will not grieve over me as if I had suffered some dreadful thing, nor say at the funeral that it is Sokrates who is laid out on the bier or carried forth to the grave or buried. For you must know, dearest Krito, that this false way of speaking not only is wrong in itself, but also does harm to the soul. Rather you should be of good courage, and say that it is my body you are burying; and this you may do as you please, and in the way which you think most conformable to custom here."

— From Plato's *Phaedo*

The early Christian Fathers canonized Sokrates as a Christian saint, one of them adding to the rosary the prayer "Sancte Sokrates, ora pro

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nobis," ("Holy Sokrates, pray for us.") Professor John Stuart Blackie in the following quaintly rugged and forceful lines revives this prayer amidst the religious bigotries of more recent times:

"Dear God, by wrathful routs
How is thy church divided,
And how may he that doubts
In such turmoil be guided!
When weeping I behold
How Christian people quarrel,
Ofttimes from Heathens old
I fetch a saintly moral;
And while they fret with rage
The sore-distraught community,
I look for some Greek sage
Who preaches peace and unity.
And thus I pray:
O Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!
Let faith and love and joy increase,
And reason rule and wrangling cease
Good saint, we pray thee!

"They pile a priestly fence
Of vain scholastic babble,
To keep out common sense
With the unlearned rabble.
A curious creed they weave,
And, for the church commands it,
All men must needs believe,
Though no man understands it;
Thus while they rudely ban
All honest thought as treason,
I, from the Heathen clan
Seek solace to my reason.
And thus I pray:
O Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!
From creeds that men believe because
They fear a damnatory clause,
Good saint, deliver us!

"Some preach a God so grim
That, when his anger swelleth,
They couch and cower to him
When sacred fear compelleth;
God loves his few pet lambs
And saves his one pet nation,
The rest he largely damns
With swinging reprobation.
Thus banished from the fold,
I wisely choose to follow
Some sunny preacher old
Who worshipped bright Apollo.
And thus I pray:
O Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!
From silly flocks of petted lambs,
And from a faith that largely damns,
Good saint, deliver us!

"Such eager fancies vain
Shape forth the rival churches;
And each man's fuming brain
God's holy light besmirches;
And thus they all conspire
The primal truth to smother,
And think they praise their sire
By hating well their brother.
Such wrangling when I see,
Such storms of Godly rancor,
To Heathendom I flee
To cast a peaceful anchor.
And thus I pray:
O Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!
Let love and faith and joy increase,
And reason rule and wrangling cease,
Good saint, we pray thee."

"THE present crime-wave is like a horrible disease. It seems to be a reaction from the abnormal conditions of the war. These criminals receive heavy sentences, for the public must be protected against those afflicted with the crime-disease. Yet how many who are morally responsible for these conditions get off free from the human law? If it were not for the Theosophical teaching that they shall not escape the Divine Law the outlook would be gloomy indeed."— W. W. H.

THE SUPERSTITIOUS ORIENTAL!

PERCY LEONARD

N Lane's *Modern Egyptians* occurs the following passage:

"They show a great respect for bread, as the staff of life, and on no account suffer the smallest portion of it to be wasted if they can avoid it. I have often observed an Egyptian take up a small piece of bread, which had by accident fallen in the street or road; and after putting it before his lips and forehead three times, place it on one side, in order that a dog might eat it, rather than let it remain to be trodden underfoot."

To the western mind this may appear as a shocking example of time and labor expended without any compensating return, and from the practical, profit-and-loss point of view, it must be admitted that the results hardly justify the effort involved. But it certainly gives evidence of a noble, altruistic feeling and tends to develop a moral quality which is sadly lacking in our calculating, self-regarding, strenuous lives.

To recognise the latent, life-sustaining power — the hidden Deity in fact — in a discarded piece of food; to spend one's time and labor in order to oblige a homeless, unknown animal; to undergo a personal inconvenience in order to promote an impersonal end; are so many proofs of true, practical Theosophy which must affect a sympathetic observer like finding lilies and roses in "a waste and howling wilderness."

The practical, efficient West has doubtless much to teach the dreamy, oriental world which sometimes seems to take material life only half seriously; but if our pride would allow us to assimilate their more spiritual views of the Universe, and emulate their power of recognition of the presence of Divinity in common things, we should enrich our dull and sordid lives by the acquirement of a quality which those lives sorely need.

ONE NIGHT

By "A"

IT was so still, the moon hung pale,
One of those Magic midnight hours,
That draw from mortal sight the veil
And show the strength of other powers.

And in the calm of that great night
I held communion with my soul,
And like expanded on that height
And blended with the greater Whole.

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And all the incidents of life
Lay bare as on an open scroll;
Its toil and song, its joy and strife
I saw like one large screen unroll.

On it a snow-white hand did write
In letters strong of burnished gold;
They were too mighty for my sight,
A few I caught, and this they told:

"Men dream of great things to achieve,
Fame smiles on high their steel to test,
Ambition strives. But I believe
Life's little things are oft the best.

For there are moments, when one touch,
One simple vision stirs the heart,
A ray through weary labors, such
As are of daily life a part.

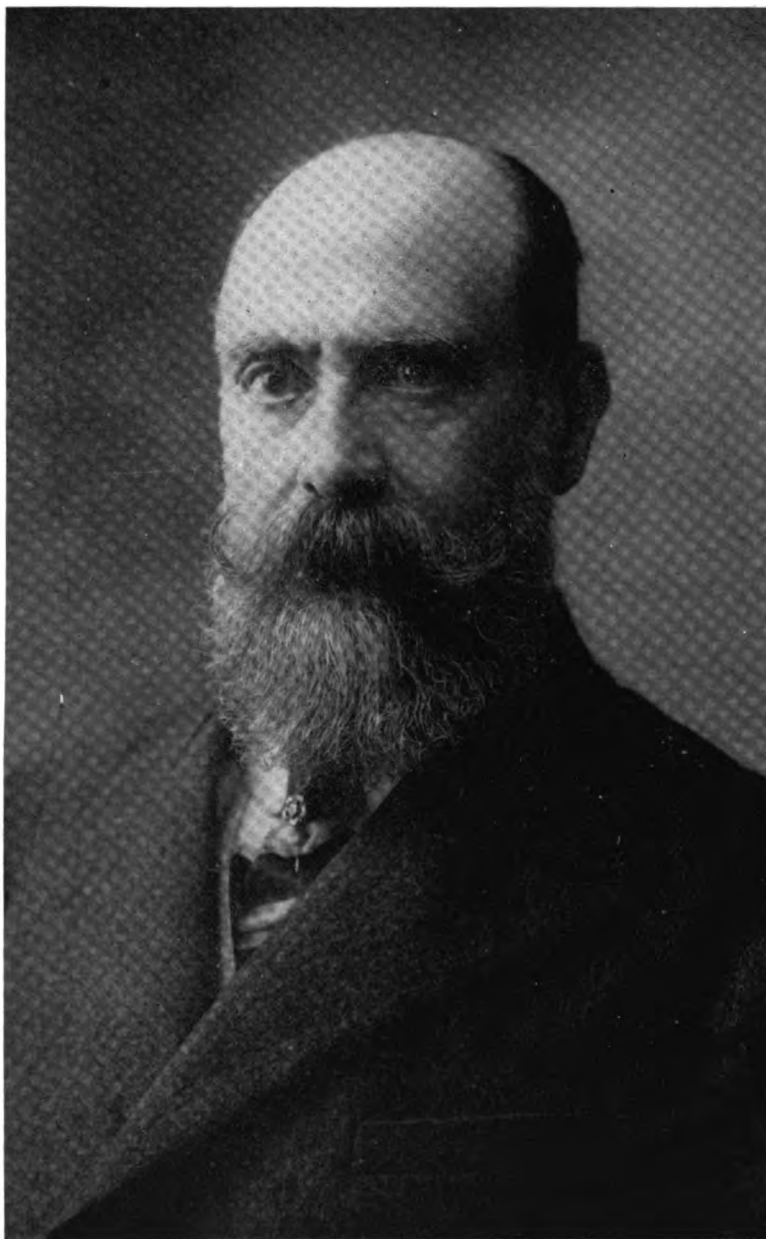
And one who sought and could not find
The Godhead in the pulpit Creed,
May hear His whisper in the wind
That moves a swaying water-reed.

And one who all the script did scorn
And priests and Doctors would defy,
May have his mortal vision torn,
By one black cloud that sweeps the sky,

And he whom all the books have failed
Who in despair gave up the quest,
May find the mystery unveiled
Within a songbird's downy nest."

Thus saw I written that deep night
While swift the flickering vision fled
On the still air from mortal sight,
And thus I give it as I read.

—*The Vedic Magazine* for January 1921



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

DR. SECUNDO SABIO DEL VALLE
PROFESSOR AT THE UNIVERSITY OF GUADALAJARA, SPAIN
A highly honored member of the Universal Brotherhood and
Theosophical Society



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**WEDDING GROUP IN THE TEMPLE OF PEACE,
INTERNATIONAL THEOSOPHICAL HEADQUARTERS, POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA**

Marriage of two Rāja-Yoga Graduates, now Students of the Theosophical University: Miss Marguerite A. Lemke, daughter of Mrs. Emily Lemke-Neresheimer, and Mr. Hildor Barton, son of Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Barton, of Portland, Oregon. The marriage took place on February 13, 1921.



F. J. Dick, *Editor*

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

SUNDAY EVENING MEETINGS IN ISIS THEATER

'THEOSOPHY the Key to Christianity' was the subject of an address by Professor C. J. Ryan of the faculty of the School of Antiquity at Point Loma, on February 13th.

"Theosophy," he said, "has no creed to enforce, but it offers information which will enable you to understand the inner unity of all the world-faiths and to value your own more highly as you find that it is a part of a great whole. One of the most terrible blots upon the pages of history, chiefly

**The fundamental
Unity of Spiritual
Knowledge**

during the last nineteen hundred years, is the hatred, contempt, persecution, and bloodshed resulting from religious differences. In its primary purpose of promoting universal brotherhood the Theosophical movement strikes at the root of that powerful cause of strife by demonstrating the basic unity of spiritual knowledge under whatever form.

"Theosophy declares that the principle of the redemption is not limited to Christian experience but is a universal experience, and that no age has been without the knowledge of it. The Christos spirit, so fully possessed by the great Teacher, Jesus, is in all men, for it is the divine or immortal self, and the redemption is the union of the regenerated personal self, the lower man, with the higher. Numerous passages from ancient teachings show that the knowledge of the inner Christos and the way of attainment was familiar in old times. It has never been without a witness.

"Madame Blavatsky, the foundress of the Theosophical movement, said in her famous 'Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury,' 'Theosophy shows that the result of biblical criticism is far from being the ultimate analysis of Christianity, as each of the pieces which compose the curious mosaics of the Churches once belonged to a religion which had an esoteric meaning. It is only when these pieces are restored to the places they originally occupied that their hidden significance can be perceived and the real meaning of the dogmas of Christianity understood. . . . Your Grace will now understand why it is that the Theosophical Society has taken for one of its three "Objects" the study of those eastern religions and philosophies, which shed such a flood of light upon the inner meaning of Christianity; and you will, I hope, also perceive that in so doing we are acting not as the enemies, but as the friends of the religion taught by Jesus — of true Christianity, in fact.'"

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Mme. Katherine Tingley spoke on February 20th upon 'Theosophical Ideals in Education.' The house was crowded to capacity, and in deference to the large number of strangers present, the Theosophical Leader prefaced her consideration of the subject by reference to Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, the

**Brotherhood-
Principles would
avert War**

Foundress of the Theosophical Society, saying, "She had within herself a knowledge of the ancient wisdom that had been neglected and forgotten for ages. She had also the quality of courage that was needed to enable her to declare that Theosophy was the parent of all religions, and that therefore all of these held within themselves its essential teachings, however overlooked or obscured.

"If the great principles of brotherhood which Mme. Blavatsky taught could have been established on a solid basis, we should have had no war; we should have today none of the menacing conditions that are so alarming.

"Getting right down to the question of why we are in such a dilemma, why we have from day to day new evidences of increasing criminality, increasing disease and conditions that are absolutely appalling, we find that the trouble is lack of education. But by that I do not mean lack of training from the scholastic standpoint merely, but lack of training of the life. Present-day education is so far removed from the really basic principles that should govern it. How many know that even in our Constitution there is no mention of education? How many know that our government is today expending 93 per cent. of its income for expenses of past wars and preparations for possible future wars; and only one per cent. for education? How many know that in our country alone over 18,000 schools are closed for want of teachers, while over 43,000 are equipped with teachers whom the school officials consider incompetent? And yet in searching for a remedy for these things we are like little children, mere babes.

"Not many study psychology and therefore we are absolutely unaware of the potential qualities of our own natures, especially on the higher or divine side. But in order to find the knowledge we need we must surrender something, and that something is our prejudices, our dislikes, our passions and our desires, realizing that these things are all born from mere intellect, and on its lower side. The intellect is simply a vehicle of that higher knowledge that comes from the soul. When man realizes this he can then manifest the soul-side of his nature, for he has been touched by something higher than intellect, and the soul is playing its part."

Mme. Katherine Tingley spoke on February 27th, continuing her subject of the preceding week: 'Theosophical Ideals in Education.' She prefaced her address with a brief reference to her predecessor Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress of the Theosophical Society in 1875, saying, "I feel that I am absolutely failing in my duty to the many coming to these meetings from a distance if I do not bring this teacher to you as the great torchbearer of the

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

nineteenth century. She was endowed with a quality of knowledge that made her a great study, a great mystery. She was indeed a torchbearer, a lightbringer, above and beyond all modern expressions, a spiritual teacher; and yet she was crucified. She places man before you as a divine proposition,

No redeeming	so to speak, and arrays him with those potential
Power in mere	qualities that belong to Divinity. She crowns him
Brain-Mind	with the power of his manhood and opens the way to
Education	spiritual victory with these two words: 'eternal hope.'
	She precipitated a divine, a glorious truth into modern

thought, for Theosophy teaches that man is a sacred being, an expression of the universal law even though he may not know it. He holds within the recesses of his heart and life those inner divine teachings that the soul of mankind is crying for.

"But man is so accustomed to depending upon his puny brain-mind that he has lost his hold upon what a Theosophist would call 'common sense.' He is unaware of his divine nature because of education along lines which a Theosophist would deplore — an education which shuts out from the human mind the power to recognise the immortal, the divine Self. It is the result of the dogmatic teachings ingrained into man all down the ages, and it has affected all education, all life. Under these circumstances and considering the conditions they have to meet, I consider our teachers,— the teachers in our public schools,— the noblest representatives the world has today. We have our ethics, our hopes, our ideals and our plans, but we are all at sea in spite of these because we have no anchorage. True education must begin with the realization that man is dual in nature, with an earthly, animal self and a divine or higher self, and that he must work in consonance with the higher law. The mind has been educated through the ages along exterior lines. We live in the exterior, walk in it, hope in it, and die in it. The teachings of Theosophy have the power to redeem the world, but man lives so much in the exterior aspects of things that he has no time to rise to a higher line and glimpse the blue of life. Aspiration is the key to spiritual progress."

Mme. Katherine Tingley spoke on March 6th upon 'H. P. Blavatsky and the Teachings which She Brought.' Speaking of the great Russian mystic who founded the Theosophical Society and gave the teachings of Theosophy to the world she said: "If you are discouraged or in despair, if you feel that the whole world is against you, take up Theosophy; read the

Imagination,	writings of this wonderful woman and apply the great
a Bridge between	ideals that she gives you to your life. If you will do
Mind and Soul	this there will come to you a heart-urge and a divine
	sympathy. You will be alive to that compassion

which should move the whole world, but, alas, does not. With these great ideals before you, you can look up to the blue, you can look up to Deity and

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understand the divine laws of life without any reasoning, any brain-mind explanation or any words. For you are on the path that your soul craves.

"But you must do your part. You must meet these higher laws half-way, and you must meet life in its grandeur and simplicity half-way. You must find your imagination, for that is the bridge between the mind of man and the soul. Once you realize that, once you find this mighty, creative power, you will open door after door in consciousness. The greatest poets are the greatest Theosophists; the greatest artists are the greatest Theosophists, and our truly great statesmen have had the touch of the Divine in their lives or they could not have been so splendid."

The Theosophical Leader referred to the Amendment to section 190 of the Penal Code soon to be brought before our legislature by which capital punishment shall be abolished in this state for minors, saying: "When you bring this question home and think how you would feel if it were your own son, you will come much nearer to a just conception of what your duty is. It is a monstrous thing that murder should be legalized, and more than monstrous in the case of the youth. There is no logic in it, no justice. It is an affront to God's laws, a veritable stepping out and taking possession of the soul of another; and this legalized murder and our apathy in relation to it are the result of the dogmatic teaching down the ages of 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.'

"No matter how many other problems we have, let us take this one right into our hearts and our homes. If once the soul can be awakened there can be no peace, no rest, as long as injustice is done to one of our fellow-men. In this awakening you will find the true meaning of life, and will be better able to interpret the saying of Jesus, 'Love one another.'"

At the conclusion of the address J. H. Fussell made an appeal urging all present to write to the Senator and Assemblyman of their district requesting them to vote for the Amendment to the Penal Code, providing for the abolishment of capital punishment for minors.

A WEDDING AT LOMALAND

Miss Marguerite A. Lemke and Mr. Hildor Barton, two of the younger students at the International Theosophical Headquarters, were united in marriage on February 13th last, the ceremony taking place in the early evening in the Lomaland Temple of Peace. They were attended by Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Neresheimer (Mrs. Neresheimer being the bride's mother), and by Miss Karin Nyström and Mr. J. H. Fussell. The Temple was beautifully decorated for the occasion with masses of sunshiny peach-blossoms from Lomaland orchards, brought out ahead of the season by a week of warm days and blending exquisitely with the delicate tones of the semi-Egyptian mural designs. From the huge cornucopias carried by the little attendant flower-girls, the same pink blooms fell in tangled profusion.

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Judge C. N. Andrews of the San Diego Superior Court read the marriage service, Madame Katherine Tingley, who stood beside him, adding at the close some features connected with very ancient days which made the ceremony one of unusual significance and beauty and accentuated the sacredness of marriage and of united devotion to Theosophical ideals. All of the Lomaland students and residents participated. Later in the evening a reception was given to the bride and groom by Mr. and Mrs. Neresheimer at their Lomaland home, 'Laurel Crest.'

Mrs. Barton is a graduate of the Râja-Yoga Academy, and is taking special work in the Theosophical University at Point Loma, preparing to become a teacher. She was born in Shanghai, China, where her father was a well-known merchant and exporter, having branch-offices throughout China and in London and New York. After her father's death her mother, then Mrs. Emily Lemke, brought her to London, where she lived for some years, and in 1916 to Point Loma to complete her education at the Râja-Yoga Academy. She is prominent in the work of the Râja-Yoga Players and was among those who accompanied Mme. Tingley on the American lecture-tour of 1920, during which elaborate out-of-door presentations of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *As You Like It* were given in the east. She is, however, more especially interested in literature and art, being a member of the editorial staff of the *Râja-Yoga Messenger* and one of the staff of illustrators.

Mr. Barton came to Point Loma in 1907 to enter the Râja-Yoga School. He later graduated from the College and is at present a student in the Divinity Department of the Theosophical University. He is headmaster of a group in the Boys' Department of the Râja-Yoga School and College and has been for some years a valued staff-member of the Aryan Theosophical Press. He is business manager of the *Râja-Yoga Messenger*. As a member of the Râja-Yoga Players his success in dramatic work has been notable.

Mr. and Mrs. Barton will reside at Point Loma, continuing their University and other work in connexion with the Theosophical activities.

Theosophical University Meteorological Station Point Loma, California

Summary for February, 1921

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	62.25	Number hours actual sunshine	227.60
Mean lowest	46.39	Number hours possible	308.00
Mean	54.32	Percentage of possible	74.00
Highest	84.00	Average number hours per day	8.13
Lowest	40.00		
Greatest daily range	29.00	WIND	
PRECIPITATION		Movement in miles	4090.00
Inches	0.32	Average hourly velocity	6.08
Total from July 1, 1920	4.16	Maximum velocity	30.00

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded in New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma, with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either 'at large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large,' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress. To all sincere lovers of truth, and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



RL 58674

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VOL. XX NO. 5

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

MAY 1921

SINGLE COPY Domestic 30c. Foreign 35c. or 1s. 6d. SUBSCRIPTION \$3.00; Canadian Postage \$0.35; Foreign \$0.50

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian

Nonpolitical

Monthly

Illustrated



Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethies, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

Edited by Katherine Tingley

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

Bhante Nâgasena, what is consciousness?

Your majesty, consciousness is the act of being conscious.

Give an illustration.

It is as if, your majesty, the city watchman were to take his seat at the cross-roads in the middle of the city and were to behold every man who approached from the eastern quarter, were to behold every man who approached from the southern quarter, were to behold every man who approached from the western quarter, were to behold every man who approached from the northern quarter: in exactly the same way, your majesty, whatever form a man beholds with the eye, of that he is conscious with the consciousness; whatever sound he hears with the ear, of that he is conscious with the consciousness; whatever odor he smells with the nose, of that he is conscious with the consciousness; whatever taste he tastes with the tongue, of that he is conscious with the consciousness; whatever tangible thing he touches with the body, of that he is conscious with the consciousness; whatever idea he is conscious of with the mind, of that he is conscious with the consciousness. Thus, your majesty, is consciousness the act of being conscious.

You are an able man, bhante Nâgasena.

—From the *Milindapañha*, a Buddhist work,
translated by Warren

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

Published by the New Century Corporation, Point Loma, California

Entered as second-class matter, July 25, 1911, at the Postoffice at Point Loma, California

Under the act of March 3, 1879

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Communications for the Editor should be addressed to 'KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Editor THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, Point Loma, California.'

To the BUSINESS MANAGEMENT, including subscriptions, should be addressed to the 'NEW CENTURY CORPORATION, Point Loma, California.'

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SUBSCRIPTION

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Cuba, Mexico, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines' **THREE DOLLARS** payable in advance, single copy, **THIRTY CENTS**. Foreign Postage, **FIFTY CENTS**; Canadian, **THIRTY-FIVE CENTS**.

REMITTANCES

All remittances to the New Century Corporation must be made payable to

CLARK THURSTON, *Manager*

Point Loma, California

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THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XX, NO. 5

MAY 1921

"THE Great and Peaceful Ones live regenerating the world like the coming of spring, and having crossed the ocean of embodied existence they help those who journey on the same path. Their desire is spontaneous: it is the natural tendency of great souls to remove the suffering of others."— *Viveka-Chuddamani*

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

The writings of H. P. Blavatsky and W. Q. Judge contain so much that is applicable to present-day problems that I feel sure the members of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society and other readers of THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH will be glad of the opportunity of benefiting by their wise teachings. I trust soon to meet my readers through these pages again.

KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Editor*

THE SECRET DOCTRINE BY H. P. BLAVATSKY¹

IT is hardly necessary to remind the reader once more that the term "Divine Thought," like that of "Universal Mind," must not be regarded as even vaguely shadowing forth an intellectual process akin to that exhibited by man. The "Unconscious," according to von Hartmann, arrived at the vast creative, or rather Evolutionary Plan, "by a clairvoyant wisdom superior to all consciousness," which in the Vedântic language would mean absolute Wisdom. Only those who realize how far Intuition soars above the tardy processes of ratiocinative thought can form the faintest conception of that absolute Wisdom which transcends the ideas of Time and Space. Mind, as we know it, is resolvable into states of consciousness, of varying duration, intensity, complexity, etc.— all, in the ultimate, resting on sensation, which is again Mâyâ.² Sensation, again, necessarily postulates

1. Extracts from the Proem to Mme Blavatsky's great work, *The Secret Doctrine*.

2. Illusion.

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limitation. The personal God of orthodox Theism perceives, thinks, and is affected by emotion; he repents and feels "fierce anger." But the notion of such mental states clearly involves the unthinkable postulate of the externality of the exciting stimuli, to say nothing of the impossibility of ascribing changelessness to a Being whose emotions fluctuate with events in the worlds he presides over. The conceptions of a Personal God as changeless and infinite are thus unpsychological and, what is worse, unphilosophical.

*

Plato proves himself an Initiate, when saying in *Kratylos* that *θεός* is derived from *θέειν*, "to move," "to run," as the first astronomers who observed the motions of the heavenly bodies called the planets *θεοί* the gods. (See Book II, "Symbolism of the Cross and Circle.") Later, the word produced another term, *ἀλήθεια* — "the breath of God." — p. 2. Footnote, 31.

*

There is no difference between the Christian Apostle's "In Him we live and move and have our being," and the Hindû Rishi's "The Universe lives in, proceeds from, and will return to, Brahma (Brahmâ). . . .

It is not the One Unknown ever-present God in Nature, or Nature *in abscondito*, that is rejected, but the God of human dogma and his *humanized* "Word." In his infinite conceit and inherent pride and vanity, man shaped it himself with his sacrilegious hand out of the material he found in his own small brain-fabric, and forced it upon mankind as a direct revelation from the one unrevealed SPACE. The Occultist accepts revelation as coming from divine yet still finite Beings, the manifested lives, never from the Unmanifestable ONE LIFE; from those entities, called Primordial Man, Dhyâni-Buddhas, or Dhyân-Chohans, the "Rishi-Prajâpati" of the Hindûs, the Elohim or "Sons of God," the Planetary Spirits of all nations, who have become Gods for men. . . . pp. 8-10.

*

The oldest religions of the world — exoterically, for the esoteric root or foundation is one — are the Indian, the Mazdean, and the Egyptian. Then comes the Chaldaean, the outcome of these — entirely lost to the world now, except in its disfigured Sabeanism as at present rendered by the archaeologists; then, passing over a number of religions that will be mentioned later, comes the Jewish, esoterically, as in the Kabala, following in the line of Babylonian Magism; exoterically, as in *Genesis* and the *Pentateuch*, a collection of allegorical legends. Read by the light

THEOSOPHICAL KEYNOTES

of the *Zohar*, the initial four chapters of *Genesis* are the fragment of a highly philosophical page in the World's Cosmogony. — pp. 10, 11.

*

The Secret Doctrine establishes three fundamental propositions:—

(a) An Omnipresent, Eternal, Boundless, and Immutable PRINCIPLE on which all speculation is impossible, since it transcends the power of human conception and could only be dwarfed by any human expression or similitude. It is beyond the range and reach of thought — in the words of *Māndūkya*, “unthinkable and unspeakable.”

To render these ideas clearer to the general reader, let him set out with the postulate that there is one absolute Reality which antecedes all manifested, conditioned, being. This Infinite and Eternal Cause — dimly formulated in the “Unconscious” and “Unknowable” of current European philosophy — is the rootless root of “all that was, is, or ever shall be.” It is of course devoid of all attributes and is essentially without any relation to manifested, finite Being. It is “Be-ness” rather than Being (in Sanskrit, *Sat*), and is beyond all thought or speculation.

p. 14.

*

Parabrahm, (the One Reality, the Absolute) is the field of Absolute Consciousness, *i. e.*, that Essence which is out of all relation to conditioned existence, and of which conscious existence is a conditioned symbol. But once that we pass in thought from this (to us) Absolute Negation, duality supervenes in the contrast of Spirit (or consciousness) and Matter, Subject and Object.

Spirit (or Consciousness) and Matter are, however, to be regarded, not as independent realities, but as the two facets or aspects of the Absolute (Parabrahm), which constitute the basis of conditioned Being whether subjective or objective. . . .

The “Manifested Universe,” therefore, is pervaded by duality, which is, as it were, the very essence of its EX-istence as “manifestation.”

p. 15.

*

Further, the Secret Doctrine affirms:—

(b) The Eternity of the Universe *in toto* as a boundless plane; periodically “the playground of numberless Universes incessantly manifesting and disappearing,” called “the manifesting stars,” and the “Sparks of Eternity.” “The Eternity of the Pilgrim” is like a wink of the Eye of Self-Existence (Book of Dzryan). “The appearance and disappearance of Worlds is like a regular tidal ebb of flux and reflux.”

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This second assertion of the Secret Doctrine is the absolute universality of that law of periodicity, of flux and reflux, ebb and flow, which physical science has observed and recorded in all departments of nature. An alternation such as that of Day and Night, Life and Death, Sleeping and Waking, is a fact so common, so perfectly universal and without exception, that it is easy to comprehend that in it we see one of the absolutely fundamental laws of the universe.

Moreover, the Secret Doctrine teaches:—

(c) The fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Over-Soul, the latter being itself an aspect of the Unknown Root; and the obligatory pilgrimage for every Soul — a spark of the former — through the Cycle of Incarnation (or “Necessity”) in accordance with Cyclic and Karmic law, during the whole term. In other words, no purely spiritual Buddhi (divine Soul) can have an independent (conscious) existence before the spark which issued from the pure Essence of the Universal Sixth principle — or the OVER-SOUL — has (a) passed through every elemental form of the phenomenal world of that Manvantara, and (b) acquired individuality, first by natural impulse, and then by self-induced and self-devised efforts (checked by its Karma), thus ascending through all the degrees of intelligence, from the lowest to the highest Manas, from mineral and plant, up to the holiest archangel (Dhyâni-Buddha). The pivotal doctrine of the Esoteric philosophy admits no privileges or special gifts in man, save those won by his own Ego through personal effort and merit throughout a long series of metempsychoses and reincarnations. — pp. 16, 17.

*

Such are the basic conceptions on which the Secret Doctrine rests.

It would not be in place here to enter upon any defense or proof of their inherent reasonableness; nor can I pause to show how they are, in fact, contained — though too often under a misleading guise — in every system of thought or philosophy worthy of the name. — p. 20.

✽

“I WILL my life to be themed to attune with the tremulous leaves and flower-petals, and with the chorals of winds and waters in the harmony of earth and sky; blending in the anthem of spheres and constellations in the mystic symphony of universes: glad with immensity of joy that love reigns over the clangor of life as in the Silence. Infinite love to issue from me, awakened in the silence of my heart.”— *F. M. Pierce*

SPIRITUAL UNITY OF MANKIND

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

"If the root of mankind is one, there must be one truth which finds expression in all the various religions."— H. P. BLAVATSKY

MANKIND may be said to have two roots, one in the sky above, one in the earth below; like a plant, which builds up its form out of air and light from above and water and earth from below. Modern inquiry has concentrated too much attention on mankind's earthly root; and what sort of a universal religion have they derived from the thesis that mankind has a common biological root? A religion based on certain propensities observable in the animal kingdom and manifested in a self-conscious and intellectualized form by man himself; systems of 'psychology' based on a study of the functional reactions from this instinctual nature. But this is not the kind of 'one truth' that humanity invokes to its aid; nor is the biological unity of mankind the foundation on which to base a common factor of religious truth. H. P. Blavatsky refers to the *spiritual unity* of mankind, and to the truths which depend on that fact.

We shall never find the fount of life in anything by merely examining the shell. We may dissect and analyse indefinitely, and still find nothing but vehicles of life, without being able to isolate life itself. It is like pulling the coats off an onion in search of the onion: you end up with nothing but a mass of coats and a smell. Give me a packet of onion seed and most of it (let us hope) will come up, but some will simply die. What is the difference between a fertile and a barren seed? What chemistry, what microscopy can settle this? From any stage where there is an observable difference between the two, our researches take us back to a stage where no difference can be found; and we cannot isolate the vital factor from the material wherein it is inshrined. Food experts can extract the protein from the food, and the vitamine from the protein; and it is likely they will, if they have not already done so, split up the vitamine into an inert factor and an active factor. But such processes of splitting up go on indefinitely.

And so with man (among other things). How much will it be necessary to pull him to pieces, to strip off his coverings, slit the canvas, pour out the sawdust, before we can put our finger on the man himself? What boots it for the spectacled savant to dissect man into ten million million microscopic microbes, if it is just as hard to find the soul of one microbe as the soul of the entire man? Why explore the infinitudes of space in

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

search of what lies at your feet? Or can we ever get nearer the center by wandering around the circumference?

Let us therefore turn our eyes in the direction of the center, acting on the principle that we may find the common root of mankind by tracing our path into the depths of our own nature. The one truth which finds expression in all religions is that the center of every man's being is divine; that man is divine in origin and in essential nature. Religion bids him hearken to the voice of the divine within him; and this behest is afterwards formalized into creeds which substitute an ideal and extraneous divinity for the divine spark within man.

That this belief in the innate divinity of man may not be vague and unprofitable, it is expounded by great Teachers, such as Buddha and Christ and many others. H. P. Blavatsky has performed this function of a Teacher for the present age. She has made clearer for us the ancient and eternal truth of man's divine origin and essence.

Where amid all our reading can we find anything so clear and helpful on this subject as the teachings as to the 'Seven Principles of Man'?

There it is made clear that the principle called *Manas*, which may stand for the human mind, is dual in its nature. This is but the interpretation of a fact all too familiar to our daily experience and to all history. If man's mind were entirely instinctual, there would not be this constant struggle, any more than there is in the animals; but we know the fact to be that our mind is bipartite, and Theosophy gives the philosophic rationale of this fact. The association of *Manas* with *Kâma* (the principle of animal desires) engenders the 'lower self' of man, the creature whose thoughts and aims tend towards its own personal interests (or imagined interests). But by the association of *Manas* with *Buddhi*, the Higher Self or true individuality of man results; and this is the source of our continual aspiration towards the sublime, the infinite, the impersonal. Man's task in life is to bring his whole nature into unity and co-ordination; and, as these two rival forces cannot both continue their sway indefinitely over the mind, one of the two must eventually predominate, the other becoming a servant. If the animal should master the divine, the only possible result is that the purpose of the Soul, in its cycle of reincarnations, is frustrated; a possibility suggested in Bulwer Lytton's *Margrave*, a soulless monster on his way to destruction. But reincarnation brings new opportunities to those who may have wandered far astray in one life; it brings oblivion and a new start; it brings the penalties by which a man at once squares his account and learns his lesson; the weak will is fortified by trial, sympathy teaches justice and compassion. The normal destiny of man is to blend the mind with the spiritual part of his nature, thereby overcoming the selfish animal part.

SPIRITUAL UNITY OF MANKIND

The common basis of religions is that they seek to interpret the facts of our spiritual nature. The Law which religions recognise is not an arbitrary law but a law of nature — of higher nature.

The evolution of man is the gradual unfolding of the potentialities contained in the spiritual germ. For man is essentially an infinitely great spiritual power of will and intelligence, with his potentialities hidden like the potentialities of the future tree in the seed. Thus man, as we find him around us, is only part grown. He has to keep his eye ever fixed on the steps in advance of him in his evolution. He cramps himself by fixing his eyes on his earthly surroundings and believing himself to be bound and limited. He invents dogmas and creeds which tell him that the power to grow is not in himself but is bestowed upon him by a God, subject to certain conditions. He formulates scientific theories which tell him that his origin is so-and-so, and his destiny such. By these means man hampers his own growth, and spreads his branches along the ground, making huge materialistic civilizations which do not last. The great Teachers, who from age to age revive the true spirit of religion, bid him take his eyes off the ground and turn them up towards his own divine possibilities. But the old tendency reasserts itself, and man soon perverts the very teachings of the Teachers, turning them into dogmas that will justify his pessimistic sentiments. Thus the work of regeneration is agelong, and man needs perpetual reminders.

But the path to higher realms is always open before any man. He has but to meditate earnestly on the ideas of infinitude and sublimity which arise within him, until he acquires a mighty conviction of his own divine possibilities; and then, this conviction once entertained, he will never cease striving towards its realization. Ordinary ambitions and pleasures will lose their power to engross and satisfy; and thus he will be driven to seek peace and satisfaction in realms of thought and feeling that are not limited by narrow personal desires and interests. Thus he will set his feet on the true path.

Efforts to weld religions and sects into one have failed. What we have to do is to recognise that there actually is one Religion, and that all people who are striving to realize the divinity of human nature are linked together by invisible bonds as devotees of this one Religion.

The unification of mankind through the advance of science, the widening of our knowledge concerning the wisdom of other races, the breaking down of barriers in many different ways, have made it necessary for mankind to search deeper for a basis of unity; this is not to be found in man's biological unity, for that would lead to a common barbarism, but in man's spiritual unity, which links mankind together in a sublime ideal.

TODAY

Kenneth Morris


PASS not unchallenged! in the vast of Time,
Thou, too, Today, art of all days the best;
Holding in thee, beyond the gloom and grime
Of outward circumstance, and man's unrest,
Thine own unique and splendid paradigm
Of God-made-manifest!

Where lies thy secret? where thine inmost ray?
The Archeus-Moment of Eternity?
These skies rose-flushed and silver-blue and gray,
This mystery-hazed and lilac-hearted sea,—
Somewhere amidst them dawns and fades away
The grand Theophany.

The unmastered moments drift from *now* to *then*
Pregnant with revelation; whilst they stream,
Through the totality of things and men,
(As that lone ray sets the pearly seas agleam:)
Beauty, the Spirit, breathes Itself again
Into this world, its dream.

SOCRATES THE TEACHER

H. TRAVERS, M. A.

OCRATES appeared in Athens at a time when faith in the old standards of belief and conduct, the ancient sanctions of morality, had weakened, and a horde of Sophists had come over from the western isles and Asia. These were clever people who had cultivated their intellect in a one-sided way, and who represented the tendency to the utmost freedom of thought and speculation as regards the foundations of religion and morality. The movement began with earnest philosophers who had no idea of undermining morality or shaking faith, and whose own lives were worthy and loyal; but in their wake came people who merely skimmed the surface of their teachings, drawing conclusions which the original teachers never contemplated, and leading off intellectual inquiry into airy regions out of contact with

SOCRATES THE TEACHER

human nature. They represented the abuse of the intellect, and their name, originally one of honor and meaning teachers of wisdom, became one of opprobrium, standing for false and specious learning.

The keynote of sophism was the supremacy of the individual. This teaching, in its original purity, means that Man is the maker of his own destiny, the lord of his own mansion; and those worthy ones who first promulgated it intended that Man should follow conscience and his own clear intuition of rectitude, rather than be swayed hither and thither by opinion. But in the hands of the unworthy followers the teaching became a mere exaltation of the personality, and took definite form in the pronouncement that each man is his own criterion of truth and morality, and that only is right which seems to each particular man to be right. There is nothing absolute, no fixed morality or truth, said these philosophers; what seems right or advantageous to you is right for you to do. Thus there is nothing particularly new about certain modern sophistical philosophies.

Socrates, then, found himself between two opposed tendencies: the clinging to tradition, custom, and authority; and the tendency to discard everything accepted, merely because it *was* accepted, and to make personal liberty the guide in all matters, whether of belief or conduct.

Socrates admitted the supreme importance of the individual judgment, but avoided one capital error, one fundamental wrong assumption, that so many of the sophists had made. He said that the judgment of what is right and true belonged, not to any and every individual, but only to that individual who had first purified his whole nature.

It was obvious, he saw and pointed out, that there could be no order in the state, no security for anybody, if absolute license of conduct were permitted to all and sundry. Such a thing means chaos and the rule of the mob led by demagogues. He was against all misguided attempts to place all government, all religion, all social regulation, at the mercy of personal whims and caprices. But neither was he a champion of retrogressive conservatism or of bigotry and dogmatism in any form. What he sought was the truth, independently of party names.

If the Man himself is the final judge of right and truth, if upon his decision rests the choice of conduct, then it is before all else necessary to study man. Hence the Delphic maxim, "Know thyself," was adopted by Socrates as his starting-point. He was the most practical of philosophers, the most common-sense — even 'hard-headed,' if you will. This surely ought to make him the friend of the proud skeptic who 'wants to be shown,' wants to have everything proved and tested. But it made him the enemy of some who would have preferred not to have things shown quite so plainly. We have said that the sophistic intellectual culture was

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

in general one-sided: it stressed speculation and forgot application; it was *unpractical*. Beginning with axioms as to the fundamental substance of the universe and the laws of cosmos, it deduced therefrom principles of conduct and sought to apply those principles (made for man in the abstract) to man in the concrete. Socrates took man in the concrete — right on the side-walk in fact, for he waylaid them in the marketplace. His method was inductive — he started from facts of observation. When a man claimed to be a sophist and to base his faith and his conduct on the revelations of his own mind, Socrates proceeded to test and analyse that mind; and we are told that the process often ended in tears of contrition or of anger, as the case might be, but always in surprising revelations. But, though he demonstrated that the pride of wisdom was too often founded on quicksand, his aim was not to triumph or to discompose. His desire was to stand the man upright on his true foundation, to replace the false and shifting by the firm and true.

Thoroughly self-dependent, going his own way, belonging to no party and neither tendency, he seemed like a visitor from another region; yet was a true Athenian in his love of culture, of knowledge, and of discussion. He stood for all that was best in Attic culture, and may be regarded as an Attic god, demigod, or hero, if by such names we understand an individual who at the same time belongs to his age and country and stands above it.

Though not an aristocrat or conservative, no man was more simply and loyally devoted to ancient usages, religious and social; he was true to religious and legal obligations, and his enemies could fasten on him no blame for disrespect or disloyalty to any institution human or divine.

Not seeking the truth either in the retrospect of the conservatives or the anticipations of the progressives, he looked for it where alone it is to be found — at the heart and center of life in the present moment. He searched within rather than by turning his gaze behind and before.

For the typical Athenian, beauty of mind and soul was connected with beauty of body; but the homely aspect of this philosopher proved to demonstration that a fair soul may find itself fitly garbed in any sort of guise that suits its lofty purpose; and that a lusty and uncomely body, if held in due restraint, becomes an invaluable servant to its master. The strength of his convictions is shown by the power which they gave him to subdue this lusty body of his; for he seems to have argued his passions out of countenance. He was able, we are told, to adapt himself to the usages of any gathering, so that he could drink everybody under the table without himself suffering any impairment of body, mind, or soul. Yet he was equally indifferent to hardships, was frugal and abstemious in his personal habits, and outlasted the hardiest soldiers in

SOCRATES THE TEACHER

the campaign. To be thus adaptable is surely a step higher than to be bound down to austerity; yet let no man try on the shoes of Socrates unless he is sure that he can wear them as Socrates did.

We do not propose to state any dogmatic opinions as to who and what Socrates was, but rather to follow his own method and point to certain obvious facts, leaving people to draw the inevitable conclusions. That this man was one in a hundred million, one in an age, a rare and almost unique type, can certainly be taken as a fact. We see behind his whole life a gigantic energy, sufficing to mold that life to a chosen pattern against every obstacle. The desire for knowledge in him was intense, great beyond all common measure. And not for knowledge merely, but for right knowledge, the kind of knowledge that distinguishes him from the sophistic rabble. Inevitably the thought comes up in our mind as to how and why one particular man out of the teeming millions that come and go should be thus specially endowed; and in vain shall we seek to satisfy ourselves with those sophistic negations which take refuge in doctrines of chance and the supposed accidents of physical heredity. We can but take refuge ourselves in the Socratic teaching that the real Man, behind the temporal and personal mask, is a veritable God, dying not with death, beginning not with birth. The only belief which can make sense of such a life and character as Socrates' is that which tells us that the Soul, the real Man, lives eternally, passing from bodily tenement to tenement, growing in stature with each new earth-life of experience and labor. And some there be who, having fulfilled the purposes of their own evolution, having attained to wisdom and emancipation from the ignorance and inability that beset the multitude of men, return to earth but to teach and help. Who that believes that teachers come from time to time among men can refuse to admit Socrates of their number?

The ancient teaching that, when a man has mastered the distractions which his passions throw over his mind, the eye of wisdom will open in him, was illustrated in Socrates; who was conscious of an interior source of wisdom, coming to him as a warning voice, which he called his *daimonion*. Undoubtedly it was this same interior teacher that warned him, when at seventy years of age his work was all but complete, that a finishing touch was required by his martyrdom; so that his name might go down through the ages with tenfold weight to back his teachings and the example of his life. Who, reading his trial, can doubt that the man who really gave Socrates the hemlock was Socrates; for time and again he might have escaped, might have seized the loopholes offered him; might have consented to break his prison under the protection of the friends who prepared his escape. By unswerving adherence to principle, by refusing all concession to what he regarded as unworthy, to what would have marred

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the wholeness of his life, he forced his judges to write their record as he wrote his. If it be asked why the Athenians should wish to rid themselves of such a man, it may suffice to point out that, in those troublous times, they were ridding themselves of a great many excellent men. There were proscriptions and party feuds; and some of his enemies seized the opportunity to get him put down on the list. So it appears on the face of ordinary history, but what may lie behind the scenes we do not know. We do know, however, that people who proclaim the truth are apt to make themselves very unpopular with people of another kind; and this man was far more fortunate than some teachers, in that he lived and worked for seventy years before it was necessary to make the crowning sacrifice — or win the crowning reward, as he would have called it.

The influence which this one man has exercised over the world is marvelous; he lives yet and will live; his work is still being done. But yet again, are we not indebted in equal measure to his chroniclers, chiefly Plato and Xenophon, for immortalizing that life and transmitting it to distant generations? In all this we cannot fail to see the work of — chance, evolution, historical law? — empty phrases all — the work of *minds*, standing at a vantage above the diurnal life of mortality, able to grasp the ages in a glance, co-operating for the preservation of the light, 'keeping the link unbroken.' Socrates himself was a profound believer that death would merely liberate him for a roomier sphere; he bade them give a thank-offering to the god of health when he died, in celebration of his restoration to health. Is it possible to believe that this mind, this heart, would in any sphere be engaged in any other kind of work than that for which he so heroically toiled on earth?

The power of principle was vindicated by the life of Socrates, in defiance of all cynicism that would decry the utility of principle. He showed that those who fail to make good are self-deceivers at best, when not hypocrites. The contrast between himself and the vain sophistic followers of the natural philosophers is unescapable. No man was ever more dead in earnest.

The aphorism that extremes meet finds illustration in the word 'simplicity.' Simplicity may imply ignorance or the consummation of skill; the works of the tyro and the master craftsman are alike simple, but from different causes. In Socrates simplicity is a salient feature. It offended many — those who see wisdom in complexity; and these persons he mercilessly exposed, showing how little lay behind the fabric wherein they hid themselves. There is an obvious connexion between simplicity and singleness — unity; and the sage who seeks only that which is one and undivided, naturally eschews whatever is complicated in favor of what is simple. The One, the Indivisible, the Atom, is eternal; for decay

WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE

consists in the separating of a thing into its separate parts, and only that can survive which is incapable of further separation. This indivisible unit is in Man his immortal part; it is taught that the real consciousness in man is perpetual throughout all his states, whether of waking, dreaming, or deep sleep; that it is the same even after death; that it is not different in you and in me. Only externally, superficially, is there separation. Whoso can wean his attention from the more external and grosser parts of his nature, finds his consciousness expanding until it takes in more and more of the universal life. It was thus that Socrates was so unselfish, so interested in the lives of others, so indifferent whether he was alive or dead.

Sincerity again is at one with simplicity and singleness; and surely Socrates, if any man, was sincere; was not this the main source of his extraordinary power?

Knowledge was his great good; but, ah! what is knowledge? What was it for him? The sophists claimed knowledge, and he turned them inside out. Knowledge, for Socrates, meant that which enables a man to do, to act. Nothing else was knowledge.

WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE, A LEADER OF MEN*

E. A. NERESHEIMER



THE world will presently awake to the fact that this man is a great historical character. He has left the marks of his work for all time.

William Q. Judge was a luminary and benefactor to all mankind. He was an ideal man not only as a living human being, but he was also the type of what all human beings might be, should be, in the course of their evolutionary progress.

If humanity were left alone to evolve without the aid of those who have trodden the Path of progress, there would be a sad plight awaiting it. Before it could reach the goal of perfection it would be overtaken by time and swept away out of existence, for the great law in its onward wave of progress shows no mercy to the laggards who refuse to move on in the appointed course. We well know that in the relentless march of progress more than one unbrotherly, so-called civilization has been swept

*Reprinted from *Universal Brotherhood Path*, Vol. XVII, No. 2, May, 1902.
An address delivered on April 13th 1902, at the Opera House, San Diego, at a public meeting in honor of the Sixty-first Anniversary of the birth of W. Q. Judge

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away, and now again Humanity is at the threshold of a critical period. Believe me, there are highly evolved human beings who, out of compassion for suffering Humanity, voluntarily select a life of sacrifice and forsake well-earned reward of bliss and felicity. If it were not for these there would be little hope for mankind to enter safely and speedily upon a better time; the promised Golden Age might never come.

You will recognise the failure of existing creeds to establish the paradise of love and happiness among men. In spite of all the great show and professions, the teachings of Jesus and other great Teachers, the doctrine of the Brotherhood of the whole human race has been side-tracked and obscured. It took a mighty wave of energy to rehabilitate these ideas in the public mind. If you look back over the movements of thought that have taken place during the last twenty-five years you will acknowledge that a great change has come. To produce a change so vital, one that affects the happiness of the whole human race, takes a world-reformer. Among such reformers must be classed that great man, William Q. Judge, his predecessor H. P. Blavatsky, and his successor, Katherine Tingley. They have not come to mankind for any selfish interest — indeed the wonder is that they have stepped at all into the arena of human effort, knowing as they must have known, with what ingratitude they would be received and how shamefully they would be abused.

The aim of their work is to light up the dark and gloomy life of mankind with the hope and knowledge that every man is potentially a god, that each has the possibility of becoming perfect, free from anxiety and sorrow, that all are real and integral parts of the Universe itself, and can be actual co-workers with Nature.

How many millions of people had lost hope altogether in divine destiny during the last fifty years! I have met people of all classes, some quite superior in intelligence, who had no more hope than an oyster of being anything else than sensuous machines. Some of them said, "What is the good of living anyhow, or being moral or honest?" "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die." Such sentiments are the outcome of ultra-materialistic religion, and of education which makes of man only a human animal and which ends in utter hopelessness. In our very souls no one believed we were merely beasts that perish, but the people had no Teachers who could enlighten them on the high purposes of life on earth.

I tell you, friends, we owe everlasting gratitude to that heroic man, William Quan Judge, who was able with a mighty hand to stay the further degradation of man, ignorant of his divine faculties. He possibly prevented the downfall of the entire human race in this cycle of evolution. As time goes on and men begin to open their eyes, it will be fully recognised

WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE

what service he has done for Humanity; it will be owned by some who decry him now.

William Q. Judge was not the originator of this doctrine of Brotherhood, nor of the great keynote of man's Perfectibility, nor were these doctrines the invention of his preceptor, H. P. Blavatsky, nor does Katherine Tingley lay claim to such invention, but it was these three Teachers who knew how to stem the tide of materialistic thought and turn the hearts of men once more to the truths of Brotherhood and Immortality, in such a practical and convincing way that much of the despairing picture which hung over the world is now changing into hopefulness. Men once more look with trust and confidence into their future destiny and turn their minds to problems of morality in place of senseless, wasteful displays of energy on chimeras.

William Q. Judge was the intermediate Leader between H. P. Blavatsky and Katherine Tingley. It is owing to his powerful mind, great wisdom, and indomitable will that the cause of true Theosophy did not vanish off the face of the earth. He commenced by preaching to empty benches, with no audience at all to hear these sublime truths, and even though absolutely alone, he would make a speech with the same fervor and enthusiasm as if thousands were present. He was a wonderfully magnetic speaker, and in after years when he spoke on the platform he would often answer the unspoken queries of an earnest inquirer. Many incidents at the commencement of his Theosophical work show how sublime must have been his faith in the great Law. By this glowing trust did he not prove that if man will but do his smallest duty with his whole heart, his whole mind, he will be led and supported all along his journey of life? Well he knew that the force he was expending would be carried on the wings of the Higher Law, that what he was saying would find its way into the hearts of those who were hungry for these truths. He was right. His work was not in vain; no, not even the simplest effort was lost. His every endeavor told a thousand-fold more than the work of any other man, and now we see some of the results. Almost every nation of the world is represented in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society; members daily come in ever increasing numbers, and every month and year adds more strength to this mighty body. Look on the Hill at Point Loma, the world's center of Theosophy and Universal Brotherhood. There are gathered a number of trained minds, the kindest hearts, the most compassionate people on earth, working with might and main to spread the truths of Theosophy for the good of all. Think you now that William Q. Judge's work was well done? Surely it was. Thus far it has touched in one way or another millions of people and the glory of the Truth still travels ceaselessly on until every man, woman, and

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child shall have seen it and shall have had the chance to decide which Path they will follow.

Is it not well that we celebrate the anniversary of his birth today? Is it not true that the world was enriched by his birth with another Savior? I say it is true! In contemplating such a beautiful life is not the noblest and best aroused in one's nature? All true Theosophists are this day united in paying tribute to his memory.

"Oh my Divinity! thou dost blend with the earth and fashion for thyself temples of mighty power.

"Oh my Divinity! thou livest in the heart life of all things and dost radiate a golden light that shineth forever and doth illumine even the darkest corners of the earth.

"Oh my Divinity! Blend thou with me that from the corruptible I may become incorruptible; that from imperfection I may become perfection; that from darkness I may go forth in light."

SOME PALM-LEAF BOOKS

JAMES H. GRAHAM

"An Archaic Manuscript — a collection of palm leaves made impermeable to water, fire, and air, by some specific unknown process — is before the writer's eye. On the first page is an immaculate white disk. . . ."— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 1.

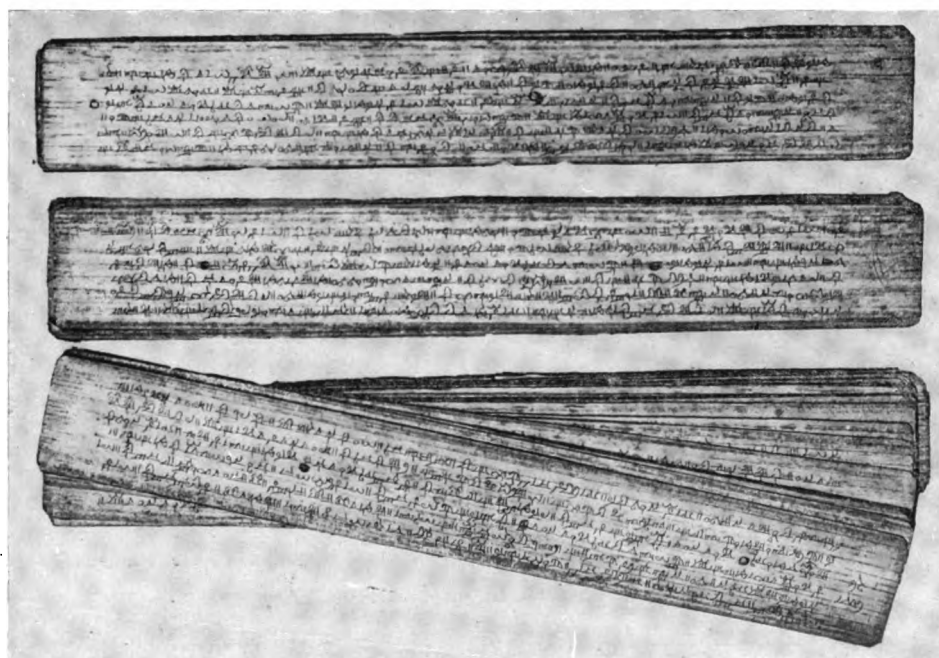
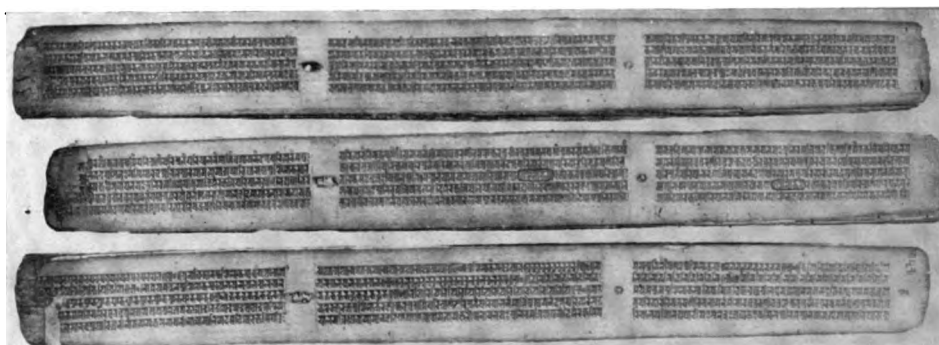
"In the latter place [Ceylon] we have an old and valued acquaintance whom we have also met in other parts of the globe, a *Pāli* scholar, and a native Sinhalese, who has in his possession a curious palm-leaf, to which by chemical processes a timeproof durability has been given. . . . On the leaf we saw the representation of a giant of Ceylonese antiquity and fame. . . .

— *Isis Unveiled*, I, 577

A COMMON method of forming a book in olden times, was to write the script on a scroll of vellum, parchment, or whatever was in vogue at the time. An Indian system was to prepare the books by threading a number of oblong leaves, or plates, on to a pair of cords, with a stiff board at each end of the pack to form covers. When such a book is closed, the ends of the cords are tied together, keeping all taut.

The leaves of the book may be of any suitable material: an example in the British Museum, London, has the characters engraved on thin silver plates. But the more important, archaic works were written on palm-leaves. There are several of these palm-leaf books exhibited at the British Museum, of various ages and states of preservation. The leaves have the appearance of having been impregnated with some sizing material which overcomes the natural tendency of the leaves to split, and produces a smooth surface for writing on.

As the books were handled and used, the holes made to receive the

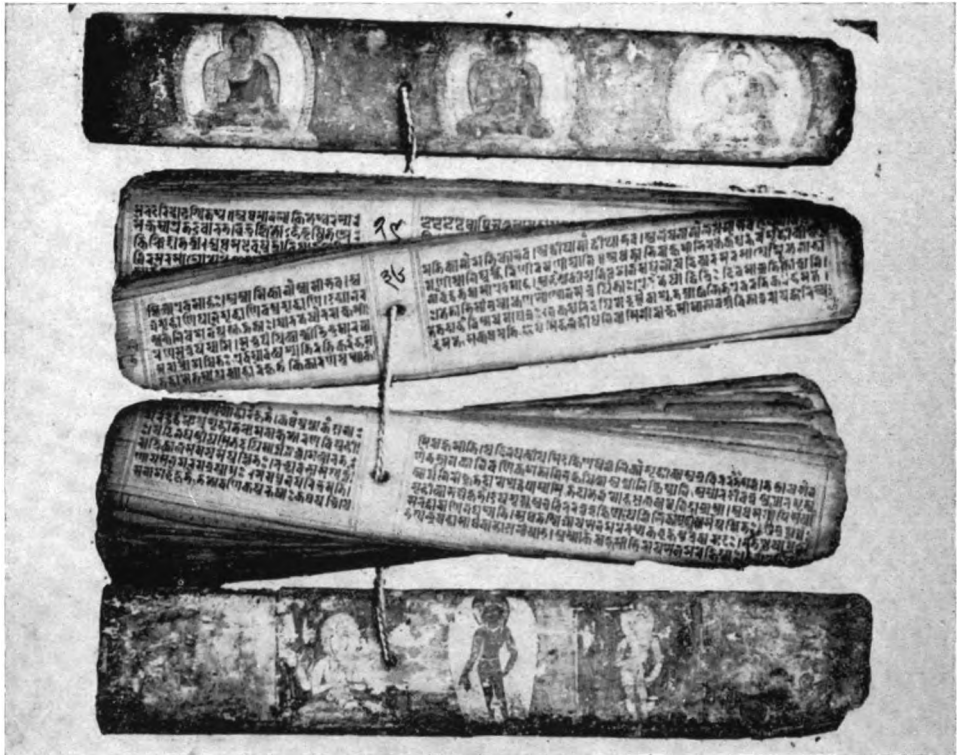


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PALM-LEAF BOOKS

(Above) Ārya-Mahāmāyūri, Section 2 of the Pañcha Rakshā, a collection of Buddhistic charms. Copied under the Pālas of Bengal, the last Buddhistic dynasty of India, which was expelled *circa* A. D. 1099.

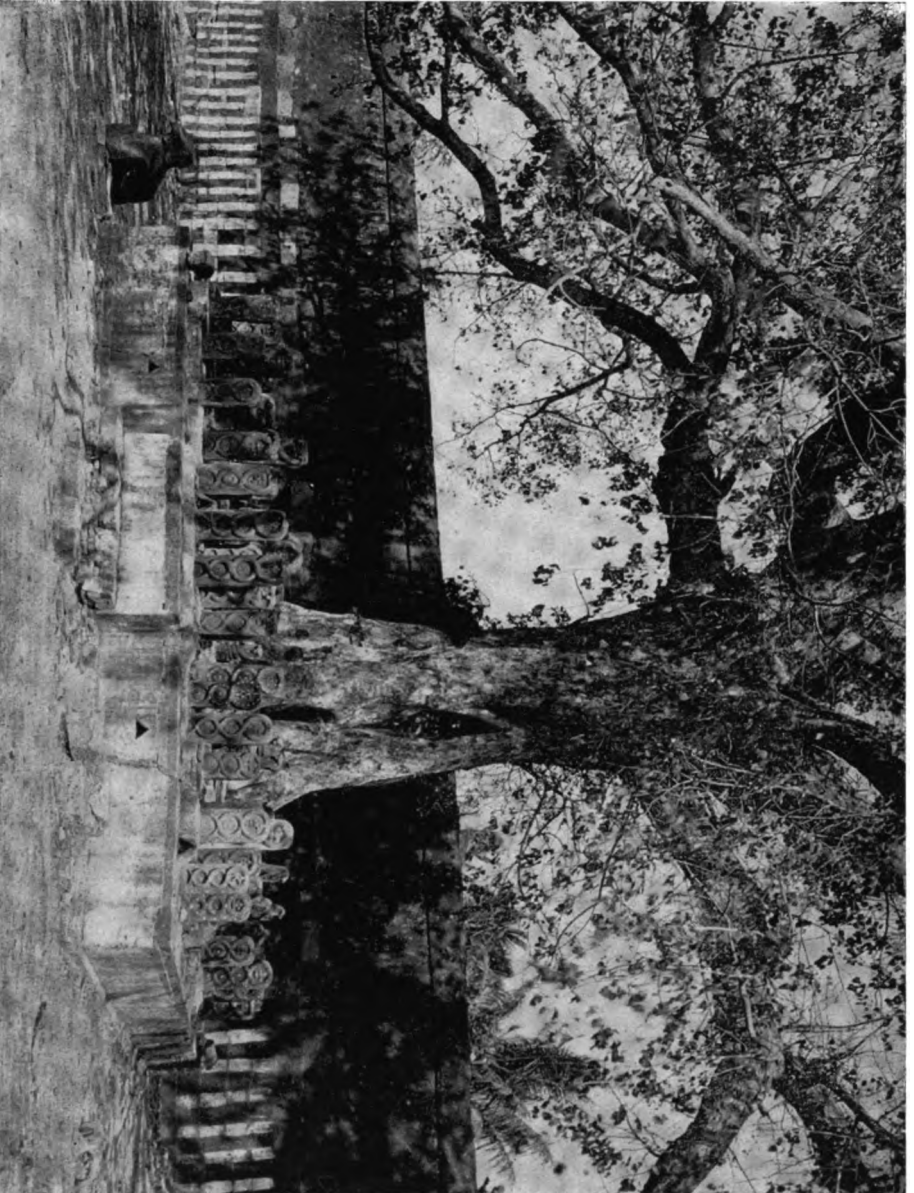
(Below) Manipuri MS, in a character peculiar to the language and now disused. 17th—18th century.



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PALM-LEAF BOOK

Kāraṇḍa-Vyūha, a Sanskrit work of the Mahāyāna school of Buddhism. The date of copying, to be seen on the last page, is 316 in the era of Nepāl (A. D. 1196). Illustrations are of several Buddhas in various attitudes of religious significance.



Photographed by W. Y. Evans-Wentz, M. A.

Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

**SACRED BO-TREE WITHIN THE ENCLOSURE OF AN ANCIENT HINDU TEMPLE OF
CONJIVERAM, OR AS IT WAS ANCIENTLY CALLED, KANCHIPURAM, THE
'GOLDEN CITY,' KNOWN AS THE BENARES OF SOUTHERN INDIA**

Each of the *nāgas* or serpent-stones seen around the tree-trunk was set up there as a votive offering. Such trees are numerous in all parts of southern India, and help to illustrate how Hinddism absorbed the primitive pre-Aryan cults of the Dravidian peoples.



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BUDDHA PREACHING HIS FIRST SERMON

From the Museum at Sarnath, India.

(Photographed by special permission by W. Y. Evans-Wentz, M. A.)

WHAT IS THE SOUL?

cords became worn and frayed, and the ends of the leaves become rubbed and chipped. Considering their age, and the amount of use these examples have apparently had, they are in a remarkable state of preservation, and should still be in good repair when modern books have crumbled to dust.

WHAT IS THE SOUL?

T. HENRY, M. A.



RECENTLY we came across a discussion on the nature of the soul. The discussion was extracted from a whole book on the subject. We extract it still more: we do not desire to tax the digestions of our readers. We will reduce it to tabloids, or rather aphorisms.

Subject defined:

"The soul of man is the supreme mystery of life."

Good, so far; but, if we explain the soul, there will no longer be any supreme mystery in life. Unless, therefore, we aspire to absolute knowledge, we must be content to deduce the definition that the soul of man is that part of him which can never be fully explained. Still there is no harm in trying; we can approximate indefinitely; we can say what the soul is not, and what is not the soul. Now for some ideas:

"For the ancient Egyptians the present life was scarcely more than a preparation for the existence beyond the grave, when the soul should at last be freed from the yoke of matter. In the Jewish religion God rewarded the good and punished the wicked. The soul left the body at death to pass to the dark underworld of the souls of the dead — Sheol.

"In the Vedānta of the Hindūs the soul was a particle of an all-pervading principle, the Universal intellect or Soul of the World."

"Will the time ever come when the nature of the soul is realized? Distinguished spiritualists, like Sir Oliver Lodge, claim that it has come, and that across the abyss beyond life man carries the semblance of his corporeal body and his living soul. Others of his school claim to be in converse with disembodied spirits."

"Dr. Bernard Hollander half suggests that the soul is lodged in the brain."

As in most discussions, we find a need for fixing the meaning of the terms used. We might take down our *Century Dictionary* and proceed severally with a discussion of each one of the definitions of the word 'soul' therein given, instead of mixing the whole business up. The extracts given show a variable meaning, ranging from that of the ultimate essence of human consciousness to a half-material ghost or to some nucleus or fluid lodged in the cerebral cavities.

As to inquiry, two distinct lines are suggested. Philosophy seeks to

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find the supreme and immortal factor in human conscious existence. Science seeks tangible demonstration of some mode of human existence apart from the physical and beyond death. One group of inquirers analyse their own mind and inner experiences; another group apply the microscope and scalpel to our physical substance. False antitheses are drawn between ancients and moderns. The Egyptians not only spoke of the supreme immortal essence in man, but also of several other principles in the complex human constitution, including that very *Khaba* or shade in whose uncanny properties certain men of science are now dabbling. And there are many moderns who give quite as high a definition to the soul as did the ancient philosophers.

A study of ancient systems will give some idea of the wide range which the modern word 'soul' has to cover. The Vedānta philosophy gives the universal Spirit (Ātman) five different sheaths or vehicles, of which the outermost is the physical body. Which of the other four is the 'soul'? Next to the physical sheath come the vital sheath and the lower mental sheath, then the higher mental and the spiritual. This makes four principles to which the name of soul can be applied, apart from the Ātman itself. The Egyptians recognised seven souls, according to some Egyptologists. It would seem proper that we should speak of *a* soul rather than *the* soul.

There seems considerable vagueness as to whether soul comes under the category of spirit or matter, whether it is an energy or a material, whether it is a body or a spark that animates a body. Much light is thrown on this point by a remark made by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* that

"Esoteric philosophy teaches that everything lives and is conscious, but not that all life and consciousness are similar to those of human or even animal beings. Life we look upon as 'the one form of existence,' manifesting in what is called matter; or, as in man, what, incorrectly separating them, we name Spirit, Soul, and Matter. Matter is the vehicle for the manifestation of soul on this plane of existence, and soul is the vehicle on a higher plane for the manifestation of spirit, and these three are a trinity synthesized by Life, which pervades them all."— I, 49

Thus soul is both the active informing principle and also the vehicle, according to circumstances. It can be either. It is the informing principle of matter on this plane of existence; on a higher plane of existence, soul itself takes the place of matter and becomes the vehicle for a higher informing principle defined as spirit.

But, such distinctions apart, we may say that what people are inquiring for is something that (*a*) can exist apart from the body and yet be still the man himself; (*b*) something that can survive the decease of the body, while still preserving the identity of the individual. These two conditions are not necessarily the same. There might conceivably be

WHAT IS THE SOUL?

some part of man that was separable from the body and yet not immortal. The ancient systems alluded to above, with their several different kinds of soul, hold that this is indeed the case. A man asleep or in a trance is separated from his body, but that which is separated is not the immortal soul, and is largely compounded of principles which, like the body, are subject to decay and death.

The mere personality of a man is insignificant, a drop in the ocean; and we cannot fail to realize sometimes, by comparison with the case of other people, how little difference our own death will make in the scheme of things. Yet man cannot stay satisfied with this thought; there is within him something which will not let him stay satisfied. Herein lies the promise of immortality: the personality is not all: there is something which can contemplate the personality from an outside vantage ground. We are not destroyed utterly in sleep; we feel that we have been in a very blissful state, and we have a strong desire to lapse back again into it. Even in death man is not destroyed utterly. He may shed sheath after sheath of the Soul, until all that has made the personality such as he knows it has disappeared. But there is a root, a seed, that is indestructible. The Soul must be that ultimate essence of man which abides the same throughout all changes, the silent spectator of his life; whose existence he cannot deny without denying his own existence.

What is the Soul? What am I? Study the latter question, if you would have an answer to the former. If you had not a Soul — say, rather, if you *were* not a Soul — you would not be conscious of being a prisoner, but would live unquestioningly like the animals. But you are conscious of being a prisoner, a prisoner within a personality, shut away from other people who are also prisoners. Seek for that which goes beyond these personal barriers.

The search for the Soul is a practical question; and if pursued only in a speculative way, leads to the barren intellectual mazes of sophism.



“THIS might suffice

To fray ye from your vicious swindge in ill,
And set you more on fire to do more good;
That since the world (as which of you denies?)
Stands by proportion, all may thence conclude,
That all the joints and nerves sustaining nature,
As well may break, and yet the world abide,
As any one good unrewarded die,
Or any one ill 'scape his penalty.”

— GEORGE CHAPMAN, *The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois*, Act V, Sc. i

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES

C. J. RYAN



WITH the completion of the great 72-inch reflecting telescope for the Dominion Astronomical Observatory at Victoria, Canada, and also that of the 100-inch mirror for the Carnegie Solar Observatory at Mount Wilson, California, both of which will probably be in use by the time these lines appear, a new era will begin in research into the uttermost depths of space. These two instruments are the largest and most powerful telescopes ever made, and they represent extraordinary triumphs over optical and engineering difficulties. The mirror at Mt. Wilson, eight feet four inches in diameter, is thirteen inches thick and weighs four and a half tons. The problem of transporting this enormous mass of glass to the summit of the mountain, 5586 feet above sea-level, without accident, was a most difficult one; special roads had to be built and unexpected obstacles surmounted. Efforts were made by ill-disposed persons to injure or destroy the priceless mirror, but it is now safely housed in its final resting-place. It took five years for the expert glassmakers at the St. Gobain factory, Paris, to cast a perfect mirror. Fortunately for science it was ready to be sent to America a few weeks before the outbreak of the war. The figuring and polishing of the surface have been completed here.

It is doubtful whether these enormous telescopes will be greatly used for the study of the planets; up to the present rather smaller ones have proved more suitable for that purpose. It may be that some new and startling planetary discoveries will be made by means of the 100-inch, and they would certainly be welcome, for it is absolutely true that astronomy knows very little indeed about the physical condition of the planets. For instance, though Mercury is one of the nearest, hardly anything but its approximate size, speed, movements, and distance is known. We do not know if it rotates on its axis or not; it may turn round in a few hours, or one face may always be exposed to the blaze of a sun enormously exceeding anything we ever endure; it may be covered by a dense blanket of cloud, and so forth. Possibly it is constituted of matter in a state with which we are unfamiliar, and so we cannot reason about it from our terrestrial experience.

The transit of Mercury across the face of the Sun on November 7, 1914 was widely observed, yet the reports are remarkably conflicting. A few observers saw the planet as a perfect circle, but a larger number, including the experienced Jonckheere of Lille Observatory with a very powerful

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES

telescope, claimed that the distance across what we suppose to be the equatorial diameter was *less* than the polar diameter, an extraordinary fact if true, and quite opposed to expectations. Yet the same thing was observed in 1907 by Bassot in France and an English observer. A curious spot of light on the dark body of the planet was seen at the 1914 and other transits. Optical illusion is suggested, but there are difficulties in accepting this easy explanation. For instance, one observer was certain that the light spot moved slowly as if carried by the rotation of the planet. Many observers saw a hazy atmosphere extending round the whole planet; one said it was chiefly confined to the equatorial regions, a significant observation if authentic; others saw no signs of atmosphere.

In considering Venus, which is still nearer to us than Mercury, we find insuperable difficulties in ascertaining its physical conditions. Does it always present the same face to the Sun or does it rotate once in twenty-three and a half hours? Astronomers are strongly divided on this point. McHarg, in Ireland claims to have finally proved the short period by observing that one of the 'cusps' of the planet comes to its maximum sharpness thirty-two minutes earlier every day. To settle the question the spectroscope has been called in to analyse the light coming from opposite sides of the disk. But the results were contradictory and inconclusive. The atmospheric conditions of Venus are equally unknown. Whether it is a dry, arid globe enveloped in constant whirling sand-storms; or a moist, hot, and densely clouded world, remains undecided; excellent arguments can be found for both opinions.

Another mystery of Venus is the absence of an equatorial bulge, a deficiency which explains the difficulty in finding the true position of the poles. Then there is the weird 'ashy light' or 'phosphorescence' very rarely seen on the night side of the planet. This luminous effect is not confined to a limited part of Venus but extends evenly over the whole shaded surface; it does not seem, therefore, to be of the nature of the Aurora. It is entirely unexplained.

What about the Moon, our very near neighbor, which can be seen so clearly and constantly? It has been closely scrutinized ever since the days of Galileo and carefully mapped, in great detail. Our best instruments will show objects a few hundred yards in length, with ease. Yet astronomers are divided upon the explanation of what we see so clearly. For instance, Professor Pickering is convinced that there is not only snow or frost on the mountains but moisture and vegetation in some of the lower levels; he publishes elaborate observations of changes he has seen as the Sun rises higher on the lunar landscapes. Other equally distinguished observers totally deny the existence or even the possibility of such phenomena on what they call a completely dead world, a burnt-out

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cinder! In this connexion students will remember the Eastern teaching as reported by H. P. Blavatsky: she says the Moon is

"virtually a *dead planet*, in which since the birth of our globe rotation has almost ceased. . . . The Moon is *dead* only so far as regards her *inner* 'principles' — *i. e., psychically and spiritually*, however absurd the statement may seem. Physically, she is only as a semi-paralysed body may be . . . she is a *dead*, yet a *living body*. The particles of her decaying corpse are full of active and destructive life, although the body which they had formed is soulless and lifeless . . . her nature and properties have remained a closed book for physicists."— *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. I, p. 149 *et seq.*)

One theory of the cause of the weird craters and strange mountain-ranges of the Moon, is *vulcanism*, *i. e.*, that internal forces broke through the crust on lines of least resistance and left the surface scarred as we see it today; another is that they were produced by bombardments of gigantic meteorites; and there are yet others. An extraordinary enigma in regard to meteorites was presented a few years ago by Professor Shaler of Harvard; no satisfactory answer has yet been forthcoming. He asked how it is that if a terrific hail of meteorities has been bombarding the Moon for ages, according to the general assumption, we see no traces of such a thing in the shape of smoothed surfaces of the hills produced by the incessant blows and a uniformly dark color produced by the billions of meteoric stones of all sizes which would fill the hollows and spread like a thick carpet over the levels! The truth is that the mountains are extremely sharp in contour, and the plains are diversified in color and marked by brilliant white lines and spots and intersected by cracks and chasms of various depths.

Leaving many other lunar mysteries, and passing to Mars, what agreement do we find among astronomers as to its physical conditions? Very little. Are all the dark markings seas and oceans, or only a few close to the melting poles? If the larger dark areas are water what is the explanation of the fine complication of shadings diversifying them? the majority of astronomers ask today. Some who hold to the ocean-theory claim that the markings are simply variations of material on the bottom seen through shallow water. Certain features, such as the Syrtis Major, a large 'gulf,' look exceedingly like water, for it is almost black at times and we know no solid substance that would look so dark when exposed to the direct blaze of the Sun. Black velvet would appear a fairly light gray in contrast with the intense black of the night sky against which the planet is relieved as we see it. Yet if Mars is largely covered with water where are the clouds, and why does not the spectroscope tell us something more definite about the moisture in its atmosphere?

The so-called 'canals' on Mars, are of course a very sore subject; the disagreement between leading astronomers about their shape, size,

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color, nay their very existence, has reached such a pitch that in some cases suggestions have been made that there is a lack of sincerity in the attitude and arguments of those who refuse to admit the canals. In answer to the charge that illusion explains the claims of those who insist upon the reality of the canals (irrespective of their artificiality) Dr. Slipher, of the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, says this has been carefully considered and that elaborate experiments have failed to shake the conviction of those who have not only seen the dark lines but have watched them wax and wane according to the season of the year on Mars. He says:

"Furthermore, an absolutely incontestable proof of the reality of the canals and oases (round spots where the canals cross) of Mars is furnished by the photographs of them. . . . Some of the double canals have been photographed as such. . . . The photographs also show the distinct changes in the intensity of these markings which occur from time to time," etc., etc.

The possibility of intelligent life on Mars is a fascinating subject, and some astronomers think that the apparent artificiality of the 'canals' proves it. Others object strenuously in no measured terms. On page 117 of *THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH* for February, 1915, this matter is considered from the standpoint of the Theosophical teachings. H. P. Blavatsky does not altogether discountenance the existence of inhabitants upon Mars, though their numbers may be very limited owing to the planet being at present in 'obscuratation.'

Practically nothing is known about the state of the planets Jupiter or Saturn, though some new discoveries have lately been made about the former which suggest singular conditions. Periodicity in a marked degree is found to be a characteristic of Jupiter. Certain of its markings become more conspicuous after a long interval and then fade again, and a general pink hue prevails in that hemisphere (north or south as the case may be) which is experiencing the Spring season only to disappear as the Summer advances. If, as some believe, the planet is incandescent, or at least so hot and vaporous that no physical life could exist, the Spring change of color is very strange. If plants grew there, and if we could see the surface of the planet, which apparently we cannot, we could understand that a rosy tint was produced by the new leaves, though green would seem more appropriate to our ideas, but if no life exists what can be the cause? There is some deep mystery here, and it is not lessened by the fact that the inclination of Jupiter from the perpendicular is so slight that many writers have treated it as practically negligible and have assumed that there are no seasons of any importance upon the planet.

Many more examples could be given of the singular difficulties that confront the most brilliant minds in the interpretation of what our instruments reveal on the surfaces of the planets. The term 'exact science'

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seems hardly to apply to any branch of astronomy except the study of planetary movements, and there are anomalies even there. May it not be that we are judging of conditions in other worlds from what we find on Earth during this particular phase of materiality, and that before we can begin to understand other planetary states we must learn that there may be conditions of matter and life at present utterly incomprehensible to us?

Possibly being a little discouraged by mutual disagreements on the planetary conditions, astronomers of late years have been giving more attention to the tremendous and fascinating problem of the constitution and evolution of the larger universe. The two new and immense telescopes at Mount Wilson and Victoria will be chiefly used for the observation of the stars and nebulae. Millions of hitherto unknown stars will be detected by the 100-inch mirror, and many new discoveries are hoped for. As an interesting illustration of the most advanced speculation about the greater universe we may briefly consider the recent address of the retiring President of the American Association of Science, Professor W. W. Campbell, Director of the Lick Observatory.

The serious study of stellar evolution began, in modern times, with Sir William Herschel in 1780, who declared that "nebulous matter seemed more fit to produce a star by condensation than to depend upon the star for its existence." To a degree this opinion has been approved by later authorities. Professor Campbell, after carefully studying the distribution and proportional numbers of the various classes of stars and nebulae, and their relation to the Milky Way, concludes that there is convincing reason to believe that the universe of stars around us and the Milky Way constitute an 'Island Universe' in the ocean of space, and that there are other Island Universes in the profound depths beyond the limits of our stellar system. Reduced to almost nothing by their unimaginable distance these far-off systems are visible in our large telescopes as Spiral Nebulae. The general shape of these strange bodies, a flattened spiral with two main streams, and their spectrum, resembles what we imagine the Milky Way and the stars of our stellar system would look like at an enormous distance.

Herschel demonstrated by his method of counting stars in zones that our system is shaped something like a flat lens, and more recent studies make it almost certain that the streams of stars in the Milky Way are arranged in coils such as we see in the Spiral Nebulae. Our Sun and its planets are fairly near the center of the Milky Way, which appears to surround us as an irregular ring. The Milky Way is practically free from Spiral Nebulae, but in those parts of the sky removed from it they occur in immense numbers. How can this be? Dr. Campbell's explanation

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is simple. The stars and masses of indistinct light of the Milky Way shut out the faint Spiral Nebulae which are almost infinitely farther off. There are also, in all probability, masses of *dark* vaporous material within our system of stars, principally in the direction of the Milky Way. These would blot out everything behind them. The discovery of these dark and opaque nebulous masses is a new and entirely unexpected one, and is not yet accepted by all, but the evidences in its favor are increasing daily. Dr. Campbell considers that black nebulae are the only possible explanation of several hitherto puzzling celestial phenomena. If, as seems most probable, the Spiral Nebulae are Island Universes removed from our system by enormous abysses of 'empty' space, it is clear that we should reasonably expect to see them in the more open sky in the regions removed from the Milky Way and the majority of the stars.

There are many nebulae and clusters of stars in the Milky Way but these are of an entirely different order from the Spirals, and seem to be comparatively close to us. There is another striking argument in favor of the vast distances of the Spiral Nebulae. The spectroscope has told us the speed at which a number of these are moving toward or away from us, and it is in some cases almost incredible, amounting to no less than 700 miles a second! Now there must be many of them — they are numbered by the thousand — that are crossing the line of sight at that tremendous rate; the spectroscope can tell us nothing about their speed, it can only record that of the few that are approaching or receding. We have to trust to ordinary measurement in the telescope to ascertain cross motion. No motion at all has been detected in this manner; that is to say, the Spiral Nebulae, although it is certain that they must be moving in all directions at velocities which make ordinary planetary speeds seem nothing, great as they are, appear perfectly stationary even after many years watching! What can this prove but that they are almost infinitely far off, and therefore of incalculable magnitude! Assuming that they are external universes, and that our universe is one of them, Dr. Campbell says:

"We shall bequeath to our successors the mighty problem of finding the place of our great stellar system among the host of stellar systems which stretch out through endless space."*

The problem of gravitation in the Spiral Nebulae, etc., is a serious one, and scientific opinion is distinctly tending towards the principles laid down by H. P. Blavatsky in her great work, *The Secret Doctrine*, which, as she said, was in advance of its age. It will be remembered by students of her teachings that she declared that gravitation was not by any means such a supreme force as we have been taught, but that many

*A full report of the address will be found in the 'Supplement' to *Science*, May 25, 1917.

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other forces were necessary to explain the problems of celestial mechanics. In this connexion the following quotation from the Presidential Address of Professor R. T. A. Innes, F. R. A. S., F. R. S. E., at a recent meeting of the South African Association for the Advancement of Science, is noteworthy:

“In dealing with the structure of the sidereal universe, or in a smaller way, with the dynamics of a star-cluster, it is often tacitly assumed that gravitation is the only force at work. That gravitation is not universally applicable we see in the Solar System in the phenomena of comets' tails, and even more so in the disintegration and disappearance of periodic comets such as those of Biela and Holmes. Many double stars are undoubtedly subject to the law of gravitation in all its purity, but in far many more gravitation appears to be at most only a secondary force (thus in the case of double stars both of whose components are of the helium type, there do not seem to be any signs of gravitative action between the two stars). . . .”

Again, Professor Gustav Jaumann, in an address delivered at the Imperial Technical High School at Brunn, of which he is Rector and Professor of Physics, summarized the most advanced modern conceptions on the subject of gravitation, the ultimate fate of the Solar System, and the possibilities facing humanity. His statements are extremely interesting to students of Theosophy who have watched the steady trend of scientific research as it moves towards the basic principles first outlined by H. P. Blavatsky.

Professor Jaumann vigorously attacks the pessimistic belief of scientists in the nineteenth century — a belief which is not yet entirely abandoned — that the Sun is growing cold and that all life on Earth will die out from freezing. The time to elapse before this catastrophe varies according to the imagination of the scaremongers from a couple of million years upwards, but the main idea has been widely held that the duration of sentient life on Earth will be determined by purely mechanical principles involved in the supposed cooling of the sun. It supposed that life appeared on this globe — a quite inferior planet — in some fortuitous manner, when it cooled sufficiently, and that it will disappear some day in the same inconsequential way. Another mechanical theory is that the Solar System is quite unstable; that the action of gravitation will cause it to fall to pieces, some of the planets being drawn into the Sun, others escaping into outer space. Again, the “melancholy waste of energy dissipated by the Sun into space, never to return” has been a fruitful theme for those who only see the mechanical side of the cosmos, and who intensely dislike any approach to a spiritual explanation of its existence and government.

According to Professor Jaumann, all these and other materialistic ideas have been abandoned by the really advanced thinkers. He says:

“It is a fact that no trace, however slight, of a beginning of the falling of the planets toward the Sun, as the law of Newton predicts, has yet been shown. The same may be said of the

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cooling of the Sun, which should follow in accordance with the law of energy. It was supposed for a long time to be self-evident that the climate of the Earth has grown constantly cooler, but this idea has been entirely abandoned . . . the most remote ages of the geological history of the Earth differ not at all from the present epoch [in temperature]. Glacial formations, extensive, but not thick, have been found in early Cambrian strata. At that time the temperature was not higher but lower than in our epoch, and more than a hundred million years have passed since then."

Professor Jaumann then speaks of the new explanations of the action of gravitation and magnetism by the "differential" and "point-to-point" laws. To follow these in detail would be too technical for our present purpose; the main point is that the movements of the stars and planets "give birth to new forces of gravitation added to the Newtonian forces." These hitherto unsuspected forces explain the various anomalies that the Newtonian law of effects at a distance was unable to do. The planetary motions are found to be established on a practically eternal basis; the Sun is *not* "wasting its energy" in interplanetary space but is recovering all that it gives out and so retains its constant temperature (whatever that may be). In conclusion, Professor Jaumann says:

"The radiation from the Sun being stable, the intellectual and physical evolution of humanity will be able for an immeasurable time to mount to heights surpassing, perhaps, anything the imagination is capable of conceiving.

"Thus, as a result of the development of the differential theories, a new and unsought contribution to cosmology of high and also moral essential value has been obtained."

The last paragraph shows that a spiritual touch has been felt, but we are yet some distance from the time when scientists will fully recognise that the forces of Nature are not blind, but are guided by Intelligences, and that 'chance' has no place in the scientific dictionary.

Considerable discussion in one of the scientific papers recently has made it clear that astronomers are not in agreement regarding the source of the radiant energy of the Sun which appears to us as heat when it strikes our atmosphere. The suggestion that radium is the active agent is opposed on the ground that it releases energy far too slowly; the theory of bombardment by meteorites is inadequate for several reasons, one being that the quantity of matter sufficient to produce any effect would add so much weight to the Sun that the orbits of Venus and Mercury would be visibly perturbed. The Helmholtz theory of Solar Contraction has extreme difficulties. According to this a concentration of the Sun's volume, which cannot at the greatest be more than *thirty-eight millionths of an inch* per second, is the source of the Solar energies! Although favored for the moment as the least impossible hypothesis, the contraction-theory has many enemies and its friends are losing heart. Internal friction between various parts of the Solar constituents has been offered as a solution, but found inadequate. The general opinion of

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astronomers seems fairly expressed by one who said we need a second Newton to enlighten us on the profound mystery.

Is it necessary to assume that the energy which manifests as heat *when it enters our atmosphere* (for we do not suppose outer space is warm, though intense vibrations from the Sun are flooding it) is emitted by an extremely hot body? It is now fully admitted that the heat of the Sun is not produced by any form of combustion; the Sun is not a blazing fire in the ordinary sense. Some experiments shown in London in 1914 by Émile Bachelet of France in connexion with a proposed electric railway were highly suggestive of an electro-magnetic explanation of the Sun's heat. He showed that magnetic currents which passed through water or ice without warming them, when received on certain metallic plates (aluminum, etc.) produced strong heating effects. Half-jestingly he declared that the Sun might actually be a glacier. Upon the problem of the Solar energies H. P. Blavatsky published some of the hitherto reserved teachings of Eastern philosophy in *The Secret Doctrine* and elsewhere. These give an entirely new color to the whole problem and are well worth careful study. It is shown that the Sun is really the vital Heart of the Solar System, beating rhythmically and sending life-forces to all the planets; these return to the central Life-Giver for purification after completing the circulation of the System. Already, the discoveries of the eleven-year periodicity of the sunspots and of the Solar Corona, and the almost completely established discovery of the rhythmic contraction and expansion of the solar diameter in harmony with the same period,* have provided a definite basis for further research in the directions indicated by H. P. Blavatsky. The following extracts from *The Secret Doctrine* will give some idea of her illuminating suggestions, but to understand the complete argument the original must be studied:

"If ever this theory of the Sun-Force being the primal cause of all life on earth and motion in heaven is accepted, and if that other far bolder one of Herschel — about certain organisms in the Sun — is accepted even as a provisional hypothesis, then will our teachings be vindicated, and esoteric allegory shown to have anticipated Modern Science by millions of years, probably, for these are the Archaic teachings."— *S. D.*, I, 529.

She then quotes from an Oriental manuscript of enormous age, far older than the earliest Greek treatise on astronomy:

"*He*" (the Sun) "*pursues them,*" (the planets) "*turning slowly around himself, they turning swiftly from him, and he following from afar the direction in which his brothers*" (the planets)

*By the measurement of photographs of the Sun taken more than forty years ago with recent ones the variation was first noticed: new observations have confirmed the discovery, but more will be needed to establish it in full detail. Some of the newer measures are published in the *Bulletin Astronomique* as follows: "Excess of the Sun's Polar Diameter above the Equatorial, in seconds:

"1905, 0.075: 1906, 0.175: 1907, 0.315 (year of sunspot maximum): 1908, 0.296: 1909, 0.136.

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"*move on the path that encircles their houses.*" Footnote 143.— 'The Sun rotates on his axis always in the same direction in which the planets revolve in their respective orbits,' astronomy teaches us."— I, 100

Continuing she writes:

"It is the Sun-fluids or Emanations that impart all motion and awaken all into life, in the Solar System. It is attraction and repulsion, but not as understood by modern physics and according to the law of gravity. . . ."— I, 529

H. P. Blavatsky further observes that the Esoteric philosophy says that the so-called 'willow-leaves' — large, dazzling objects covering the general surface of the Sun — are actually, as Sir William Herschel suggested, the immediate sources of its radiant energies. Herschel was no materialist. In respect to the vital forces coming from the Sun, H. P. Blavatsky says:

"Well, here is a modern and a great man of Science who, speaking of vital electricity, uses language far more akin to Occultism than to modern materialistic thought. We refer the skeptical reader to an article on 'The Source of Heat in the Sun,' by Robert Hunt, F. R. S., [in *Popular Science Review*, Vol. IV, p. 148], who, speaking of the luminous envelope of the Sun and its 'peculiar curdy appearance,' says:

"'Here we have a surrounding envelope of photogenic matter, which pendulates with mighty energies, and by communicating its motion to the ethereal medium in stellar space, produces heat and light in far distant worlds. We have said that those forms have been compared to certain organisms, and Herschell says, "Though it would be too daring to speak of such organizations as *partaking of life* [why not?], yet we do not know that vital action is competent to develop heat, light, and electricity" *Can it be that there is truth in this fine thought? May the pulsing of vital matter in the central Sun of our System be the source of all that life which crowds the earth, and without doubt overspreads the other planets, to which the Sun is the mighty Minister?*'

"Occultism answers these queries in the affirmative; and Science will find this to be the case, one day.

"Again, on p. 156, Mr. Hunt writes:

"'But regarding Life — Vital Force — as a power far more exalted than either light, heat, or electricity, and indeed *capable of exerting a controlling power over them all* [this is absolutely occult] . . . we are certainly disposed to view with satisfaction that speculation which supposes the photosphere to be *the primary seat of vital power*, and to regard *with a poetic pleasure that hypothesis which refers the Solar energies to Life.*'

"Thus we have an important scientific corroboration for one of our fundamental dogmas — namely, that (a) the Sun is the store-house of Vital Force, which is the *Noumenon* of Electricity; and (b) that it is from its mysterious, never-to-be-fathomed depths, that issue those life-currents which thrill through Space, as through the organisms of every living thing on Earth."— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 530-1

One more quotation from *The Secret Doctrine*, this time from one of H. P. Blavatsky's Eastern Teachers:

"Therefore, do they [the adepts] say, that the great men of science of the West, knowing . . . next to nothing either about cometary matter, centrifugal and centripetal forces, the nature of the nebulae, or the physical constitution of the Sun, the Stars, or even the Moon, are imprudent to speak as confidently as they do about the 'central mass of the Sun' whirling out into space planets, comets, and what not. . . . We maintain that it [the Sun] evolves out

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only the *life-principle*, the Soul of those bodies, *giving and receiving* it back, in our solar system, as the 'Universal Life-Giver.' . . ."— I, 593-4

Nowadays we hear nothing about the Sun whirling out bodies into space: the idea has been abandoned.


From what has been said above it is obvious that there is an enormous amount of uncertainty in accepted theories, even respecting the Solar System, and many more difficulties could be mentioned if space permitted. What, then, are we to look for in the future for more enlightenment? Is it not a reasonable possibility that if we were to take up the study of the Sun and planets from a less materialistic basis, and theorize on the principle that the Solar System is a connected, living, and growing organism, not a haphazard jumble of bodies; and that Intelligence and Consciousness are the keys to their varied conditions and adjustments of motion; we should open a new door to light, and begin to glimpse realities instead of externals? Anyway Theosophy offers this suggestion, and gives excellent reasons for its adoption.

THE CREST-WAVE OF EVOLUTION

KENNETH MORRIS

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class
in the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919.*

XXV — TOWARDS THE ISLANDS OF THE SUNSET

 HAD not thought to speak to you further about Celtic things. But there is something in them here which concerns the spiritual history of the race; something to note, that may help us to understand the Great Plan. So, having beckoned you last week to the edge of the world and the fountain of dawn, and to see Bodhidharma standing there and evoking out of the deep a new order of ages, I find myself now lured by a westward trail, and must jump the width of two continents with you, and follow this track whither it leads: into the heart and flame of mysterious sunset. I hope, and the Gwerddonau Llion, the Green Spots of the Flood,—Makaorn Nesoi, Tirnanogue, the Islands of the Blest,

We saw that while the great flow of the cycles from dying Rome ran in wave after wave eastward, there was a little backwash also, by reason of which almost the last glow we saw in the west was in fourth century Gaul, in the literary renaissance there which centers round the name of

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Ausonius. Now in later history we find every important French cycle tending to be followed by one in England: as Chaucer followed Jean de Meung; Shakespeare, Ronsard and the Pleyade; Dryden and Pope, Molière and Racine; Wordsworth and Shelley, the Revolution. And we have seen China wake in 420; and we have noted, in the first of these lectures, the strange fact that whenever China 'gets busy,' we see a sort of reflexion of it among the Celts of the west. And we shall come presently to one of the most curious episodes in history,— the Irish Renaissance in the sixth century: when all Europe else was dead and buried under night and confusion, and Ireland only, standing like a white pillar to the west, a blazing beacon of culture and creative genius. Now if you see a wave rising in fourth-century Gaul, and a wave breaking into glorious foam in sixth- and seventh-century Ireland,— what would you suspect? — Why, naturally, that it was the same wave, and had flowed through the country that lies between: common sense would tell you to expect something of a Great Age in fifth- and early sixth-century Britain. And then comes tradition,— which is nine times out of ten the truest vehicle of history,— and shouts that your expectations are correct. For within this time came Arthur.

You know that in the twelfth century Geoffrey of Monmouth published what he claimed to be a History of the Kings of Britain from the time of the coming there of the Trojans; and that it was he mainly who was responsible for floating the Arthurian Legend on to the wide waters of European literature. What percentage of history there may be in his book: how much of it he did not "make out of whole cloth," but founded on genuine Welsh or Breton traditions, is at present unknowable; — the presumption being that it is not much. But here is a curious fact that I only came on this week. The Romans were expelled from Britain in 410, remember. Arthur passed from the world of mortals on the night after Camlan, that

"last weird battle in the west,"

when

"All day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the wintry sea,
Till all King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their lord
King Arthur."

Now the reign of Arthur may be supposed to represent the culmination of a national revival among the British Celts; and,— this is the detail I was pleased to come upon,— according to Geoffrey, Camlan was fought

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in 542; — a matter of thirteen decades (and two years) after the expulsion of the Romans. So that, I say, it looks as if there were some cyclic reality behind it. Geoffrey of Monmouth did not know that such periods of national revival do last as a general rule for thirteen decades. He had some other guide to help him to that 542 for Camlan.

History knows practically nothing about fifth-century Britain. It has been looking at it, since scientific methods came in, through Teutonic (including Anglo-Saxon) or Latin eyes; and seen very little indeed but confusion. Britain like the rest of the western empire, suffered the incursions of northern barbarism; but unlike most of the rest, it fought, and not as a piece of Rome, but as Celtic Britain; — fought, and would not compromise nor understand that it was defeated. It took eight centuries of war, and the loss of all England, and the loss of all Wales, to teach it that lesson; and even then it was by no means sure. In the twelve-eighties, when last Llewelyn went to war, he was still hoping, not to save Wales from the English, but to re-establish the Celtic Kingdom of Britain, Arthur's Empire, and to wear the high crown of London. The men that marched to Bosworth Field under Harri Tudor, two centuries later, went with the same curious hope and assurance. It was a racial mold of mind, and one of extraordinary strength and persistence, — and one totally unjustified by facts in what were then the present and future. But I do not believe such molds can ever be fudged up out of nothing: *ex nihilo nihil* is as true here as elsewhere. So we must look for the cause and formation of this mold in the past. Something, I think, within that first cycle of Welsh history must have impressed it on the Welsh mind: some national flowering; some great figure, one would say. — Arthur? He is like Vikramāditya of Ujjain; no one knows whether he existed at all. There is no historic evidence; but rather the reverse. But then there are all those mountains and things named after him, "from the top of Pengwaed in Cornwall to the bottom of Dinsol in the North"; and there is the Arthurian Legend, with such great vitality that it drove out the national Saxon legends from England, and quenched the Charlemagne legend in France, and made itself master of the mind of western Europe in the Middle Ages; — I imagine there would have been an Arthur. Some chieftain who won battles; held up the Saxon advance for a long time, probably; and reminded his people of some ancient hero, or perhaps of a God Artaios, thought to be incarnate in him.

Not that I believe that the mold of mind of which we have been speaking could have been created in the fifth and sixth centuries. Whoever Arthur was — the Arthur of that time, — however great and successful, he could but have reigned over some part of Britain, precariously resisting and checking the barbarians; — but tradition tells of a very

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Chakravartin, swaying the western world. No; that mold, certainly, was a relic of the lost Celtic empire. It had grown dim during the Roman domination; but it had survived, and the coming in of the Crest-Wave had put new life into it. Nothing could have put new life into it, it seems to me, but such a coming in of the Crest-Wave,—to make it endure and inspire men as it did. I think it is certain the Crest-Wave,—a backwash of it, a little portion of it, but enough to make life hum and the age important,—was among the Welsh between 410 and 542. The wave was receding towards the Western Laya-Center; and gathered force as it rolled from Ausonius' Gaul to Taliesin's Wales, and from Taliesin's Wales to Ireland.

Let us look at the probabilities in Britain in 410, seeing what we can. Three hundred years of Roman rule had left that province, I cannot doubt, rich and populous, with agriculture in a better condition than it has been since: — remember the corn Julian brought thence to feed Gaul. We must think of a large population, Roman and Romanized, mixed of every race in the Roman world, in the cities; and of another population, still Celtic, in the mountains of northern England, in the western Scottish Lowlands, and especially in Wales. It was the former element, the cities, that appealed to Aetius for help against the Picts and Scots; the latter, dwelling in less accessible places, fought as soon as they felt the invaders' pressure. Wales itself had never been all held by the Romans. The legions had covered the south from Caerleon in Monmouthshire to Saint Davids in Penfro, a region held by Silures and Gaelic Celts. They had marched along the northern coast to the island of Mona, establishing, just as Edward the Conqueror did in his day, strongholds from which to dominate the dangerous mountains: these regions also were held by Gaels. But just south of those mountains, in what are now the counties of Meirionydd and Montgomery, there was a great piece of Wales which they seem never to have penetrated; and it was held by the Cymric Ordovices, Welsh, not Irish, by language.

About this time there was a great upheaval of the Irish; who conquered western Scotland, and established there sooner or later the Scottish kingdom of history. They also invaded Wales and England, and sent their fleets far and wide: they were the 'Picts and Scots' of the history-books. There seems also to have been an invasion and conquest of Wales, from the north, by the Welsh; who, joining forces with the Welsh Ordovices whom they found already in the unconquered un-Roman part, established in the course of time the kingdom and House of Cunedda, which reigned till the Edwardian Conquest. It is pretty safe to say that the Romanized cities and the Romanized population generally offered no great resistance to the Saxons; mixed with them fairly readily, and

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went to form perhaps the basis of the English race; that they lost their language and culture is due to the fact that they were cut off from the sources of these on the continent, and, being of an effete civilization, were far less in vigor than the Saxon incomers. And as we saw in the first of these lectures, there was probably a large Teutonic or Saxon element in Britain since before the days of Julius Caesar.

But there seems to have been a time during those thirteen decades that followed the eviction of the Romans, when the Celtic element, wakened to life and receiving an impulse from the Crest-Wave, caught up the sovereignty that the Romans had dropped, remembered its ancient greatness, and nourished vigorous hopes. To the Welsh mind, the age has appeared one of old unhappy far-off things,—unhappy, because of their tragic ending at Camlan; — but grandiose. Titanic vague figures loom up: Arthur, the type of all hero-kings; Taliesin, type of all prophet-bards; Merlin, type of magicians. Tennyson caught the spirit of it in the grand moments of the *Morte D'Arthur*; and missed it by a thousand miles elsewhere in the *Idylls*. The spirit, the atmosphere, is that of a glory receding into the unknown and the West of Wonder; into Lyonesse, into Avallon, into the Sunset Isles. There is a sense of being on the brink of the world; with the 'arm clothed in white samite' reaching in from a world beyond,—that Otherworld to which the wounded Arthur, barge-borne over the nightly waters by the Queens of Faerie, went to heal him of his wounds, and to await the cyclic hour for his return. He is the symbol of — what shall we say? — civilization, culture, or the spiritual sources of these, the light that alone can keep them sweet and wholesome: that light has died from the broken Roman world, and passes now westward through the Gates of the Sunset: through Wales, through Ireland, the Laya-Center: into the Hidden, the Place of the Spirit; into Avallon, which is Ynys Afallen, the 'Isle of Apple-trees'; — whence to return in its time: — *Rex quondam, rexque futurus*.

There is a poem by Myrddin Gwyllt, traditionally of the sixth century, about that Garth of Apple-trees; which he will have a secret place in the Woods of Celyddon, the Occult Land, and not an island in the sea at all; and in this poem it has always seemed to me that one gets a clue to the real and interesting things of history. He claims in it to be the last of the White-robed Guardians of the Sacred Tree, the fruit of which none of the black-robed,—no 'son of a monk,'—shall ever enjoy. There has been a battle, in which the true order of the world has gone down; but there Myrddin stays to guard the 'Tree' against the 'Woodmen,'—whom also he seems to identify with the 'black-robed' and the priests. Myrddin Gwyllt, by the by, is one of the two figures in Welsh tradition who have combined to become the Merlin of European tradition: the

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other was Myrddin Emrys the magician. I take great risks, gentlemen but wish to give you a taste, as I think the sound of some lines from the original may, and doubt any translation can, of the old and haughty sense of mystery and grandeur embodied in the poem; because it is this feeling, perhaps the last echo of the Western Mysteries, that is so characteristic of the literature that claims to come down to us from this age: —

Afallen beren, bren ailwyddfa,
Cwn coed cylch ei gwraidd dywasgodfa;
A mi ddysgoganaf dyddiau etwa
Medrawd ac Arthur modur tyrfa;
Camlan darwerthin difiau yna;
Namyn saith ni ddysraith o'r cymanfa.

Afallen beren, beraf ei haeron,
A dyf yn argel yn argoed Celyddon;
Cyt ceisier ofer fydd herwydd ei hafon,
Yn y ddel Cadwaladr at gynadl Rhyd Rheon,
A Chynan yn erbyn cychwyn y Saeson.
Cymru a orfydd; cain fydd ei Dragon;
Caffant pawb ei deithi; llawen fi Brython!
Caintor cynn elwch cathl heddwch a hinon.

What it means appears to be something of this sort:

Sweet and beautiful Tree of the trees!
The Wood-dogs guard the circle of its roots;
But I will foretell, a day shall be
When Modred and Arthur shall rush to the conflict;
Again shall they come to the Battle at Camlan,
And but seven men shall escape from that meeting.

Sweet Apple-tree, sweetest its fruitage!
It grows in secret in the Woods of Celyddon;
In vain shall they seek it on the banks of its stream there,
Till Cadwaladr shall come to Rhyd Rheon,
And Cynan, opposing the tumult of Saxons.
Wales shall arise then; bright shall be her Dragon;
All shall have their just reward; joy is me for the Brython!
The horns of joy shall sound then the song of peace and calmness. . . .

— The sweet fruits of the Tree, he says, are the “prisoners of words,” (*carcharorion geirau*) — which is just what one would say, under a stress of inspiration, about the truths of the Secret Wisdom; — and they shall not be found, he says, — they shall be sought in vain, — until the *Maban Huan*, the ‘Child of the Sun,’ shall come. The whole poem is exceedingly obscure; a hundred years ago, the wise men of Wales took it as meaning much what I think it means: the passing of the real wisdom of the Mysteries, — of Neo-druidism, — away from the world and the knowledge of men, to a secret place where the Woodmen, the Black-robed, could not find to destroy it; — until, after ages, a Leader of the Hosts of Light

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should come — you see it is here Cadwaladr, but Cadwaladr simply means 'Battle-Leader,'— and the age-old battle between Light and darkness, Arthur and Modred, should be fought again, and this time won, and the Mysteries re-established. — If I have succeeded in conveying to you anything of the atmosphere of this poem, I have given you more or less that of most of the poetry attributed to this period; there is a large mass of it: some of the poems, like the long *Gododin* of Aneurin, merely telling of battles; others, like the splendid elegies of Llywarch Hên, being laments,— but with a marvelous haughty uplift to them; and others again, those attributed to Taliesin, strewn here and there with passages that . . . move me strangely . . . and remind me (to borrow a leaf from the Imagists) of a shower of a diamonds struck from some great rock of it; and of a sunset over purple mountains; and of the Mysteries of Antiquity; and of the Divine Human Soul. Much of this poetry is unintelligible; much of it undoubtedly of far later origin; and the names of Taliesin and Myrddin, all through the centuries spells for Celts to conjure with, are now the laughing-stock of a brand-new scholarship that has tidied them up into limbo in the usual way. It is what happens when you treat poetry with the brain-mind, instead of with the creative imagination God gave you to treat it with; when you dissect it, instead of feeding your soul with it. But this much is true, I think: out of this poetry, the occasional intelligible flashes of it, rings out a much greater note than any I know of in our Welsh literature since: a sense of much profounder, much less provincial things: the Grand Manner,— of which we have had echoes since, in the long centuries of our provincialism; but only I think echoes; — but you shall find something more than echoes of it, say in Llywarch Hên, in a sense of heroic uplift, of the titanic unconquerableness that is in the Soul; — and in Taliesin, in a sense of the wizardly all-pervadingness of that Soul in space and time:

"I know the imagination of the oak-trees."

"Not of father and mother,
When I became,
My creator created me;
But of nine-formed faculties,
Of the Fruit of fruits,
Of the fruit of primordial God;
Of primroses and mountain flowers,
Of the blooms of trees and shrubs,
Of Earth, of an earthly course,
When I became,—
Of the blooms of the nettle,
Of the foam of the Ninth Wave.
I was enchanted by Math
Before I became immortal.

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I was enchanted by Gwydion,
The purifier of Brython,
Of Eurwys, of Euron,
Of Euron, of Modron,—
Of Five Battalions of Initiates,
High Teachers, the children of Math."

—Now Math—he was a famous wizard of old—means 'sort,' 'kind'; and so implies such ideas as 'differentiation,' 'heterogeneity'; to say that you were enchanted by Math before you became immortal, is as much as to say that before the great illumination, the initiation, one is under the sway of this illusionary world of separatenesses;—as for being 'enchanted by Gwydion,' that name is, I suppose, etymologically the same as the Sanskrit *Vidyâ*, or *Budha*; he is the 'Purifier' of those 'Five Battalions of—' *Celfyddon*, the word is 'artists,' 'skillful ones'; but again I imagine, it is connected with the word *Celi*, 'occult' or 'secret'; so that being 'enchanted by' him would mean simply, being initiated into the Occult Wisdom. It is difficult for a student of symbolism not to believe that there were Theosophical activities in fifth- and sixth-century Britain.

Another glimpse of the feeling of the age you get in the two oldest Arthurian romances: *The Dream of Rhonabwy*, and *Culhwch and Olwen*. They were written, in the form in which we have them, not until the last centuries of Welsh independence,—when there was another national illumination; and indeed all the literature of this early time comes to us through the bards of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. They transmitted it; wrote it down; added to and took away from it; altered it: a purely brain-mind scholarship might satisfy itself that they invented it; but criticism, to be of any use at all, must be endowed with a certain delicacy and intuition; it must rely on better tools than the brain-mind. Matthew Arnold, who had such qualifications, compared the work of the later bards to peasants' huts built on and of the ruins of Ephesus; and it is still easier for us, with the light Theosophy throws on all such subjects, to see the greater and more ancient work through the less and later. I shall venture to quote from *Culhwch and Olwen*: a passage that some of you may know very well already. Culhwch the son of Cilydd the son of the Prince of Celyddon rides out to seek the help of Arthur:

"And the youth pricked forth upon a steed with head dappled gray, of four winters old, firm of limb, with shell-formed hoofs, having a bridle of linked gold on his head, and upon him a saddle of costly gold. In his hands were two spears of silver, sharp, well-tempered, headed with steel, three ells in length, of an edge to wound the wind and cause blood to flow, and that faster than the fall of the dewdrop from the blade of reed-grass upon the earth when the dew of June is at its heaviest. A gold-hilted

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sword was at his side, the blade of which was of gold, bearing a cross of inlaid gold of the hue of the lightning of heaven: his war-horn was of ivory. Before him were two brindled white-breasted greyhounds, having strong collars of rubies about their necks, reaching from the shoulder to the ear. And the one that was on the right side bounded across to the left side, and the one that was on the left to the right, and like two sea-swallows sported they around him. And his courser cast up four sods with his four hoofs like four swallows in the air, now above his head and now below. About him was a four-cornered cloth of purple, having an apple of gold at each corner; and every one of the apples was of the value of a hundred kine. And there was precious gold of the value of three hundred kine upon his shoes and upon his stirrups, from his knee to the tip of his toe. And the blade of reed-grass bent not beneath him, as he journeyed towards the gates of Arthur's palace."

So far we have the glittering imagination of the twelfth-century bard; you might think working in a medium not wholly Celtic, but Norman-influenced as well: imagining his Arthurian Culhwch in terms of the knights he had seen at the courts of the Lords Marchers,—were it not that just such descriptions are the commonplaces of Irish Celticism, where they come from a time and people that had never seen Norman knights at all. But now you begin to leave regions where Normans can be remembered or imagined at all:

"Spake the youth, 'Is there a porter?' —'There is; and unless thou holdest thy peace, small will be thy welcome. I am the porter of Arthur's hall on the first day of January in every year; and on every other day than this the post is filled by Huandaw, and Gogigwc, and Llaescenym, and Penpingion who goeth upon his head to save his feet, neither towards the heavens nor towards the earth, but like a rolling stone upon the floor of the court.' —'Open thou the portal.' —'I will not open it.' —'Wherefore not?' —'The knife is in the meat and the drink is in the horn, and there is revelry in Arthur's court; and no man may enter but a craftsman bearing his craft, or the son of the king of a privileged country. But there will be refreshment for thy dogs and for thy horse; and for thee there will be collops cooked and peppered, and luscious wine and mirthful song,—and food for fifty men shall be set before thee in the guest chamber, where the stranger and the sons of other countries eat, who come not into the precincts of the palace of Arthur.' Said the youth, 'That will I not do. If thou openest the portal, it is well. If thou dost not open it, I will bring disgrace upon thy lord and an evil report upon thee. And I will set up three shouts at this very gate, than which none were ever more deadly, from the top of Pengwaed in Cornwall to the bottom of Dinsol in the North, and to Esgair Oerfel in Ireland.' —'What-

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soever clamor thou mayest make,' said Glewlwyd Gafaelfawr, against the rules of Arthur's court thou shalt not enter until I first go and consult with Arthur.'

"Then Glewlwyd went into the hall. And Arthur said to him, 'Hast thou news from the gate?' — 'Half of my life is past, and half of thine. I was heretofore in *Caer Se* and *As Se*, in *Sach* and *Salach*, in *Lotor* and *Ffotor*, in *India the Greater* and *India the Less*. And I was with thee in the *Battle of Dau Ynyr*, when the twelve hostages were brought from *Norway*. And I have also been in *Europe* and in *Africa* and in the islands of *Corsica*, and in *Caer Brythwch* and *Brythach* and *Ferthach*; and I was present when thou didst conquer *Greece* in the *East*. And I have been in *Caer Oeth* and *Annoeth* and *Caer Nefenhir*: nine supreme sovereigns, handsome men, saw we there; but never did I behold a man of equal dignity to him who is now at the door of the portal.' Then said Arthur: — 'If walking thou didst enter here, return thou running. And everyone that beholds the light, and everyone that opens and shuts the eye, let him show him respect and serve him; some with gold-mounted drinking-horns, others with collops cooked and peppered, until such time as food and drink can be set before him.'"

Culhwch came in, and asked a boon of Arthur; and Arthur answered that he should receive whatsoever his tongue might name, "as far as the wind dries and the rain moistens and the sun revolves and the sea encircles and the earth extends; save only my ship and my mantle, and *Caledfwlch* my sword, and *Rhongomiant* my lance, and *Wynebgwrthucher* my shield, and *Carnwenhau* my dagger, and *Gwenhwyfar* my wife. By the truth of heaven thou shalt receive it cheerfully, name what thou wilt." So *Culhwch* made his request; — and it is really here that the ancient ages come trooping in: —

"I crave of thee that thou obtain for me *Olwen* the daughter of *Yspaddaden* Head of Giants; and this boon I seek likewise at the hands of thy warriors. I seek it from *Cai*, and *Bedwyr*, and *Greidawl* *Galldonyd*, and *Greid* the son of *Eri*, and *Cynddelig* *Cyfarwydd*, and *Tathal* *Cheat-the-Light*, and *Maelwys* the son of *Baeddán*, and" — well, there are hundreds of them; but I must positively give you a few; they are all, it is likely, the denizens of ancient Celtic God-worlds and fairy-worlds and goblin-worlds,—

"and *Duach* and *Grathach* and *Nerthach* the sons of *Gwawrddur* *Cyrfach* (these men came forth from the confines of hell); and *Hueil* the son of *Caw* (he never yet made a request at the hands of any lord.) And *Taliesin* the Chief of Bards, and *Manawyddan* son of the Boundless, and *Cormorant* the son of Beauty (no one struck him in the *Battle of Camlan* by reason of his ugliness; all thought he was an auxiliary devil. *Hair* had he

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upon him like the hair of a stag). And Sandde Bryd Angel (no one touched him with a spear in the Battle of Camlan by reason of his beauty; all thought he was a ministering angel). And Cynwyl Sant (the third man who escaped from the Battle of Camlan; and he was the last that parted from Arthur upon Hengroen his horse). And Henwas the Winged the son of Erim, and Henbedestyr the son of Erim, and Sgilti Ysgawndroed the son of Erim; (unto these three men belonged these three peculiarities: with Henbedestyr there was not anyone that could keep pace, either on horseback or on foot; with Henwas Adeiniog no fourfooted beast could run the distance of an acre, much less could it go beyond it; and as to Sgilti Ysgawndroed, when he intended to go on a message for his lord, he never sought to find a path, but knowing whither he was to go, if his way led through a wood he went along the tops of the trees. During his whole life a blade of grass bent not beneath his feet, much less did it break, so light was his tread.) Teithi Hên the son of Gwynhan (his dominions were swallowed by the sea, and he himself barely escaped, and he came to Arthur; and his knife had this peculiarity: from the time he came there no haft would ever remain on it; and owing to this a sickness came on him, and he pined away during the remainder of his life, and of this he died.) Drem the son of Dremidydd (when the gnat arose in the morning with the sun, Drem could see it from Gelli Wic in Cornwall as far off as Pen Blathaon in North Britain.) And Eidol the son of Ner, and Glwyddyn Saer (who built Ehangwen, Arthur's hall.) Henwas and Henwyneb, (an old companion unto Arthur). Gwallgoyc (another. When he came to a town, though there were three hundred houses in it, if he wanted anything, he would let sleep come to the eyes of no man until he had it.) Osla Gyllellfawr (he bore a short broad dagger. When Arthur and his hosts came before a torrent, they would seek a narrow place where they might cross the water, and lay the sheathed dagger across the torrent, and it would be a bridge enough for the armies of the Three Islands of the Mighty and the three islands near thereby, with all their spoils.) The sons of Llwch Llawyniog from beyond the raging sea. Celi and Cueli and Gilla Coes Hydd, (who could clear three hundred acres at a bound: the chief leaper of Ireland was he). Sol and Gwadydd Ossol and Gwadydd Odyeth. (Sol could stand all day upon one foot. Gwadydd Ossol, if he stood upon the top of the highest mountain in the world, it would become a level plain under his feet. Gwadydd Odyeth,—the soles of his feet emitted sparks when they struck upon things hard, like the heated mass drawn out of the forge. He cleared the way for Arthur when they came to any stoppage.) Hirerwm and Hiratrwm (the day they went upon a visit three cantrefs provided for their entertainment, and they feasted until noon and drank until night, and then they

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devoured the heads of the vermin as if they had never eaten anything in their lives. When they made a visit they left neither the fat nor the lean, the hot nor the cold, the sour nor the sweet, the fresh nor the salt, the boiled nor the raw.) Huarwar the son of Aflawn (who asked Arthur such a boon as would satisfy him; it was the third great plague of Cornwall when he received it. None could get a smile from him but when he was satisfied.) Sugyn the son of Sugnedydd (who could suck up the sea on which there were three hundred ships, so broad-chested he was). Uchtryd Faryf Draws (who spread his red untrimmed beard over the eight-and-forty rafters that were in Arthur's hall). Bwlch and Cyfwlch and Sefwlch the three sons of Cleddyf Cyfwlch, the three grandsons of Cleddyf Difwlch. (Their three shields were three gleaming glitterers. Their three spears were three pointed piercers. Their three swords were three griding gashers,—Gles, and Glessic, and Gleisad.) Clust the son of Clustfeinad; (though he were buried seven cubits beneath the earth, he would hear the ant fifty miles off rise from her nest in the morning). Medyr the son of Methredydd; (from Gelli Wic he could in a twinkling" —

Well; one must stop somewhere; Culhwch himself was in no hurry to. He went on until the armies of the Island of the Mighty and the chief ladies of Arthur's court, with all their peculiarities, had been enumerated. But here, I say, you are let into an elder world; beyond this one in space, beyond it in time. You are on the precipice edge of the world's end, and mist fills the chasm before you; and out of the mist, things vast and gigantic, things half human and things not half human, present themselves, stirring your wonder, and withdraw leaving your imagination athirst. "These men came forth from the confines of hell". . . . Who wrote of them had news, I think, of terrific doings in Atlantis, when earth shook to the tread of giant hosts. I confess that to me all things European, after this, look a little neat and dapper. I look from the cliffs at the limit of things, out over

the sunset bound of Lyonesse,
A land of old upheaven from the abyss
By fire, to sink into the abyss again;
Where fragments of forgotten people dwelt: —

it is not in this world; belongs not to this Fifth Race; but is more ancient, fantasmal, and portentous.

Has it ever occurred to you that no body of men, no movement, no nation for that matter, can choose for itself a symbol that does not actually express it? The flags of the nations are all, for those that can read them, the sign manuals of the souls of the nations, wherein the status of each is written plain; though those that chose the symbol, and those

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that glory in it, may have no idea how they are thus revealing or exposing themselves. — No, I am not going to speak of the Dragon; which, by all tradition, was the symbol chosen for the monarchy set up by the fifth-century Britons; nor to remind you — and yet it is worth remembering,— that the Dragon is the symbol of the Esoteric Wisdom; — I am going to speak of something else. — You take some form, some picture; and it seems to you in some inexplicable way inspiring; and you adopt it, and say, *In hoc signo vincam*. Why? You know nothing about symbolism; and yet, if you have any inner life, those who understand symbolism can read your inner life in your symbol. That is because symbolism is a universal science, real, and with nothing arbitrary about it; and because something in your subconsciousness wiser than you has directed your choice, and means you to be expressed.

Take one of the most universal symbols of all: the Cross. In one form or another we find it all over the world. In ancient Egypt, where it is called the *Ankh*, and is drawn as a capital T with a circle above. There it symbolizes life in the largest sense. The circle above stands for Spirit; the Tau or cross below, for matter: thus it pictures the two in their true relation the one to the other. — The Christian Church, as it grew up in the last centuries of the Roman empire, chose for itself a symbol,— in which Constantine went forth to conquer. It was the four limbs of the cross: simply the symbol of Matter.

But somehow, the Christian Church in the Celtic Isles did not adopt this symbol, or rather this form of it. It took what is called the Celtic Cross: the Cross, which is matter, with the Circle, which is Spirit, imposed over the upper part of it. Now if you brought a man from India, or China, or anywhere, who knew nothing about European history or Christianity, but understood the ancient science of symbolism; and showed him these two crosses, the Celtic and the Latin; he would tell you at once that the one, the Latin, stood for a movement wholly unspiritual; and that the other, the Celtic, stood for a movement with some spiritual light in it. How much, I am not prepared to say.

One of the chief formative forces in Christian theology was Saint Augustine of Hippo, born in 354, died in 430. He taught that man was originally sinful, naturally depraved; and that no effort of his own will could make him otherwise: all depended on the Grace of God, something from without, absolutely beyond control of volition. Then rose up a Welshman by the name of Morgan; — or he may have been an Irishman; some say so; only Morgan is a Welsh, not an Irish name; and evidence is lacking that there were Irish Christians at that time; he was a Celt, 'whatever'; — and went to Rome, teaching and preaching. His doctrine was that man is not originally sinful and naturally depraved; he had the

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temerity to declare that pagans, especially those who had never heard of Christianity, were *not* by God's ineffable mercy damned to everlasting hell; that unbaptized infants were not destined to frizzle eternally; that what a man ought to do, that he had the power, within his own being, to do; and that his salvation lay in his own hands. They translated his Welsh name (which means 'Sea-born') into the Greek *Pelagius*; and dubbed his damnable heresy 'Pelagianism'; and it was a heresy that flourished a good deal in the Celtic Isles; — his writings came down in Ireland. The incident is not much in itself; but something. Not that the Celtic Church of David and Patrick was Pelagian; it was not. In the matter of doctrine it is impossible to distinguish it from the Church on the continent. But Pelagianism may suggest that there were in Britain relics of an elder light.

Did some echo of ancient wisdom, Druidic, survive in Britain from Pre-roman days? It is a question that has been much fought over; and one that, nowadays, the learned among my countrymen answer very rabidly in the negative. You have but to propound it in a whisper, to make them foam heartily at the mouth. Bless you, they *know* that it didn't, and can prove it over and over; because — because — it couldn't have, and you are a fool for thinking it could. Here is the position taken by modern scholarship (as a rule): we know nothing about the philosophy of the Druids, and do not believe they had one. They could not have had one; and the classical writers who said they had simply knew nothing about it. It may be useful to quote what some of these classical writers say.

"They (the Druids) speak the language of the Gods," says Diodorus Siculus (v, 31, 4); who describes them also as "exhorting combatants to peace, and taming them like wild beasts by enchantment" (v, 31, 5). They taught men, says Diogenes Laertius, "to worship the Gods, to do no evil, and to exercise courage" (6). They taught "many things regarding the stars and their motions, the extent of the universe and the earth, and the nature of things, and the power and might of the immortal Gods," says Caesar (iv, 14); and Strabo speaks of their teaching in moral science (iv, 4, 4). "And ye, ye Druids," says Lucan, "to you only is given knowledge or ignorance (whichever it be) of the Gods and the powers of heaven. . . . From you we learn that the bourne of man's ghost is not the senseless grave, not the pale realm of the monarch below." (i, 451 *sq.*) "The Druids wish to impress this in particular: that souls do not perish, but pass from one to another after death." (Caesar, iv, 14) Diodorus testifies that "among them the doctrine of Pythagoras prevailed, that the souls of men are immortal, and after completing their term of existence, live again, the soul passing into another body" (v, 28). Says Valerius Maximus: "They would fain make us believe that the souls of men are

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immortal. I would be tempted to call these breeches-wearers fools, if their doctrine were not the same as that of the mantle-clad Pythagoras"; and he goes on to speak of the Celtic custom of lending money to be repaid in a future life (vi, 6, 10). Timagenes, Strabo, and Mela also bear witness to their teaching the immortality of the soul.

I may say at once that I copy all these quotations from a book written largely to prove that the Druids were savage medicine-men with no philosophy at all: it is, *The Religion of the Ancient Celts*, by Canon MacCulloch. The argument used by this learned divine is very simple. The Druids were savage medicine-men, and could have known nothing about Pythagoras' teachings or Pythagoras himself. Therefore they didn't. All the classical writers were exaggerating, or inventing, or copying from one another. — It never occurs to our Canon to remember Iamblichus' statement that the Druids did not borrow or learn from Pythagoras, but Pythagoras from them. He quotes with no sign of doubt the things said by the classical writers about barbaric Druid rites; never dreaming that in respect to these there may have been invention, exaggeration, or copying one from another — and that other chiefly the gentle Julius who — but I have mentioned *his* exploit before.

Holding to such firm preconceptions as these,—and being in total ignorance of the fact that the Esoteric Wisdom was once universal, and therefore naturally the same with Pythagoras as with anyone else who had not lost it, whether he and the Druids had ever heard of each other or not,—it becomes quite easy for my learned countrymen to scout the idea that any such doctrine or system could have survived among the Britons until the fifth century, and revived then. Yet Nennius, by the way, asserts that Vortigern (the king who called in the Saxons) had 'Magi' with him; which word in the Irish text appears as 'Druids'; and Canon MacCulloch himself speaks of this as evidence of a recrudescence of Druidism at that time.

With those quotations from the classical writers in view — if with nothing else,— I think we may call Reincarnation . . . the characteristic doctrine of Druidism. It so appeared to the Romans; it was that doctrine, which with themselves had been obscured by skepticism, worldliness, and the outwornness of their spiritual perceptions, that struck them as the most noteworthy, most surprising thing in Druidic teaching. It stood in sharp contrast, too, with the beliefs of Christianity; so that, supposing it, and the system that taught it, had died during the Roman occupation of Britain, there really was nowhere from which it might have been regained. Wales has been, until very recently, extraordinarily cut off from the currents of civilization and world-thought. She has dwelt aloof among her mountains, satisfied with an interesting but exceedingly

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narrow little culture of her own. You might almost say that from the time the Romans left Britain there was no channel through which ideas might flow in to her; and this idea, especially, was hardly in Europe to flow in. And yet this idea has curiously persisted in Wales, as a tradition among the unlettered, even to our own day. Dr. Evans-Wentz, of Berkeley, Oxford, and Rennes Universities, in this present twentieth century found old people among the peasantry who knew something about it; had heard of it from their elders; there was nothing new or unfamiliar about it to them; and this though nearly all Welsh folklore, even belief in the fairies, almost suffered extinction during the Religious Revivals of the eighteenth century and since. They say the chapels frightened the fairies out of Wales; it is not quite true; but you can understand how wave after wave of fervid Calvinism would have dealt with a tradition like that of Reincarnation. And yet echoes of it linger, and Dr. Wentz found them. I myself remember hearing of a servant-girl from the mountains to whom her mistress (from whom I heard it) introduced the subject. The girl expressed no surprise whatever: indeed to goodness, she shouldn't wonder, so there; her father was a druid, miss, indeed; and had told her about it when she was a child.

We have collateral evidence,—in Nennius, I believe,—for the existence of several famed poets among the Welsh at that time; and Taliesin's is one of the names mentioned. Seventy-seven poems come down ascribed to him: I quoted some lines from one of them; here now are some lines from another. The child Taliesin is discovered in the court of Maelgwn Gwynedd, where he has confounded the bards with his magic; and is called forth to explain himself. He does so in the following verses:

"Primary Chief Bard am I to Elphin,
And my original country is the Region of the Summer Stars;
Idno and Heinin called me Merddin;
At length every being shall call me Taliesin.

I was with my Lord in the highest sphere
When Lucifer fell into the depths of hell;
I have borne a banner before Alexander;
I know the names of the stars from north to south.

I was in Canaan when Absalom was slain;
I was in the Court of Don (the Milky Way) before the birth of Gwydion;
I was on the high cross of the merciful Son of God;
I have been three periods in the prison of Arianrhod.

I was in Asia with Noah in the Ark;
I saw the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah;
I was in India when Rome was built;
I am now come here to the remnant of the Trojans.

I was with my Lord in the ass's manger;
I strengthened Moses through the waters of Jordan;

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I was in the firmament with Mary Magdalene;
I obtained inspiration from the Cauldron of Ceridwen.
I shall be on earth until the day of doom."*

*I quote it from Mr. T. W. Rolleston's *Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race*. The poem appears in the *Hanes Taliesin*, in Lady Guest's *Mabinogion*.

Now, what would common sense have to say about things like that? Simply, I think, that they are echoes that came down in Wales through the ages, of a teaching that once was known. They do not,— they would not,— no one would expect them to,— give the true and exact features and the inwardness of such teaching; but they do reflect the haunting reminiscences of a race that once believed in Reincarnation so firmly, that people were ready to lend money not to be repaid until a future life on earth. If you can prove that that poem was not written until the thirteenth, or sixteenth, or eighteenth, century, all the better; it only shows the greater strength, the longer endurance, of the tradition; and therefore, the greater reality of that from which the tradition came. It is the ghost of something which once was living; and the longer you can show the ghost surviving,— the more living in its day was the something it survived from. Your Tamerlanes and Malek Rics can be used to frighten babies for centuries: their ghosts walk in that sense; their memories linger; — but your Tomlinsons die and are done with, and no wind carries rumors of them after.

And the name of Taliesin,— whom you may say we know to have been a Welsh poet of the sixth century,— is made the peg on which to hang these floating reminiscences of Druidic teaching; — and the story told about him,— a story replete with universal symbolism,— is, for anyone who has studied that science, clearly symbolic of the initiation of a Teacher of the Secret Doctrine.

What is it accounts for race-persistence? *Not* just what you see on the physical plane. There is what we should call an astral mold; and this is fed and nourished,— its edges kept firm and distinct,— by forces from the plane of causes, the thought-plane. When this mold has been well established,— as by centuries of national greatness and power,— all sorts of waves of outer circumstance may roll over the race, and apparently wash its raciality clean away; and yet something in the unseen operates to resist, and, when the waves recede, to raise up first the old race-consciousness, and finally national existence again. Take Ireland for example. It has been over-run and over-run so much that many authorities would deny the existence of any Celtic blood there at all. But what is absolutely undeniable is that a distinct and well-defined racial type exists there; and that it corresponds largely to the racial type — I do not mean physical so much as spiritual,— that the Greek and

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Roman writers ascribed to the Celtic Gauls. It is often claimed that an Irishman is merely an inferior kind of Englishman, and that there is little difference in blood between the two; but those who make this claim most loudly would not dream of denying the difference of the mental types; they are generally the ones who see most difference. Why was it that the children of the Norman invaders of Ireland became *Hiberniores ipsis Hiberniis*? Because of the astral mold, certainly. It is race-consciousness that makes race, and not the other way; and there is something behind that makes race-consciousness; so that even where calamity has smashed up the latter and put it altogether in abeyance, the seeds of it remain, in the soil and on the inner planes, to sprout again in their day; when the Crest-Wave rolls in; when Souls come to revive them. It may be that this will never happen, of course; but it seems to me that where Nature wishes to put an end to these racial recrudescences, she must take strong steps.

Though the British Celts had been under Roman rule for four centuries, their language today is Celtic. — Why? — Because there was what you may call a very old, well-established and strong Celtic-speaking astral mold. We absorbed a large number of Latin words; but assimilated them to the Celtic mold so that you would never recognise them; whereas in a page of English the Latin borrowings stand out by the score. Look at that *ascend*, for instance: Latin *ascendere* parading itself naked and unashamed, and making no pretense whatever to be anything else. You shall find *ascendere*, too, on any page of Welsh; or rather, you shall not find him, by reason of his skillful camouflage. He has cut off his train, as in English; but he has cut off more of it: the *d* of the stem, as well as the ending. He has altered both his vowels, and one of his three remaining consonants; and appears as *esgyn*, to walk the pages undetected for an alien by that vigilant police, the Celtic sense of euphony. He is typical of a thousand others. Wherefore the difference? — The English were a new people in process of formation, and besides with a whole heap of Latin blood in them from the Roman province; their mold was faintly formed, or only forming; but the Celts had formed theirs rigidly in ancient times.

Again: when in the ninth century Hywel Dda king of Wales codified the laws of his country, the result was a Celtic code without, I think, any relation to Roman law; though Roman law had prevailed in Roman Britain for three centuries or so. What strong Celtic molds must have persisted, to cause this! Roman law imposed itself on nearly all Europe, including many peoples that never were under Roman rule; and yet here was this people, that had been all that time under the Romans, oblivious of Roman law, uninfluenced by it, practically speaking; — and

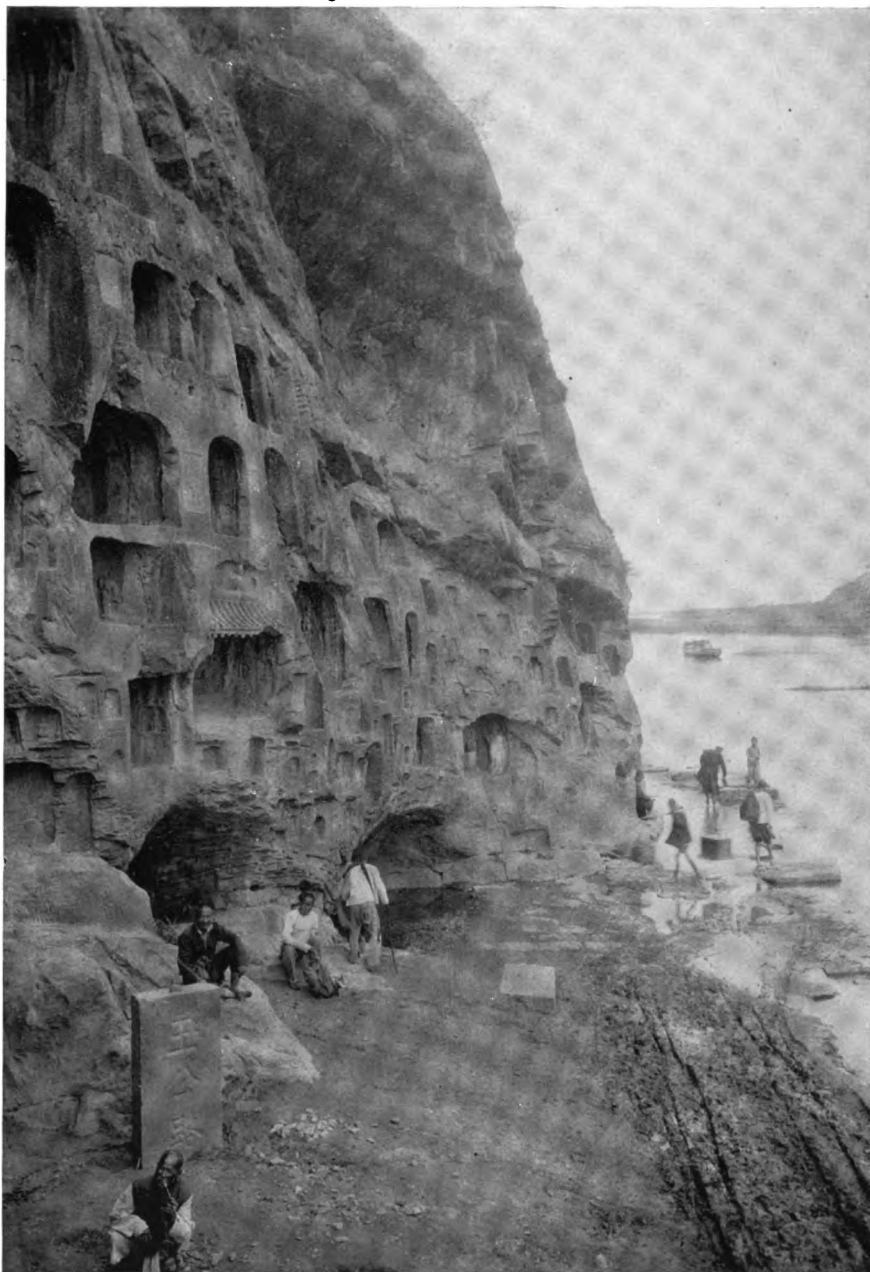
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returning at the first opportunity to the kind of laws they had had before the Romans were born or thought of.

Druidism had been proscribed, as a practice, during Roman times. The worship of the Celtic Gods had continued; but they had been assimilated to those of the empire; — which would be a much more difficult thing to do were the Gods, as your modern learned suppose, mere fictions of the superstitious, and not the symbols of, or the Powers behind, the forces of Nature. So Celtic religion outwardly was submerged in Roman religion; and then later Christianity came in. But the science, the institutions, and the philosophy of the Druids had been part and parcel of the inner life of the race perhaps as long as their laws and language had; and your Celt runs by nature to religion, or even to religiosity,— ultra-religion. Is it likely that, while he kept his laws and language, he let his religion go? And when it was not an arbitrary farrago of dogmas, like some we might mention; but a philosophy of the soul so vivid that he counted death little more to fuss about than going to sleep?

When should those old ideas have reappeared,— when should the racial astral molds have been brought out and furbished up with new strength to make them endure? Why, when the Roman dominion came to an end; when the people were turning for inspiration to their own things, and away from Latin things; when they were forgoing Latin for Celtic; reviving Celtic laws and customs; trying to forget they had been subjected to foreigners, and to remember and resurrect the old Monarchy of Britain. Christianity would not give them all the difference from Romanism that they wanted,— that the most ardent among them wanted: the Romans were Christians too; — but there was that other ancient thing which the Romans had proscribed. It still existed, in Ireland for example; and for that matter, there were plenty of places in Britain where the Roman arm could never have reached it. Matthew Arnold saw these things in his day, and argued for the Neo-druidism of the sixth century. He was a man accustomed to deal in ideas. You may easily train your mind to an acuteness and sagacity in dealing with grammatical roots and forms, that will not help you in dealing with ideas.

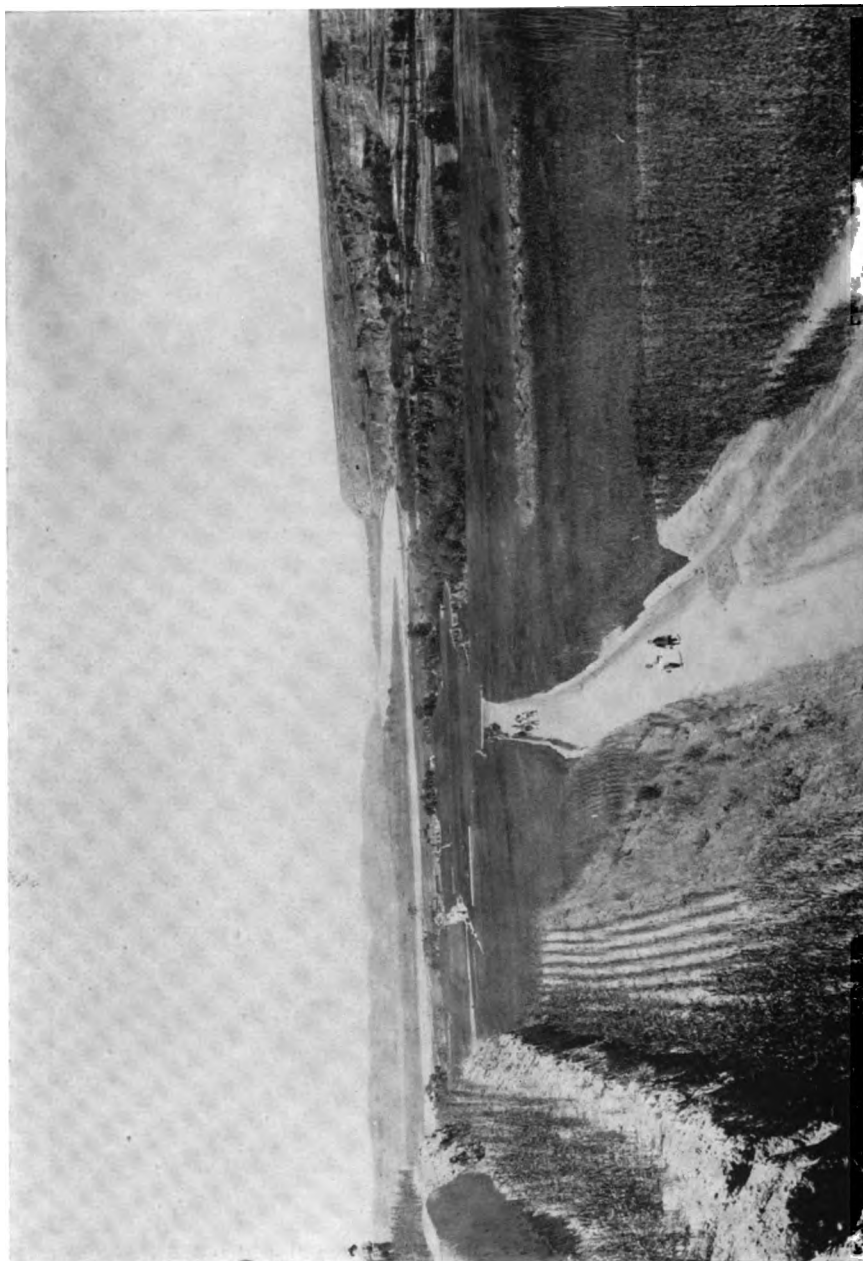
To sum up, then: I believe there was an influx of the Crest-Wave into Britain, from about 410 to 540: a national awakenment, with something of greatness to account for the Arthurian legend; and with something of spiritual illumination through a revival of Druidic Wisdom to account for the rumor of Taliesin. I am not sure but that this influenced the Celtic Church: I am not sure but that David, and Cadoc, and Teilo, and Padarn, fathers of that church, were men pervious to higher influences; and that the monastery-colleges they presided over were real seats of learning, unopposed to, if not in league with, the light.



Photographed by Ossald Sirén, Ph. D.

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THE GROTTOES AT LUNGMEN, PROVINCE OF HO-NAN, CHINA

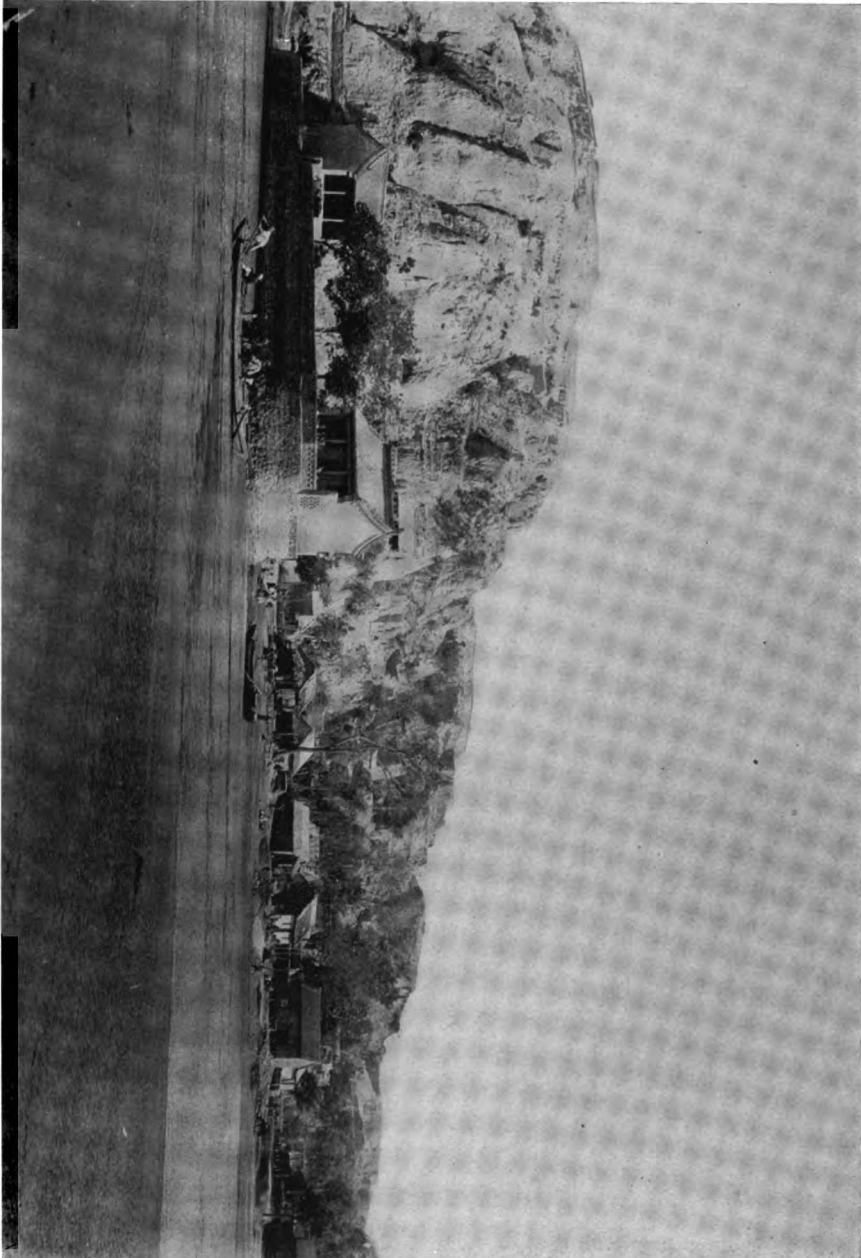


Photographed by Ossald Sirén, Ph. D

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CHARACTERISTIC VIEW FROM KUNG-HSIEN, IN THE PROVINCE OF HO-NAN, CHINA

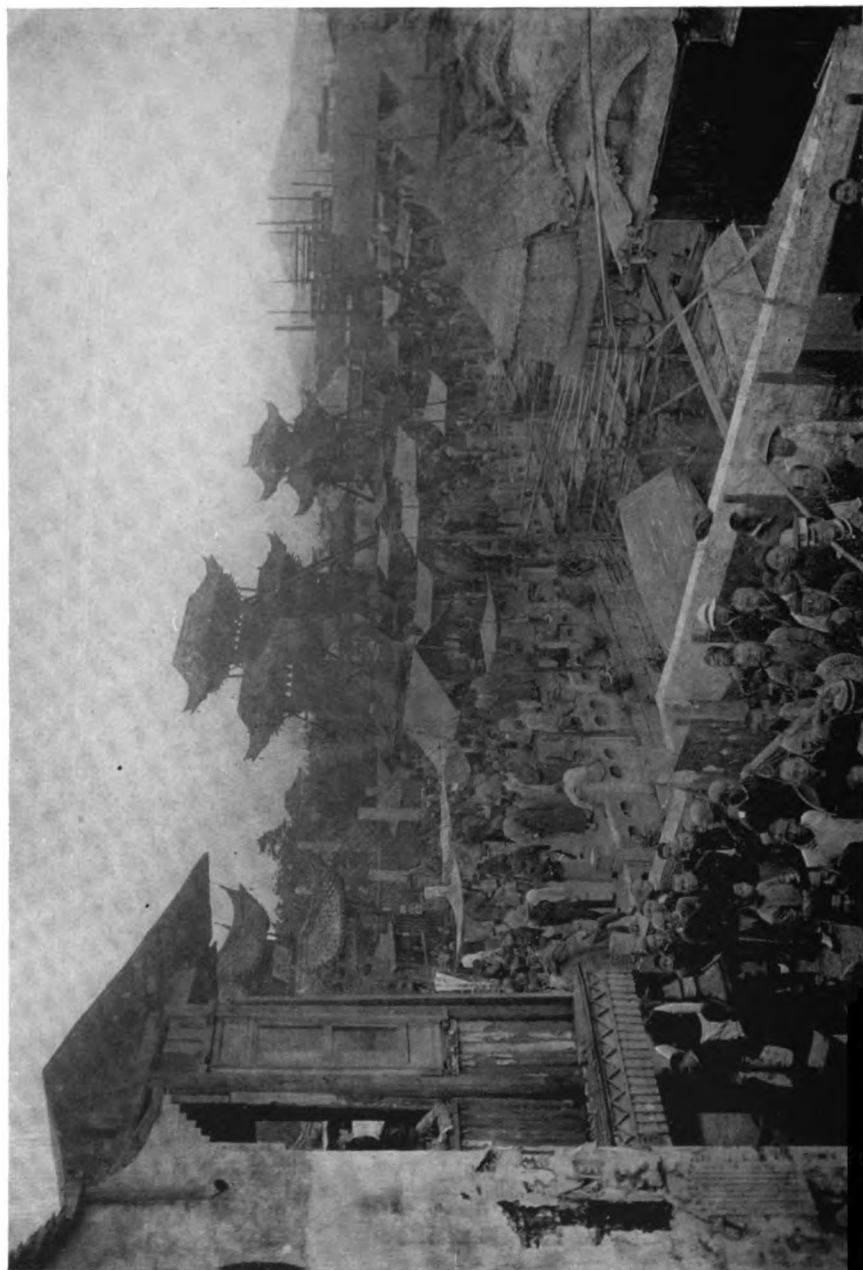
The road through the cornfields; the Lo River in the background.



Photographed by Oswald Sirtén, Ph. D.

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CROSSING THE LO RIVER, PROVINCE OF HO-NAN, CHINA



Photographed by Oswald Sirtén, Ph. D.

AT THE QUAYS IN NANKING, CHINA

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STEPPING-STONES

R. MACHELL

IT has been said that ideals are stepping-stones to wisdom, that perfect state which is the goal of human evolution. Ideals are aspirations that find form in thought, and utterance in speech, as words, or aphorisms, popular proverbs, creeds or philosophic axioms. Sooner or later an ideal will find form in words, and will crystallize into a dogma. Such an ideal was embodied in the saying: "The Good, the Beautiful, and the True are one." A trinity within the unity, a mystery.

The Good, the Beautiful, the True — what are they? In themselves ideals, vague and undefinable, even perhaps unattainable, and yet formulas suggesting things infinitely desirable, surely. The words are simple in themselves, and in a sense easily intelligible; yet when combined in such a formula their very simplicity baffles understanding. Such ideals may seem altogether unrelated to actual experience, except perhaps as expressing some yearning of the soul for that which is unattainable on earth. To some minds such ideals may seem cold in their abstractions and repellant in their finality. They may seem too far beyond the pale of actuality to be of any practical value at all to the ordinary mind. Yet it is probable that in some vague way they do represent ideas of excellence and perfection even to those who would shrink from the attempt to contemplate an ideal at all.

Contemplation of lofty ideals is a practice that the ordinary mind avoids instinctively, being wholly occupied with anticipation or recollection of emotions, such as pleasures to come or that are passed, regrets and fears, and the present enjoyment of sensation. Ideals demand imagination, and the ordinary mind mistrusts imagination, for it reveals strange possibilities of experience that seem alarming in their scope and other-worldliness. The ordinary mind lives in the repetition of emotions and sensations; imagination yearns for the infinite and the unattainable. But though the ordinary mind is unilluminated by the light of imagination, which is a faculty of the higher intelligence, no man, however commonplace may be his life, is entirely cut off from possible communication with his own soul; so that we often see the most mediocre personality momentarily lit up by a flash of inspiration, or made interesting by the unexpected revelation of ideals such as can only exist in a mind at least occasionally stimulated by the vibrations of imagination. It would seem as if great occasions do invariably call out great men, who until then were commonplace individuals showing no signs of their potential greatness.

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The simplest explanation of these sudden revelations of great qualities is to be found in the theory that all possibilities of good and evil are latent in all individuals as well as in great masses of individuals collectively.

This is not saying that all men are equal; for it is obvious that all are in many ways unequal. Nor is it asserting that the latent possibilities of the human soul can be at all times called into full activity by circumstances. For it is evident that the interior power must be conditioned in its appearance by the quality of the external instrument or body and mind of the personality. But experience has shown that crowds of people may be suddenly inspired by a high ideal, or by a vile passion; whole nations may be fired with an altruistic desire for self-sacrifice, entirely new to the minds of the vast majority, and altogether repugnant to the general habit of life and standard of morality common to the individuals in the mass.

It is not enough to account for such popular movements by reference to the power of suggestion or psychology; for the response of the people reveals their capacity for such unusual emotion, and is a convincing proof of the reality of hidden possibilities in individuals. The conversion of a possibility into an actuality may be due to suggestion; but it seems unreasonable to deny the existence of latent possibilities where one has seen them revealed as actualities.

The teachings of Theosophy distinctly encourage this optimistic view of human nature. The spiritual unity of the Universe, which finds expression in the great ideal of Universal Brotherhood, lies at the root of the optimism of the Theosophist, who believes in the reality of the Soul as man's link with the Supreme. Without such a basis for brotherhood, the hope of humanity would be poor indeed. If there were no Spiritual Self latent in man, to what purpose would life tend? If the Spiritual Self could never be evoked, or called into manifestation, to what purpose would evolution operate? If there were no possibilities of greatness latent in man, circumstances might call to him in vain; he would remain soulless. And it may well be inferred that, if circumstances, or suggestion, may call out great qualities that were previously latent in men, then the same qualities may be evoked by the will of the individual; and they may be made habitual by education, which, rightly understood, is precisely the work of calling out the latent qualities of the inner man, and of converting his possibilities into actualities.

It is generally supposed that evolution is accomplished by Nature, and that it is more or less automatic, according to the depth of insight achieved by the one who is considering the subject. Nature is a convenient term for a great unknown power, that may be highly intelligent, spiritually wise, or mindlessly mechanical. It may be a name for God,

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or it may mean blind chance. Generally speaking I suppose it is a name for the ruling and organizing intelligence in the Universe, in its conduct of the life of a planet, more particularly concerned with evolving the material forms of things animate or inanimate (so-called) and the conditions in which they exist. Though Nature may be spoken of as if it were a God, yet those who use the term generally seem to consider it as entirely impersonal, but oddly enough, an impersonality of the feminine gender. Nature is always 'she.' She is creator, preserver, and destroyer; but not God, who is also all of these. People who reject the idea of a personal creator, of or a personal deity of any kind, yet speak of Nature as of a supreme ruler, creator, and destroyer, whose will is omnipotent but automatic, supreme yet bound by law.

Some such conception seems necessary to man at all times; though popular opinion fluctuates as to the degree of intelligence to be attributed to this supreme power, and as to its supremacy. For at times the fashion favors the recognition of a ruling intelligence that is called God, as well as a subordinate power called Nature; which latter is variously regarded as a spiritual organizing power, and as matter with inherent properties and potentialities that are evoked by the will of God. In this scheme man seems to be regarded as the offspring of God the Father and Nature the mother; while at the same time the God is considered as divine, and Nature is regarded as the earthly parent of man as well as of all other creatures. Sometimes these powers are spoken of as identical, sometimes as co-operative, and again sometimes as inherently opposed. But whether God is allowed to exist or is entirely repudiated, Nature under some form seems to be at least tolerated, though her powers may vary and her character may be ambiguous. When the fashion of the world is religious all powers of nature are ascribed to God, or to various Gods. When the fashion is more or less atheistic, the same powers are attributed to Nature as an impersonal kind of deity without divine honors.

Religion seems to consist in the recognition of spiritual powers as directly operative in the administration of human affairs. Nature-worship would seem to be the recognition of spiritual powers as inherent in the manifested universe, and operative in the administration of all departments of life organic or inorganic. The difference seems to lie more in the tendency of the world, under the religious mode of thought, to personify the Deity; and under the dominance of naturalism to repudiate the interference of personal Gods, or God, in the operation of law. One might almost say that the only real difference is due to an attempt to separate intelligence from law, which results in the deification of one and the degradation of the other.

As I understand the teaching of Theosophy, law and intelligence are

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inseparable. God and Nature are one in essence. The differentiation takes place only in man's imagination, by reason of man's reasoning faculty being at times developed at the expense of his intuition or of his perceptive faculty. When the higher qualities of the mind are developed, man easily recognises the limitations of his thinking apparatus; and as easily understands that his inner perception of truth can only be expressed, or formulated in thought, in terms of his own mental limitations. The contemplation of an ideal is one thing, the formulation of a thought is another. The perception of truth may be possible to the inner mind; but the power of the thinking apparatus is limited to the utterance of a symbol, a thought-form, a phrase, a picture, an emblem of some sort; for the mind is like a mirror, and the peculiarities of the mirror determine the peculiarities of the picture it reflects.

So that, while truth remains always accessible to the Soul of man, in which resides the power of spiritual perception, or direct cognition, yet man's theories about truth must vary continually as his evolution progresses or retrogresses, as his civilization rises or falls. And so intimately blended are his conceptions of truth with his rise or fall in the scale of civilization, that it is hard to say which is the cause and which the effect.

Thus, too, it seems to me that while the contemplation of an abstract idea may be almost impossible to the mind of the average man, the internal perception of the truth represented by that ideal must be possible in some degree to all. And consequently we may at any time be startled to find that very ordinary people, whose minds are very poorly educated, and who have no command of language in which to express their spiritual states of consciousness, may yet in their acts reveal a spiritual perception of truth, beauty, and goodness that will make their lives noble and infinitely beautiful, and that will help on the evolution of the world more effectually than will the deep thinking of those whose inner perception of truth and beauty has been clouded by an undue development of the personal mind. A highly developed brain-mind may be barren of true wisdom; and it is no unusual thing to meet men of great learning who are utterly lacking in power of original thought, and almost entirely devoid of discrimination.

The Good, the Beautiful, and the True are a trinity, or a philosophic triad, which is a fundamental form of thought; for every thought is itself the manifestation of a trinity sometimes described by the formula, 'the thinker, the thing thought of, and the thought.' This trinity is an emblem of the incomprehensible, but perceptible, unity. So it was said of old that "the Good, the Beautiful, and the True are one."

And this other trinity of God, Nature, and Man is also a philosophic

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unity, which may be intuitively perceived as a unity, or may be intellectually analysed as a trinity. Perception and analysis are two faculties of the mind which reveal the duality of human mentality. The inner mind perceives truth or reality, the outer mind tries to express that inner experience, and only gives utterance to forms of thought, or formulas, that at best are but symbols. Indeed, all forms of expression are symbols, whose interpretation varies with the interpreter.

The symbol or formula itself is like a stepping-stone that must be left behind as soon as reached. The traveler must not try to camp permanently on a stepping-stone. Its value lies in its being in position for stepping on and off. It should not be removed; nor should it be placed in a museum, or a temple until it has become unnecessary where it belonged, and where it was of use to travelers.

All creeds are of this nature. When a river is bridged the old stepping-stones may be removed, for they have served their purpose, they have outlived their usefulness, and may be broken up to mend the road if necessary.

There can be no creed in a true Theosophical Society. But on the other hand all creeds become intelligible when studied by the light of Theosophy; for creeds and formulas are simply the attempts made by the human mind to establish a firm foothold of knowledge in the doubtful waters of experiment and speculation, through which the soul must pass to reach the goal of spiritual illumination.

The Druids expressed many of their philosophic formulas in triads known as the triads of wisdom; and there is reason to regard the much misrepresented Druids as guardians of the old wisdom, that in our days is known as Theosophy. It is possible that their colleges became, like so many other established systems, figuratively mere camps and settlements, which blocked the passage they were originally intended to preserve as an open way to wisdom. So they may have lost their usefulness when the stepping-stones ceased to be available for progress, having been inshrined as sacred relics in a temple that was in truth but an indifferent collection of curiosities. In the ruins of past systems of philosophy lie many precious relics, that may be replaced and used once more as stepping-stones where bridges have fallen and been washed away; or we may find them still intact on the old path, though isolated and useless for lack of the supporting stones removed in former days. The path must be found again, and if the bridges are gone we must use stepping-stones once more. And such a stepping-stone upon the path is the old axiom that heads this paper: the Good, the Beautiful, the True are one.

It may not be a rock on which to build a temple, but it will serve excellently as a stepping-stone. Analyse it intellectually, break it up into


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its constituent elements and you will find it worthless. Use it as a stepping-stone to another point of view, and you may find yourself nearer to the light which shines along the path for those that press forward. The unity that is unthinkable to the mind may be perceived from a new viewpoint; and there may come into the mind some glimmering of the great ideal that lies back of all religions and philosophies — the essential unity, which is mentally conceivable as a trinity: the one in the many, and the many in the one; the universal in the particular, and the particular in the universal. Unity in diversity.

To the Theosophist all creeds and all formulas are symbols, that may have served some purpose, or may yet prove useful to travelers on the path of life; but not one of which can be a stopping-place. When the river is crossed the stepping-stones may be forgotten. When the spiritual light of wisdom shines, the lantern of knowledge may be dispensed with. When man has found light in his own soul he may be able to see the evidence of the same light in the eyes of other men, whose language he may not understand, and who may seem to be traveling another path. When he can realize that Beauty, Truth, and Goodness are of one essence, he may understand that other men's conceptions of these qualities are to them as valuable as his is to himself. And when he can see a stepping-stone in a creed or formula, he will look forward and press onward to the other shore, where the path lies clear in the light of the New Day, the day of Universal Brotherhood.

TAKE A WIDER VIEW*

H. T. PATTERSON

S one pursues a path in the midst of valleys, it is only by immediate indications, or the clearness of the path itself, that the way can be found. From an elevation where the entire path, or most of it, is seen, many windings and turns, unaccountable to one as he wends his way along, are understood. The same with work, or anything else.

A new member in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may not have gained a sufficiently comprehensive point of view to grasp the applicableness of all the details of the work. A person, not a member, merely contacting the activities, is still less able to understand them in all their phases. As a member works longer in the Organization,

*Reprinted from *Universal Brotherhood Path*, Vol. XVII, No. 2, May, 1902.

TAKE A WIDER VIEW

in the right spirit, his view broadens. If he is at the center his outlook is wider yet. As to the Head of the Organization, her knowledge of the relationship of details must be complete. Only those who have the privilege of working directly in touch with her realize in any degree what that implies.

One of the books which treats of the higher life speaks of the workman grasping whatever instrument comes to hand. In Theosophical work, people are the instruments; and all who can do anything for the cause of humanity must be utilized often. Some, because of their natures, are limited in their helpfulness, their motives being largely unworthy; but so far as their fitness on certain lines goes, that much is gained for the work; that much added to the credit side on the great ledger in which each one is making the entries in indelible characters.

Sometimes an instrument which has been used loses its usefulness — a flaw makes itself manifest — it loses its edge, or temper — it may be that the steam gives out, perhaps the fires are allowed to go down. Then our comrades wonder and the foolish doubt.

Those who are closest to Katherine Tingley and the heart of the work, best know her marvelous skill in utilizing every opportunity, every person, in humanity's service. They know, also, her equally wonderful insight into character. Often, she has disclosed radical defects in certain people — many times people who were very active in Theosophical work — defects which were dormant and did not become apparent for years. But those who have kept silent, watched and waited, have found that those defects were not chimeras. In time they came to the surface and became apparent to all.

What is true of any member of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society in these respects, applies as well to any officer, Cabinet member or other. The holding of an office, gives one no patent right on infallibility; no immunity from the results of his own mistakes or weaknesses. Such a one, Cabinet member, other officer, or lay member, may have been sufficiently *en rapport* with the work before it had reached its present amazing and most satisfactory stage of development, and not be *en rapport* with it now. Such as these have had their opportunities, have done their service. Pitiable it is when they begin to undo this by detraction of the work. Generally we find their attitude is taken in an effort to cover up the traces of their own shortcomings.

The public at large who come to Point Loma, as well as those of the public at large who do not come to Point Loma, begin, now, to be the greatest admirers and appreciators of Katherine Tingley and the matchless genius of her work. Even if not sufficiently acquainted with its spiritual aspect to comprehend it in its higher phases, they do appreciate

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it from the standpoint of the utilitarian, the artistic, the musical, and the philanthropic.

One is often surprised to find visitors who are even more appreciative of this great work than some of those who have the privilege of being in touch with it. Such as these know that there is an executive genius in this work greater than they have known of before, and in some cases they perceive that a new and divine touch is being given to terrestrial life.

The visitors at Point Loma are from all states and countries, and from them information is being brought to the Point of the way in which the work done by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society is regarded by the public. They do not deceive themselves by imagining that the Leader has made a mistake because she has not acquiesced in the pet personal schemes of some ambitious member, no matter how important such member may be thought by those at a distance.

AT A FUNERAL SERVICE

KENNETH MORRIS

HERE be there cream-white lotus-blooms, full-crowned;
Here be that golden awe which uttereth
The mystery and loveliness of Death,
The diamond silence, all too full, for sound,
Of spiritual laughters. Holy ground
Is this; the air throbs joy; the Mighty Breath,
The Word the Eternal in the loneliness saith,—
List! you shall hear them in this peace profound.

What should we guess of that Reality
Beyond this show of things: how should we scan
The crystal radiance of Eternity,
The unrevealed Divinity of Man,
Unless Death's tender presence bridged the span,
Sometimes, 'twixt us and that bright Mystery?

*International Theosophical Headquarters,
Point Loma, California*

WHAT DO WE KNOW?

MONTAGUE MACHELL

(Student, Theosophical University)

"Until the first step has been taken in this development, the swift knowledge, which is called intuition with certainty, is impossible to man. And this positive and certain intuition is the only form of knowledge which enables a man to work rapidly or reach his true and high estate, within the limit of his conscious effort. To obtain knowledge by experiment is too tedious a method for those who aspire to accomplish real work; he who gets it by certain intuition, lays hands on its various forms with supreme rapidity, by fierce effort of will; as a determined workman grasps his tools, indifferent to their weight or any other difficulty which may stand in his way. He does not stay for each to be tested — he uses such as he sees are fittest." — *Light on the Path*



ALL knowledge is from within. But even those of us who delve most deeply seldom come within a long distance of the deepest and most vital knowledge. We are like poor house-keepers: we have a cupboard in which we keep our fine old family silver; but for years we have not troubled to use it, and have piled the shelves with all kinds of empty pots and pans, crowding our silverware farther and farther back into the dark recesses of the cupboard. We do find occasional use for the pots and pans and are constantly adding to the collection, and all the time the most valuable property in our cupboard is tarnishing, gathering dust, and being gradually lost sight of. If we really want to get at it and use it we shall have to have a clearing out, to remove the pots and pans to a suitable place, make our way into the dusty recesses of our cupboard, and bring our treasures to the light where they may be of use to ourselves and others.

"Until the first step has been taken. . . ." The above is the first step in regard to intellectual research — to clear away or pierce through the obstructions of the personal intellect with its oscillating, ever-changing moods and uncertain theories, and reach that part which *knows*. This is probably one of the most revolutionary ideas, as regards modern teaching, though really age-old, that Theosophy has to present: the teaching that *all knowledge is already possessed potentially* by every human being — that the Real Man is all-wise, an epitome of the conscious life of the entire universe, that once he discovers the secret, through self-discipline and self-purification, he can turn the searchlight of Intuition, which in its full development becomes the *certain knowledge* of the Soul, on to all problems and phenomena, and as *Light on the Path* says, "take knowledge."

It is really a question whether we shall procure light by rubbing two sticks together, or shall turn our electric current through the wire and have a surer and more powerful illumination. In the first a crude and

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localized means is employed and an unreliable result obtained by cumbersome methods, whilst in the second case the problem is handled on a grand scale and gigantic natural forces are harnessed and made to act through the most delicate and ingenious means. But in each case, for a given effect the same crude energy is required. So we are left to choose whether we shall go on tinkering with localized intellectual effort hampered by an imperfect instrument and crude modes of action, or whether we shall attack the problem in all its vast grandeur; begin the work of self-conquest, rooting out selfishness, egotism, ambition, impure thinking, impure living, prejudice — personal, national, or racial — bigotry, etc., and make ourselves fit channels for the mighty and mysterious forces of the universe to play through, unlocking hitherto closed doors and demonstrating to ourselves and humanity that intellectual knowledge is but one step upward on the path to illumination. This is a mighty program, but it is the program for which the human monad was designed, and the program which *sooner or later each must carry out!* It is like the question of human discovery and research, according to Theosophy. For inasmuch as human beings have been on the earth millions of years and have passed through innumerable cycles, many — in their culmination — exceeding our present culture and enlightenment; so all human progress following a spiral path, humanity today is bound in time to rediscover all the ancient secrets which preceding races had, but which are not yet ours, and progress further yet. The statement "there is nothing new under the sun" certainly embodies a world of deep philosophy!

And can any body of people holding this view of life be charged with depreciating or ignoring the efforts or discoveries of any science? By no means. The true Theosophist knows that no true achievement of intellectual research must be undervalued or passed by, for every revelation, that is a true revelation, and not a brain-made hypothesis made to fit an awkward discovery and masquerading as natural law, is a reminiscence from the past. That past, in the light of Reincarnation, is our past and its achievements and knowledge a part of the heritage of the present human race. To any one regarding life as earnestly as does the Theosophist every proclamation of science is of vital interest, since if it be false its acceptance by mankind may mean a step towards retrogression, and if true a step towards greater enlightenment and liberation. The Darwinian theory is much more than a matter of scientific interest. Is the man who has been brought up to believe that he is descended from, and only from, an ape, likely to have such faith in the grand and limitless possibilities of human growth as the man who knows that the alleged ape-origin is merely a physical affair (and somewhat problematic at that), the real descent being from a long line of divine progenitors stretching

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back to divinity, and looking to an ascent back to that same source? Again, when science announces the discovery of some new and finer 'rays' than have yet been known or dealt with, it is far more than a merely useful and interesting piece of news to the Theosophist. It is the announcement that another step has been taken towards the discovery and acknowledgement of that marvelous photographic screen of the universe, the astral light, whose existence has been proclaimed and described by H. P. Blavatsky in her marvelous books and upon which each individual thought-current is indelibly registered. Similarly, the unearthing by our archaeologists of the ruins of magnificent palaces heretofore declared mythical, are to the Theosophist the turning back of a page in the life of present humanity. For who shall say how many now of this age and civilization were vital factors in the civilization that saw the building of these same palaces? The doctrine of Reincarnation infuses a vast amount of genuine and lasting significance into all the achievements of modern science, and ancient too, for that matter. And because it is one of the great and age-old tenets of the Heart-Doctrine or Wisdom-Religion, it is a vivifying and humanizing power in all intellectual research.

"Take knowledge" — but in doing so it is well never to lose sight of the fact that the thinking principle in man is neutral and colorless, capable of being influenced either by the higher or lower forces in the man's nature. To do its noblest work it must have the guidance of the heart, without which it becomes a menace to the man himself and to humanity at large, loses sight of the sacredness of life, and tends to brutalize all it contemplates. He in whom the heart-force is active will see Life everywhere; and Nature's laws and formulae in place of being rigid, lifeless, and meaningless affairs, will bespeak a latent intelligence and purpose. These will stimulate his imagination and *intuition*, suggesting further possibilities and new laws, drawing him on from discovery to discovery, on to more intelligence, more plan, more life, until he stands on the outermost boundaries of scientific thought and even in his dying hour proclaims some new and unheard theory or postulate, which will be first scouted and ridiculed and later tacitly (and generally without acknowledgement) be employed as a means to more startling discoveries.

We only *know* that which we *are*, or have experienced. In the words of the wisdom of the East: "Thou canst not travel on the Path before thou hast become that Path itself." There is another way of expressing this: might we not say we only know those aspects of ourself which experience with external phenomena has revealed to us? This, though apparently only the same truth stated differently, is so different that the choice is of vital moment. The first statement fixes attention upon the phenomena experienced which are transient and trivial; the second,

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upon the Self to be known, which is eternal. It brings us directly to the essence of our subject, which is summed up in the words of the ancients: "Man know thyself," not, you observe, "Man know thy phenomena." As always, we go to the ancients for the key to the situation. They surely had the solution to this vital and obscure problem — what is knowledge and whence comes it? Not only the answer to the query, but all knowledge itself is locked up in those three occult words — "Man know thyself." This is obviously the case, since as Theosophy declares, 'man' — the inner man, or the Self,— *is* knowledge itself, and as before said, in treating of intuition, the path to that Self is self-conquest and purification of the transient personal self.

So, really, 'experience' is only a path to knowledge in so far as it is Self-conscious experience — perceived in relation to the Self. I can see a series of events going on simply through my ocular vision without their registering any effect upon my brain, supposing that brain to be otherwise absorbed, my perceptive faculty consisting merely of a registering of impressions on my sense of sight. Such meaningless vision is comparable to experience that fails to teach — the registering of impressions from the phenomenal world on the personality forming the sum of perception and leaving the man himself unaffected. It may be said that all experience perceived or felt without relation to a Self within, deeper and more lasting than the personality, is wasted experience, little more than an irritation of the sense-perceptions.

We are all subject to an alternating series of pleasurable and painful experiences. So long as the pleasure and the pain of these is the sum of their significance,— arousing no suspicions of something transcending these, to which they are but the introduction,— so long is their continuance insured and the experience of them more or less wasted. Those of us for whom pleasure and pain hold no lesson, are involuntarily perceiving, but refusing to *apperceive*; we are making the *medium* through which we should see life's purpose the purpose of life itself. But, in the words of eastern wisdom: "In order to become the Knower of ALL SELF, thou hast first of Self to be the knower."

That intellect is powerless to impart this knowledge is clear, since "Self-knowledge is of loving deeds the child." Would you then "take knowledge"? Here is the sum and substance of it all: "Man know thyself" — it is all *within thee!*

Katherine Tingley has said: "As you live your life each day with an uplifted purpose and unselfish desire, each and every event will bear for you a deep significance, an inner meaning. And as you learn their import, so do you fit yourself for higher work."

And above all — "To live to benefit mankind is the first step."

NOAH'S ARK

MAGISTER ARTIUM

IN an article on the island of Sokotra it is mentioned that Professor Bonney, the geologist, explains its rich flora by the suggestion that the island "is a fragment of a continental area of great antiquity and of a land surface which may have been 'an ark of refuge' to a terrestrial fauna and flora from one of the earliest periods of the world's history."

As readers of *The Secret Doctrine* know, this expression, "ark of refuge," is used frequently by H. P. Blavatsky, not only in this sense but in far wider senses. Indeed the word Ark stands for one of those symbols of the ancient mystery-language, whose meaning is so pregnant that it covers both historical fact and spiritual allegory. The word is of course familiar to us from our childhood in the story of Noah's Ark, which is simply one particular version of a world-wide mythos, to be found with no important variation in all parts of the world, from Eastern Asia to the tribesmen of our western continents, and from the Boreal realms of the north to the burning climes of Africa. The historical fact to which this universal Flood-and-Ark story refers is one deeply graven by its unparalleled magnitude upon the memory of all mankind. That fact is the last great cataclysm which overwhelmed a vast portion of the land-surface of this globe, burying old lands and causing new ones to appear; though this statement needs qualification to the extent that there has not been one only but many of such cataclysms, and that the records of more than one have probably been confused together in some cases. The story, as we have it now, is naturally after all these ages not quite in the form of a newspaper report, but rather in the highly condensed and symbolic form which it would naturally assume after so much handing down. Furthermore the account is not historical only, but also symbolical; for such is the order of universal Law that the events which take place in the natural world are necessarily consequent upon and symbolic of those which take place in those higher realms that underlie the natural world.

Thus we are told by H. P. Blavatsky, in the course of her explanations of the lore which she had to communicate, that the Ark stands for both historical and spiritual events. It is a symbol for the preservation of life. And what is life? It is that eternal flame which inspires all things and keeps them alive. It is the seeds of all things, from the lowliest lichen to Man himself. For Man himself is a Soul, and all else that pertains to

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him is but the outgrowth of that Soul which is to him the eternal seed, ever reproducing itself. The etymology of the word Ark shows it to mean preservation, whether we take the Latin *arca*, a chest, and *arcere*, to keep; or go back to the Sanskrit roots of similar form and meaning. Moreover, as H. P. Blavatsky many times identifies the symbol of the Ark with that of the 'Moon,' it seems likely that the Latin *arcus*, a bow, is of the same origin. That life shall be preserved through periods of destruction — and not only life but all the existing forms and types thereof — is a law of nature, operating on all planes and faithfully carried out by those natural agents which geologists explore.

The existence of isolated islands having a flora and fauna belonging to an earlier period is well known and illustrates the working of this law of preservation in nature. Similarly the human race has been preserved, and, what is more important, its most sacred traditions.

The symbology of the Ark, whereby it is connected with the 'Moon,' shows its reference to a latent power in Man, which, deeper and superior to the mind, preserves knowledge intact throughout periods of ignorance and decline. When the dark cycle comes on and humanity plunges into an age of materialism and forgetfulness, the knowledge is not lost but preserved in a latent form; and the Ark is the symbol of a spiritual faculty in Man which preserves that knowledge. Moreover the Secret Doctrine is never suffered to depart, for there are guardians whose function it is to preserve it, and who from time to time send their messengers out to the world.

A few quotations from *The Secret Doctrine*, appropriate to the above remarks, will here be in place.

"We have said elsewhere that the great Flood had several meanings, and that it referred, as does also the FALL, to both spiritual and physical, cosmic and terrestrial, events: as above, so it is below. The ship or ark . . . is typified in the heavens by the Moon, and on Earth by the Womb: both being the vessels and bearers of the seeds of life and being, which the sun, or Vishnu, the male principle, vivifies and fructifies. The First Cosmic Flood refers to primordial creation, of the formation of Heaven and the Earths. . . . But the terrestrial Deluge and its story has also its dual application. In one case it has reference to that mystery when mankind was saved from utter destruction . . . at the end of the Third Race, and in the other to the real and historical Atlantean submersion. . . .

"'The Deluge' is undeniably a *universal tradition*. 'Glacial periods' were numerous, and so were the 'Deluges,' for various reasons. Stockwell and Croll enumerate some half dozen Glacial Periods and subsequent Deluges — the earliest of all being dated by them 850,000, and the last about 100,000 years ago. But which was *our* Deluge? Assuredly the former, the one which to this date remains recorded in the traditions of all the peoples, from the remotest antiquity; the one that finally swept away the last peninsulas of Atlantis, beginning with Ruta and Daitya and ending with the (comparatively) small island mentioned by Plato. This is shown by the agreement of certain details in all the legends. It was the last of its gigantic character. . . .

"Our Fifth Race (the non-initiated portions), hearing of many deluges, confused them, and now know of but one. This one altered the whole aspect of the globe in its interchange and shifting of land and sea."— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 139 sq.

INJUSTICE


"Having appeared at the very beginning, and at the head of sentient and conscious life, man (the astral, or the 'Soul,' for the *Zohar*, repeating the archaic teaching, distinctly says that 'the *real* man is the Soul, and his material frame no part of him') — man became the living and animal UNIT, from which the 'cast-off clothes' determined the shape of every life and animal in this Round.

"Thus he 'created' for ages the insects, reptiles, birds, and animals, unconsciously to himself, from his remains and relics from the Third and the Fourth Rounds. The same idea and teaching are as distinctly given in the *Vendidad* of the Mazdeans, as they are in the Chaldaean and the Mosaic allegory of the Ark, all of which are the many national versions of the original legend given in the Hindû Scriptures. It is found in the allegory of Vaivasvata Manu and his Ark with the Seven Rishis, as in that of the Rishis, each of whom is shown the father and progenitor of specified animals, reptiles, and even monsters (See *Vishnu*- and other *Purânas*). Open the Mazdean *Vendidad*, at *Fargard* ii, at verse 27 (70), and read the command of Ormazd to Yima, a Spirit of the Earth, who symbolizes the three races, after telling him to build a *vara* ('an enclosure,' an *argha* or vehicle). . . .

"'Thither [into the *vara*] thou shalt bring the seeds of men and women, of the greatest, best, and finest kinds on this earth; thither thou shalt bring the seeds of every kind of cattle,' etc., etc.; and v. 28 (74): ' . . . all those seeds shalt thou bring, two of every kind, to be kept inexhaustible there, so long as those men shall stay in the *vara*.' "— II, 290-291

INJUSTICE

R. MACHELL

NE of the bitterest things in life is to feel that one is the victim of injustice; and there are few people who do not sometimes indulge in the delusion that they are victims of some unjust persecution. This constant complaint of injustice might make one think that the love of justice must be very widespread. But experience points out the fact that there is really very little understanding of what real justice is, and very little desire for it in the world at large. Perhaps there is a lurking suspicion of the truth hinted at in the adage: "If every one got his deserts who should escape a whipping?"

There is no doubt a general desire to see justice administered to the faults of others; but each one hopes to find justice tempered with mercy in his own case. And that makes one wonder what kind of justice it is that requires tempering with mercy, and also what kind of a quality is mercy, that it can improve upon justice. The whole conception of justice and mercy seems to be confused and distorted.

Justice must mean more than the administration of laws as they stand at any particular time, for laws are being altered continually in order to correct their injustice. And it is to modify the injustice of imperfect laws that mercy is generally invoked. This makes mercy merely an extension of justice, and indeed the highest justice must be identical with mercy. But human justice falls very far short of this, and leaves ample room for the exercise of mercy. Compassion is the highest law.

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As there are many kinds of justice there must be many degrees of mercy: the highest of which must be identical with the purest form of justice, both of which would give to every one the fullest opportunity for learning the truth and for doing the right. The real laws of Nature and of life are so constituted; and man has always an opportunity, if he could but understand it, to make good the worst kind of a mistake.

Nature knows nothing of rewards and punishments; these are inventions of man: they are his substitutes for justice. Nature provides fresh opportunities; and that is all a man needs. When a man has ruined his life utterly and death comes to close one chapter of his life-story, Nature gives him a new life, and he is born again here on earth in a new body, with all recollection of his past wiped out, and with the opportunity to mold his character afresh on a better pattern. Nature is infinitely merciful; and so would man be if he knew himself and his real place in nature. He would be always trying to help his fellows, and would not want to punish anyone; so he would not find any need for mercy; for all his aims would be just and merciful at the same time.

The consequences of man's mistakes cling to him life after life; and Nature thus gives him the opportunity to repair the wrongs he did long ago, while freeing him from the weight of memory of his past mistakes. Thus Mother Nature in mercy and justice brings a man into the conditions in which alone he can learn the lesson he refused to learn in former lives and which he must learn before he can pass on to a fuller and richer life. A man must learn the lesson of life for himself: no one can do it for him. When he wakes up to that fact he will perhaps cease his complaints of the injustice of the world, knowing that he too has in past lives helped to make it what it is today. He will see the injustice as simply the result of far-back causes, and will welcome the opportunity of righting a wrong he had a hand in preparing, and of learning a neglected lesson in the art of life.

Life is a great school: but it is only a prison to a man who thinks he is the victim of injustice, because he has been hurt perhaps by 'man's inhumanity to man,' not realizing that he had his share in that too; and not understanding that his troubles are his opportunities.

Man's laws are all imperfect, and his injustice infinite; but he alone can better the laws, tempering his own injustice by mercy, which is his inner sense of justice struggling to overcome the prejudice and ignorance of the human mind. Therefore a wise man will not waste his energy in complaints against the injustice of the world, but will himself replace it by that higher justice men call mercy in his own life. So will he profit by his opportunity and grow strong in administering justice to all.



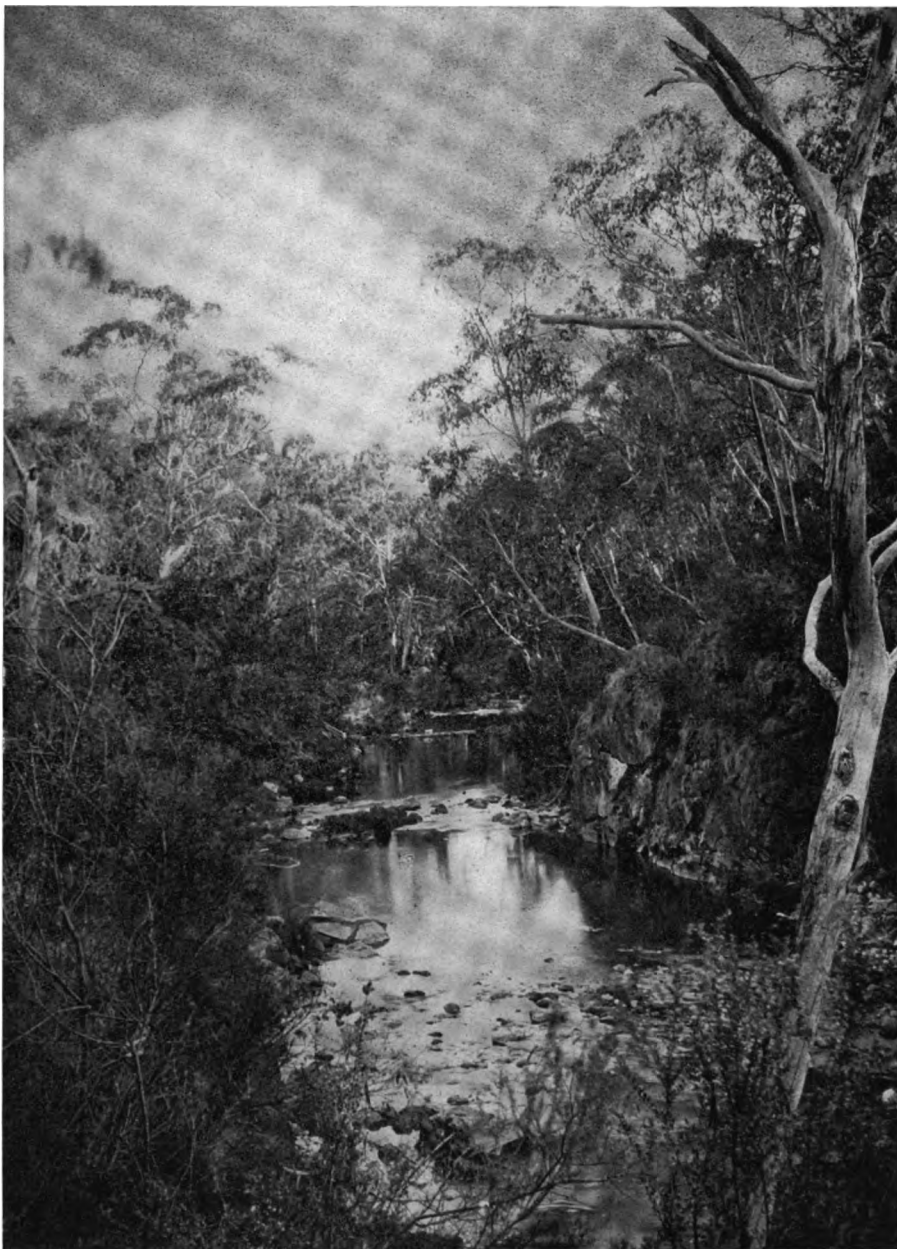
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A QUIET REACH ON THE TUMUT RIVER, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

AT YARRANGOBILLY, A TOURIST RESORT IN THE SOUTHERN
MOUNTAINS OF NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

YARRANGOBILLY RIVER, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA

The Government has stocked this and similar streams with trout.



Lowland Photo & Engineering Dept.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS, ON THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA

THE TRUE PATH

IVERSON L. HARRIS, JR.

(Student, Theosophical University)

THE true path leads to inner peace. It is the path of impersonality. Whoever regards life and its duties in a detached, impersonal way, can be relied upon in all emergencies. Those of us who allow personal desires of any kind to color our inmost thoughts, are not yet wholly reliable. Personal desires are not trustworthy; but the stern commands of duty are unerring: so are the tender promptings of compassion.

The true path leads toward spirituality. The path of delusion leads toward animalism. The mind is the parting of the ways. When the mind is free from personal desires and selfishness, the soul — the being that seems to stand apart as a spectator of the drama enacted in each man's mind — finds it a ready instrument on which to play divine notes. And at such times a man acts with courage, with tenderness, with wisdom, with high, impersonal motives.

The wisdom of the ages would seem to tell us what the individual experience of every aspiring man confirms: that to know oneself is to know humanity, and no man can truly know himself until he is detached from self-interest. The soul is not circumscribed: it is universal. Each man becomes at one with his own soul, only when he partakes of the universal life, which is God. And God cannot be a reality to the selfish man, so long as he remains selfish.

Thus it is that some of us never know what it is to walk with God, because we never live outside of ourselves. Many of us doubtless taste the sublimity of the universal life occasionally — perhaps as a reaction from the unsatisfying and bitter emptiness of the selfish life. There are perhaps a very few advanced souls in this world who are living expressions of the divine life — not that they are specially favored, but merely that they live always in the consciousness that they are souls, and act as befits such spiritual dignity.

These last are the Teachers and Saviors of mankind. And we are told that they never entirely vanish from the earth. No one can tell another where to find them. It is a matter of mutual recognition; and perhaps with some of us the recognition has to be repeated many times, until at last we drift apart no more. And that is a wondrous consummation.

But it is not to be reached without travail and conquest. It is not to be reached until the limited, carping, analysing, dissecting brain-mind


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is silenced for the time, and we cease to be dependent upon it for our guidance, but instead plunge boldly into the ocean of divine trust. Having taken the plunge, having placed our complete trust, with child-like confidence, in the Divine Law, the light breaks through the mind, clearing up the dark corners of doubt, despair, unrest, selfishness, and sensuality, which have obscured our vision.

Let us reopen our eyes to the sunshine; let us walk as souls; let us consecrate our lives anew to those who need us — as servants of those who need our service; as examples to those who need our example.

THE MORTAL AND IMMORTAL MAN ACCORDING TO THEOSOPHY

C. J. RYAN

 HOWEVER we may try to ignore it in the pursuit of pleasure, the rush of business, the clash of ambition, or in any other method of pushing aside serious thought about our place in Nature, and what used to be called 'the whole duty of man,' one question lurks in the background which at times stands forth and demands consideration: "If a man die, shall he live again?" Boldly we declare that Theosophy provides a more reasonable, a more scientific, a more definite, and a more soul-satisfying answer to the crucial question than can be found in the current systems of thought or religions as they are taught today. The leaders of modern thought are disunited in opinion about almost everything that can be formulated, though there may be a nearer harmony among them in what may be called 'unwritten codes,' by which we mean matters of natural feeling.

And what is the impression forced upon us by the study of our surroundings, of the chaos reflected in the newspapers? Do not the majority of civilized persons live as though this ordinary existence were all that is possible, scrambling to spend their own money or to secure someone else's, grasping temporary pleasures, concentrating attention on artificial wants and false or vain ideals, or at best cultivating purely intellectual pursuits or the elegancies of social intercourse? A minority tries to believe that what is to happen on the other side of the river of death is the main object of man's consideration. A small number intuitively perceive the possibility of a higher order of living here below and act up to that knowledge. Are all these people equally immortal? Are they ready or fit for the enjoyment of the kind of heaven in which, as we must suppose, un-

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selfishness and love for humanity is the only possible qualification?

Selma Lagerlöf, the famous Swedish writer, has collected some quaint popular legends of the Middle Ages preserved by the country folk, which show that intelligent people have long felt the difficulty in the ordinary conceptions of heaven and hell. One of these is to the effect that St. Peter was once looking over the parapet of heaven (which seems to be something like a medieval walled town on the top of a high hill) and thinking of his mother far away, down below in the shadows of the bad place, and how she must be longing to enter the pearly gates so high above and to have a share in all the good things provided for those who were so lucky as to get in. Peter was troubled that an official in his high position, the gate-keeper of paradise, should have a mother in such discreditable circumstances, and he finally asked the Lord Jesus if something could not be done for her. The Lord told him she was better where she was, but to satisfy him an angel was sent down to bring her up. When the angel caught her in his arms, a crowd of unfortunates, seizing the opportunity, rushed forward and clung to her dress as she rose upward.

All went well for a while, but suddenly Peter's mother began to fear that the angel could never reach the top with so many burdens, so she gave a jerk and flung several of her uninvited guests off. To her surprise this produced the opposite effect to what she intended, for the lighter the weight the harder the angel had to beat his strong wings, and it soon looked as if he would never get out of the valley. There was still one sinner holding on to the lady's skirts for dear life, but with a final, vicious kick she sent him spinning down after the others. Now surely the angel would easily reach the parapet. They were not far from it and St. Peter was calling to the angel, encouraging him to do his best, though he felt rather uncomfortable about the unseemly behavior of his mother. But the dropping of the last person had weakened the angel so much that he fluttered helplessly down with the ambitious aspirant for heavenly joys, who had overwhelmingly proved her unfitness to enjoy them. The story ends with a fine touch:

"St. Peter remained a long time in the same place and sobbed, and our Lord stood near him without moving.

"'St. Peter,' said our Lord at last, 'I never thought that you would weep like that, after entering paradise.'

"Then God's old servant lifted up his head and said: 'What kind of a paradise is this where I can hear the lamentations of my dearest and see my fellow-creatures suffer!'

"But our Lord's countenance was shadowed by the profoundest sorrow. 'What could I wish more than to prepare for you all a paradise of the purest light and joy?' he said. 'Do you not understand, that it was

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for this that I went down to the world and taught mankind to love their neighbors as themselves? For until they learn this, they will find no refuge in heaven or on earth where pain and sorrow cannot reach them.' ”

Now what is the answer to the problem offered by the existence of so many people who do not seem at all prepared for personal immortality as it is generally expressed, and yet who are immortal in their real selves? Surely the answer is contained in the knowledge of what man really is.

The great majority of thinking people as well as the unthinking take it for granted that each individual man is no more than what he seems — an isolated personality composed of the ordinary intelligence or human mind with its limitations and weaknesses and peculiarities, extending from those of the idiot up to those of the philosopher. The materialist will tell you that the whole man as we know him perishes at death, and if you ask him if he does not think this fate is very unjust for a being who has suffered so much, struggled so much, and who has had so much care and attention spent upon him: in short, if the human comedy in which man apparently goes through so much, only to be snuffed out like a candle, is not really a tragedy, fit only to be enjoyed by a cynical Moloch-Demon of a god, looking on with ironical laughter at the wretched creatures he has created, the materialist will tell you that, even so, “half a loaf is better than no bread.” “Why,” he would say, “should man be so greedy as not to be satisfied with the opportunities and joys of a single well-spent life; why should he demand a heaven of eternal bliss in addition? What has he done to deserve even what he has been given? If he would seriously set about to improve his condition he might make this earth a really happy place. Even the overwhelming and destructive forces of nature, the storms, earthquakes, and so forth, may be either controlled or guarded against in future when their causes are thoroughly understood.”

The materialist or the agnostic would say, further, that when you are dead and annihilated you will not grumble at your fate, because you won't be there to know of it. You can't be dead and alive at the same time. The agnostics and practical materialists — probably the great majority in Europe or America, if we thoroughly investigated — hold that nothing is or can be known about the immortality of the personal man, and that such a survival is more than improbable.

The religiously-inclined, on the other hand, have a certain faith or belief that the personality lives on after death, the dissolution of the body being the introduction to another life in which the same personality receives rewards or penalties, and so forth. Some religions even teach that the very same material body — reassembled, or resurrected — is necessary to complete the personality in the next world, but this rather crudely materialistic idea has been considerably discounted lately in

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thinking circles. It has scarcely survived the embarrassing question — not intended as a joke — as to what would happen at the resurrection when a cannibal had eaten a missionary! How the theologians may settle this and other such knotty points is immaterial, but the general belief holds that those who hope for immortality conclude that the identical personalities that we know as Mr. A or Mrs. B, with their peculiarities and the special qualities by which they were known to their friends, move on into another state. This belief, left rather hazy and nebulous by the churches, has been greatly extended and defined by the Spiritists. Their 'Summerland' is inhabited by persons just like ourselves, interested in our pursuits, and hardly less material, for all their 'spiritual bodies,' than we are. Sir Oliver Lodge says:

"Our friends on the other side are not far from us; they are removed from the range of our animal sense-organs, that is all . . . they are more in touch with us, more aware of our troubles and joys, than we can well imagine without special knowledge."

— *Hibbert Journal*, January, 1920

We hear of 'spiritual' husbands and wives, 'spiritual' children, (although the great Teacher, Jesus, said there was no marrying or giving in marriage in heaven) and we are told of 'spiritual' museums, and that public meetings, concerts, etc., are held, that eating and drinking and even smoking are not unknown, though we understand that Prohibition is said to be in force in the next world as well as in these United States! We need not now criticize or even discuss these claims, but they illustrate the point to be enforced, which is that the survival of the *personality* as we recognise ourselves is the belief of those who accept the possibility of immortality. We rarely, if ever, hear a suggestion that the entrance into a higher state after death means the purification or sifting away of much that is generally regarded as characteristic of ourselves as individuals. But Theosophy looks upon survival in a manner which appeals to reason as well as to the intuitive feeling of immortality. The foundation of the Theosophical teaching is derived from the principle of the reincarnation of the true self, the immortal Ego. This is the conception that the Ego is superior to the personality into which it partially incarnates to learn its lessons.

Once this is clearly understood, the whole aspect of existence changes; life is seen to be an intelligent scheme with a rational idea running through it; sorrows, joys, 'accidents,' experiences of all kinds, are no longer looked upon as mysterious dispensations of a capricious 'providence,' but the working out of the great Law which has for its aim the raising of human life to almost infinite heights.

It is perfectly obvious that we have not lived in the *bodies* we now inhabit in former lives; the principle of reincarnation does not include

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the singular notion of the resurrection of the material frame. Our brains are new, they have not been impressed with memories from past lives; we are truly, therefore, each one of us, separate individuals with definite characters brought over from the past. Reincarnation does not mean that the combination of mind, body, and emotions — the personal self — has lived before, and it does not mean that the same combination will persist eternally — fortunately for our happiness! But it does mean two things: the character we possess and the conditions in which we find ourselves are the result of our past thoughts and actions, and there is something superior in us which is immortal and overshadowing and which is likened in Eastern philosophy to the thread passing through a string of beads, uniting them into a chain — the beads being separate incarnations. According to western scholars who have had access to a certain number of Buddhist writings, but not all, that ancient religion teaches that the personal individuality entirely disappears — becomes annihilated — after death, though the cause set up during the life are not destroyed, but go to create a new personality at a future date, a personality which has no real connexion or unity with the former one, no memory nor responsibility. An illustration of this view might be taken from a sculptor's studio. The artist makes a plaster statue; then takes a cast or mold from it; breaks up the original and pours bronze into the mold and produces a new statue which has no connexion whatever with the original except the form which it received by being poured into the mold.

This is not exactly the teaching of Theosophy, nor is it probably, the real teaching of Buddha, which has been obscured like that of Jesus. It is, of course, perfectly true that the seeds sown in former lives produce the harvest reaped in later ones. The law of Karma, the law that effect follows cause just as the wheel follows the ox, as Buddha said, the law of perfect justice, prevails throughout the universe, and human beings are bound by it. But behind the personality, which enjoys and suffers from the doings and thinkings of those previous incarnations, is the linking higher true Self, "the Man for whom the hour will never strike." The object of our personal existence, of our earthly pilgrimage, is the finding of the true Self; the man who succeeds, becomes a new being, godlike; but until then, the higher self passes on, overshadowing successive incarnations and the resting periods between them, inspiring and illuminating the personal self with courage and noble aspirations.

If this earth-life with its apparent uncertainty, its crudeness, its selfishness, were all, and death the end of everything,— love and courage, and above all, self-sacrifice, would be empty names; blind chance and injustice would be ruling powers. What persuasion could induce the natural man to abandon his preoccupation with Number One in favor of

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others, to sacrifice comfort and everything the world holds dear, even life itself, for some high cause, or even for some simple duty which may remain unknown to everyone else, unless there was an indwelling or overshadowing spirit, superior to the ordinary personality, which inspires the great faith that carries the lower man upwards to the heights where the diviner self abides, to the mystic union of the mortal and the immortal. This trust or faith in the unseen is actually a tremendous power; it is more than a figure of speech to say that it will move mountains. In some ancient religions a curious statement is found, which has been called barbaric by those who only looked at the surface. It is the declaration that the Gods live upon men. It means, of course, that the inner, diviner nature of man is sustained and enriched and strengthened by the nobler aspirations that arise as the lower desires and passions are overcome. In the teaching of Zoroaster there is a beautiful parable expressing the power of noble thought in building up future conditions. After death, the purified soul, who has succeeded in crossing the perilous bridge, sharp as a razor, meets a lovely maiden who welcomes him to paradise, saying she is the embodiment of his highest thoughts and unselfish acts, and that she will now be his companion. Those who have led evil lives have no strength or courage to cross the bridge, but fall terrified into the torrent below.

It may be asked: Why don't we realize our immortality without any doubts or hesitations? How is it that we are not sure we shall be as alive the day after death as we are today? And how is it that a profound faith in the unseen, a sense of the spiritual basis of existence, is the only explanation of sacrifices and heroisms? How can it be that the unselfish acts of high-minded persons are inspired by something quite different from a reasoned, intellectual knowledge that they will have a good time after the grave has received their bodies? Are not their heroisms the simple and natural course of action to them? Do they not feel — if they think about it at all — that a few years more of life without honor would be valueless even though they might believe that the gates of death lead to the eternity of nothingness?

If such heroic characters rarely venture to say they *know* there is a future life for them even in the sense that they know the Sun will rise tomorrow, it may safely be assumed that the majority of men have no certainty. A large number, largely owing to early training, live in hope and faith, and a certain few who have attained spiritual wisdom *know* that immortality is more than a hope. But to mankind as a whole, direct, interior, knowledge of immortality is lacking; faith and trust form the plank that tries to bridge the abyss. The evidence of psychic phenomena is not satisfying to the soul; it materializes the hope and

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vision of a spiritual life, and only serves to repel the earnest seeker.

We now come to an important point, one which may seem paradoxical, but one that helps in the comprehension of the problem of personality. Would it actually be a good thing if everyone, selfish and cowardly as well as the noble and true, knew, as positively as we know we lived yesterday, that we should live the day after death, and the day after that, and so on, just as we are today? As things are — veiled,— we are forced to feel the tragic mystery of life. If the awe with which the uninitiated man looks towards the unknown future were to disappear in a dry, matter-of-fact consciousness of personal immortality would it be an advantage? What is it that makes the deepest imprint upon the character? What is it that makes the driving power behind the ardor of service for others, that makes the summons of duty that may claim the sacrifice of life so stern, that makes bereavement, the parting or estrangement of friends, so grievous? In brief, is it not the fact that death is the end of something that can never be repeated, something unique, a special experience not to be lightly thrown away or despised? Death is so natural, so inevitable, that we cannot call it a tragedy in itself, but it is certainly something very different from the entrance into an agreeable place very like this world without its objectionable features, where we shall find ourselves very much the same prosaic creatures we are now in most cases.

To look upon the passing out of this life as nothing more than the stepping from one room to another is to vulgarize the meaning of life, for the solemnity of death consists in the closing for ever of a certain particular experience, during which the soul has had great opportunities never to recur in the same form again.

The feeling of individuality or self-identity in each separate incarnation, including the absence of the memory of past lives, and the uncertainty about the future, is the only effective means by which we can thoroughly learn the lessons we must master before passing on. From the standpoint of the immortals our sorrows and trials may look very small and ephemeral, just as the troubles of little children appear to grown-ups. The older people can see further than the children and know that their griefs are really trivial and fleeting; but the small troubles are very serious to the little ones whose whole horizon is darkened by them for the time. It is the same with us; if we realized the pettiness of our experiences in comparison with the enormous, wide-stretching glory of our possibilities in the future, if we knew too much before we were tried by suffering, by Nature's severe discipline, we should not enter seriously enough into the drama of life.

In *The Key to Theosophy*, H. P. Blavatsky, the Founder of the Theosophical Society, compares the Higher Ego to an actor who plays many

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parts. One moment the player masquerades as a clown, the next he may be Hamlet or Othello; when the curtain drops he resumes his original individuality, but until then he becomes, as far as he is able, the character he represents. Some of the greatest actors say they cannot do their best unless they absolutely identify themselves with the emotions and individualities of the parts they are taking, but they all return to their normal selves when the play is over. When the great curtain of life comes down after the last act, the Higher Ego gradually removes the garments of personality and leaves the world of illusion. It is worth recollecting that the words 'personality' or 'person' come from the Latin *persona*, which meant a mask which hid the face of the actor in the drama but allowed his voice to pass. Once we realize that our so-much-esteemed personalities are only masks through which the true self is trying to speak, generally with great difficulty, the whole aspect of life changes; we can never regard ourselves or others in the same way as before. Try it and see!

In the Bible a strange remark — one of the 'hard sayings' of Jesus, so easily misunderstood — is found repeated several times as if of great significance. In John's gospel he says:

"He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal."— xii, 25

In Mark it is:

"For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it.

"For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"
— vii, 35-36

Similar sayings, also attributed to Christ, are found in Luke and Matthew. The same teaching is found in other ancient religions and philosophies, in Socrates, in Epictetus, in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, and elsewhere; it is nothing new; and we know, from the study of history, and sometimes from experience, that the personal existence may have to be risked and even sacrificed to save the honor, the self-respect. But if *we* perish can that for which so much has been sacrificed, our honor, survive? and if so in what form is it inclosed? Yes, indeed, it is immortal and it belongs to the spiritual part of us, the immortal, the imperishable. While this may sound paradoxical, it has a meaning. Man suffers and strives, gains strength of will by conflict, learns a little unselfishness and brotherhood, and disappears. The cynic says: "What a miserable creature is man, the so-called heir to the ages." But he is wrong; the intuition is right which declares the suffering is not in vain, but that there is an enduring light within which burns all the brighter for the trimming of the lamp.

The Theosophical teaching of the complex nature of man harmonizes

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the difficulties which beset the serious inquirer. In Theosophical literature there is a good deal said about the Seven Principles of man — sometimes considered for simplicity, as three: body, soul, and spirit. In *The Secret Doctrine* and in other writings H. P. Blavatsky demonstrates the world-wide knowledge of the seven principles in antiquity by numerous quotations from ancient authors, and those who wish to study this interesting subject fully, can do so by consulting her works and those of William Q. Judge. For our present purpose we only need to bear in mind the fact that at incarnation the higher Ego throws out a portion of itself — a shadow or reflexion it might be called — which becomes the personal Ego identified with the bodily consciousness and which undergoes the trials and temptations of earth-life. After death the personal Ego rejoins its parent, bringing with it the strength and wisdom it has gained. In exact proportion to its success in overcoming the lower nature will the personality and its memories partake of the spiritual life in unison with the higher nature. If there have been no spiritual aspirations in that incarnation, if the lower passions and animal desires have smothered the higher aspirations, that incarnation has been a failure. In the Christian scriptures we find passage after passage teaching that the union with the Father in heaven is the only way the man on earth can gain immortality, though the nominal followers of Jesus have chosen to assume that every personality, good or bad, possesses some kind or other of eternal life by natural law. The Father in heaven is the divine Ego within, for we are frequently told that heaven is within.

One of the most beautiful and touching parables of Jesus is the story of the Prodigal Son. It has always been a favorite with thoughtful minds, but how many who have appreciated the beauty of it have realized that it might have another, a deeper, meaning than is apparent on the surface, which would be clear enough to the disciples of Jesus, to whom he explained his teachings, and probably to many of his general hearers who were naturally familiar with the principle of reincarnation. The prodigal son, straying away from his father's house, wasting his substance, and finally tending swine and eating husks, may well stand for the personality. At last, after many wanderings, many lifetimes of unspiritual activity we may say, he feels the call of his old home, the desire grows in his heart to return. He struggles back and finds the 'father' awaiting him with joy and forgiveness. The father has not gone out to find his son; the prodigal has to learn the worthlessness of worldly vanities and deliberately to turn his back on them and return of his own free will. Then the father can rejoice because, as he says, his son was dead and is now alive; he had been purified through suffering.

Another allegory of the union of the purified personal Ego with the

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divine self is found in the story of the Marriage in Cana where the 'water' was transmuted into 'wine.'

It is not needful to dwell upon the teachings of any one religion to find the Theosophical principle of duality; it is widespread, for it is the most important fact in the universe for us. But, like the knowledge of the roundness of the earth and its movement, it has been obscured. The time is not so long ago when such an ordinary matter as the ancient knowledge of astronomy had died out, and the learned thought the earth was a flat plain with a blue canopy over it. Yet it was a globe, and they were simply blind to the obvious fact; the appearance of flatness, the illusion of the sun's rising and setting, were misunderstood. The illusion that the temporary personality of one short life is the totality of a man is equally erroneous, whatever the appearances. Did you ever use the wings of the imagination to fly out a few thousand miles in space and look at the amazing spectacle of the great and beautiful earth, moving majestically through the ethereal spaces, attended by the faithful moon? To our European ancestors, steeped in the barbarism of the Dark Ages before the ancient sciences preserved by the Saracens had reached Europe through the Moors in Spain, such a true picture of the globe would have seemed purely fantastic; they could only comprehend the terrestrial details immediately around them very much as an ant can only see a few inches. In our general ignorance of the existence of the higher self and the great fact that the personality is only one of the many instruments it has used in its long progress towards perfection, we are deceived by appearances just as our ancestors were in regard to the earth-globe.

Our professional psychologists study with extreme care the workings of the brain-mind; they measure degrees of intelligence by means of ingenious questions and instruments; they test your reactions to all kinds of excitements; but the mysterious region of the real, immortal, self is quite another matter. It is vaguely supposed to belong to the domain of religion — that is to say, if there is a soul at all — and to have nothing to do with 'practical life.' We declare it has everything to do with practical life, and that, in fact, it must be brought into the ordinary affairs of life, or they are not truly practical.

The solution of the mystery of human deficiencies and delinquencies is that the human race is incompletely developed, and that many incarnations are necessary for the soul to get the upper hand. To judge by appearances in the world today and always, man is a fighting animal, far more so than the lower animals. While under the sway of ignorance and natural passion he seeks excuses to fight his fellow-men, his brothers, but some have reached the point — and all will do so in time — when they make the great discovery that the true battle is within, and that

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they can get all the fighting they want by turning their energies against their own lower natures. When this fight is over, the transmutation of lead into gold is accomplished, and mankind becomes a unity, each individual an adept, prepared to move onward into a glorified state.

Nature offers a beautiful example of the building up of an enduring being by the efforts and sacrifice of temporary lives, in the deciduous tree. The trunk and branches contain the possibilities of the tree and live on through all the changes of season; the leaves burst forth in the spring and perish of old age as winter approaches. Each leaf has lived its own life, its sorrows and joys; while serving the greater purpose of its existence — the sustenance of the parent tree and its fruits — it has enjoyed a healthy career, including birth, growth, maturity, decline, and death. In spring it was energized by the vital sap from the trunk, and when the time came for its fall its withered frame had yielded its goodness to the parent which originally gave it life.

But the illustration is incomplete, for the leaf cannot share the longevity of the tree, though some evergreens make a brave attempt; but the individual man aspires to the consciousness of immortality, and in proportion to his development the greater will be his effort to gain his dormant powers, to realize his real existence and to become conscious of his true mission on earth, and the greater his success. Here is where the splendid hope of Theosophy comes in. Not only can we move along slowly with the race, but each has the ever-present opportunity of winning the great prize — a prize that deprives no one else of anything, but by raising the standard of living, helps all; the prize is, of course, the illumination that comes from the Higher Self, evoked by a pure and unselfish life. This is the peace that passeth understanding.

In the effort to strive for the prize we are soon brought face to face with an unexpected obstacle, very subtle. By an apparent contradiction a pretended desire for advancement sometimes comes from the lower nature, playing the hypocrite. How can this be? Simply because the lower nature is seeking notoriety before men, attention and credit. The secret of true progress lies in the old, simple teaching, that Virtue is its own reward. One of the most helpful books in the range of Theosophical literature puts the matter in a sentence:

"Grow as the flower grows, unconsciously, but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air."
— *Light on the Path*

And what does Jesus say about considering the lilies of the field, how they grow? How many persons have lost their way in their strenuous efforts to save their own souls, regardless of the interests of others, like Peter's mother in the Swedish peasant-story, and regardless of the fact

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that any dwelling upon the comfortable idea that *I* am doing this or that, however fine it may be, leads away from the impersonality of the spiritual life; the higher self is not looking for recognition. To take a crude instance, we all know the vulgarity of ostentatious charity, which from its very nature has no element of love or true brotherhood in it; what can such action, inspired purely by the personal desire for credit, have to do with real progress! The real teachings of Jesus, so abominably obscured by dogmatic creeds, are filled with warnings against the subtlety of the lower nature and practical advice about checking it. Think of the sayings about not letting the left hand know what the right is doing, or of giving the cup of cold water in the name or spirit of the Christos.

The subject of the relation of the personal to the higher self is of the greatest importance; its solution is the secret of the ideal Theosophical life,— but we must conclude with one valuable suggestion from William Q. Judge, the second leader of the Theosophical Movement. He is speaking of undue anxiety to know if one is on the right Path, an anxiety which is sometimes of a selfish nature. He says:

“ . . . if he uses his best intuition, his best reason, and best effort, to find out his duty and do it, then one may be sure the path is there without stopping to look for it. And the path of one person may be the carting of packages, while for another it may lie in deep study or contemplation.”



“THE justice whose almighty word
Measures the bloody acts of impious men
With equal penance, who in the act itself
Includes the infliction, which like chainéd shot
Batter together still; though (as the thunder
Seems by men's duller hearing than their sight,
To break a great time after lightning forth,
Yet both at one time tear the laboring cloud),
So men think penance of their ills is slow,
Though the ill and the penance still together go.”

— GEORGE CHAPMAN, *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*,
Act V, Sc. 1

SOME SINISTER TENDENCIES

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

MANY people must have been struck with a kind of horror at the legislation which has been proposed in one of the states to inflict the death-penalty by means of lethal gas, to be administered surreptitiously during the victim's sleep, and at a time unknown to him; so that he is left with the prospect that, at night, when he retires to rest, he may or may not awake again. Such a method might conceivably be suited to the needs of a hardened and unthinking class of natures, but from the viewpoint of an ordinarily reflective and sensitive person it seems a veritable nightmare. Conceived undoubtedly with a view to mercy, it will seem to many in the light of a refinement of cruelty; such is the confusion of the human mind.

The same kind of feeling attaches, though in a less degree, to the method of execution by electricity, and arises from the gruesome mixture of penal rigor with scientific culture; and the barbarous method of felling the victim on the spot with a club would at least claim the virtues of consistency and appropriateness. As time goes on, this incompatibility between our advancing culture and our traditional customs from bygone centuries will grow more acute; and it seems apparent that it can only be solved by abolishing the death-penalty altogether. The only alternative is to revert to the more summary and brutal modes of carrying it out. Hence we are supplied with one good argument for the abolition of capital punishment.

As to the argument that capital punishment acts as a deterrent, we are disposed first to question the fact; and next, if the fact be admitted, to question its validity as an argument. One judges from what is being said, that the fact is seriously questioned by competent judges. As to the utility of capital punishment as a deterrent, when certain facts recognized by Theosophists are taken into account the case becomes still stronger against the efficacy of inflicting the death penalty. The psychic remains, which are not destroyed with the body, are turned into the psychic atmosphere of the community, to infest and obsess the weak-minded among the living; and thus is exemplified the law that violence does not cease by violence.

It has also been proposed that maniacs of a particularly violent and apparently hopeless degree shall be put to death; and against this the case is twofold. First comes the question of whether it is right or expedient to adopt such a course in a particular case; and next the question

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whether, granting the right or expediency in a particular case, it is expedient to establish thereby a precedent which, in its wider and more general applications, might well lead to extremes that few if any could tolerate. If we once start putting people to death, where shall we stop? There is the proposal to do the same for hopeless invalids; there is the proposal to mutilate delinquents of a certain class in such a way as to render them physically incapable of committing their offense. Where is it all to stop?

Here again we see the same clashing between culture and barbarism; the culture is in our intellects, the barbarism in our sentiments.

An advertisement urges people to breed guinea-pigs, stating that, though these animals breed enormously fast, having several litters a year, yet there is such a huge demand for them in laboratories that it has become profitable to farm out the business in this way. The advertisement adds that this "has nothing to do with vivisection." Such a mere quibble will only serve to confirm our suspicions as to the purpose for which these swarms of animals are needed. If arguments are to be accepted, we ought to expect the human race in these civilized lands to be progressing rapidly in health, and the doctors to be advancing as rapidly in knowledge and the power to understand and cure disease. The fact that animal experimentation is so violently at variance with our natural feelings ought to be a warning that this method is a wrong track, and that such means are unclean and more likely to promote disease than to cure it.

There is need for an organized and definite body of scientific opinion that shall be directed to the preservation of science in its true sphere and functions, and to resisting all tendencies towards sinister and repulsive courses. For one cannot speak too highly of the true scientific spirit; which is all the more reason why one should protest against any abuse of privilege, any attempt to shelter a bad cause behind a fair reputation.

If science, objecting to dead bodies, wishes to study living tissue, let it better its own plan and study man and animals as they are and without resorting to barbarous and questionable expedients. The treatment of disease is every day becoming more and more a question of studying the mind and habits. Along that track we are far more likely to achieve success in finding the causes of diseases and overcoming them.



F. J. Dick, *Editor*

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

SUNDAY MEETINGS IN ISIS THEATER

MME. KATHERINE TINGLEY the Theosophical Leader spoke on March 20th, taking as the text for her address *Isaiah*, lix, 14: "And judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off: for truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter."

"Judgment is turned away backward!" said the speaker. "This means the very antithesis of true judgment, and it takes its rise in a tendency of the brain-mind that, uncontrolled, can turn men into savages and tyrants in their decisions. Yet how rarely do we find true justice at work in the human heart and mind today! If it were truly manifest we should not see everywhere man against man, society against society, church against church and system against system."

**True Justice
a Keynote
of Optimism**

"The spiritual ideal of judgment and justice as *Isaiah* conceived it is also the Theosophical ideal; but how can justice manifest when it is put into a corner and held down by the despotic side of human nature. I ask you, fathers and mothers, how can you do justice to your children, your duties and your homes as long as the psychological fever of greed and disintegration is so manifest in life? Does it not seem to you as though some new element should enter in?"

"The common law is striving like some great soul to express the spirit of justice, but can you deny that it must receive a new touch? Otherwise, I can see no way to protect the innocent and stay the hand of cruel injustice."

"Theosophy is the key to the situation, though the bigot and the hypocrite oppose it because it is in their way. It gives to life the keynote of optimism. It shows you that every thought which you have on lines of retrogression, distrust or despair, makes for the downfall not only of yourself but of others, for this is a psychological law. But how much better for you to say: 'I will live a purposeful life; I will make clear my life on lines of equity; I will open the door of my consciousness that equity may enter in and be my companion; I will live in trust and hope and optimism until verily my life shall become its manifestation.'"

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Mme. Katherine Tingley spoke on March 27th upon the subject, 'The Way of the Transgressor is Hard — a Theosophical Interpretation.' She said in part:

"This is an unusual time. The very fact that the whole world is accentuating the idea of Easter is something to think about. **Easter betokens** We have in nature so many wonderful and exquisite **Resurrection of** lessons — not only in the flowers we see about us **the Christos Spirit** but in those which are blooming in the eternal verities of life,— that if we could leave behind us the harrowing pictures of perfidies and lack of honor, life's misery and its despair, and could wander out into the woods in touch with nature, we should catch the spirit of something quite new. The tiny flowers bursting up through the earth to meet the spring-time are symbols of the inner life, and they emphasize the fact that life is joy.

"We should awaken as these do. We should resurrect the Christos Spirit within us, we should resurrect the soul of man. We should cultivate in our heart and mind that which bespeaks this Divine Spirit. It is within our natures — for we are all Divine — and is ever seeking recognition. It is bursting through the earth of our animal, our mortal lives, that it may manifest in character, in the true spirit of tolerance. When that happens the heart expands, the life expands, one's conception of duty and responsibility grows larger, and one becomes in time absolutely a god moving among men. That is what Christ and other great helpers became, through many lives of struggle for self-mastery,— many incarnations.

"That is why we pay at this Easter-time our tribute to the glory of the Divine Law, and to the wonder and beauty of the springtime. That is why we are here. But out of this hour must come lessons. And certainly the message which Christ taught — and one which I love to accentuate — was tolerance even for the transgressor, even for the one who has done wrong.

"It is the lack of the Christos Spirit in life that brings about injustice. If Christ were to enter our city tonight and we should give him this platform, he would protest, he would admonish as he admonished the money-changers in the temple — for I hold that this historical picture is not to be taken literally but is a symbolic account merely — and he would blame you for closing your eyes to even one wrong in your midst. You should go through life unafraid, able to stand calmly for the right and protect the innocent, fortified with that knowledge which Theosophy gives you, which indeed is your heritage."

Mme. Katherine Tingley spoke on April 3rd, taking her subject from Shakespeare: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players. They have their exits and their entrances, and one man in his time plays many parts." Said the Theosophical Leader:

"To study Shakespeare from the broader standpoint enables one to find the larger vision of life and its meaning, and one realizes that there was

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in him the power of the great reformer, the great teacher, and how wonderful his versatility! He had thought so intensely in respect to the spiritual side of things and the needs of humanity that he could see all sides, and his work, like that of Mme. Blavatsky, was centuries ahead of the time.

**The Limited
Idea of only
one Life**

"We must remember that his effort was not merely to entertain, but to lift the human mind out of its limitations and its ignorance.

"Through his poetry and his sermons he made his dramas human Bibles. It will be many centuries before the world will realize what a light he was. He recognised the play of the higher and the lower forces in human nature and in life, and it is these, as played in life today that have brought about the present confusion and suffering. Because of this, the very anguish of the world is pouring itself out to us in the silence."

Referring to the Theosophical teaching of Reincarnation, the speaker said: "This doctrine is the great revealer, the open path to self-effort. It brings us to the inside meaning of life and we realize that instead of depending upon outer things for the help we need, we should depend upon the Self within. We must cross the bridge of Imagination and stand there boldly, defiantly, challenging the Higher Law, daring to look beyond the limited idea of only one life for humanity, out over the great broad blue ocean of truth; then the very atoms of the body would be dignified with a new purpose, a new inspiration, as though the voice of the gods had urged the step,— for the power of overcoming on spiritual lines gives one also the power to overcome on material lines, and it is on this plane of effort that Shakespeare points the way. If he were to come again I have no doubt that he would write another human Bible, greater than the one he has written. Read Shakespeare and read our poets and find the thread of gold running through their writings, their pictures of the justice of the Higher Law and the grandeur, the inspiration, the beauty, and the sublimity of the Universal Life!"

FAVORS BILL STOPPING EXECUTION OF MINORS

EDITOR *San Diego Union*: This appeal is made to all citizens of California. It is upon a subject that touches closely the dignity and honor of the state, that is, the people of the state. A bill to abolish capital punishment for minors is being introduced into the state legislature by Assemblywoman Anna Saylor. Whatever our views in regard to capital punishment for adults, surely we should ponder very seriously before, by our silence and apathy, we withhold our support to this bill. The following are a few of the reasons for the abolishing of capital punishment for minors:

1. Because minors in the eyes of the law are children and have not yet come to years of full judgment and discretion. How then can they be held to be fully accountable for any crime they may commit? And if they are not fully accountable the state has no right to inflict upon them the supreme penalty of capital punishment.

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2. Capital punishment is an irrevocable penalty. If a man or boy is hanged and afterwards new evidence proves his innocence, the state cannot undo the terrible wrong. Capital punishment was abolished in Rhode Island in 1852 because it was found that the state had hanged an innocent man, and in Maine because in 1887 two innocent men had been hanged. The state can restore property, reputation, citizenship — it cannot restore life. Shall California show itself less enlightened in this respect than Rhode Island, Maine, and other states?

3. Because there will be greater certainty of conviction if the death penalty is abolished. Many a man on a jury has held out against conviction of a boy or man simply because of the horror he has had of sending him to death.

4. Because to take human life is unnatural: it offends every noble instinct, it is purely revenge and not in any sense remedial, it does not undo the first wrong.

5. Because life taken by the state is as much murder as if taken by an individual and is a violation of the Mosaic commandment, "Thou shalt do no murder," and of Christ's command, "Thou shalt not kill."

6. Because enlightened men and women in all ages and countries have held and now hold that penalties inflicted by the state should not be for punishment only or mainly, but for reformation. If minors, *i. e.*, the children of the state, commit crime, is not that proof in itself that they have not been properly trained, and may it not be that the state, as well as the parents and guardians of those minors, those children, has failed in some respect in its whole duty to them? If a minor then, has committed a crime, what should we do — for we are the state? Should we hang him and then think we have done our duty to him — a child, a minor? I say, shame on us, if that is our response. We cannot, like a minor, claim we are not fully accountable. We are supposed, at least, to have reached years of discretion, and for us, *i. e.*, the state, for we are the state, to hang a minor would be a thousand-fold worse crime than any which he might have committed; for our crime would be done in cold blood, whereas almost to a certainty his was done on impulse, unpremeditated and as a result of sudden passion.

What, then, is our duty to him? Surely, to give him another chance — to use Katherine Tingley's words — to grant him continued life at least, and, if we are wise, an opportunity and our help to reform.

Capital punishment is a blot upon the statute book of California. Shall we, the people of California, permit it to stay, or shall we remove it? At least let us not be so small-minded, so lacking in dignity and self-respect, or so lacking in resourcefulness, as to demand the life of a child for any crime he may have committed.

I appeal to you to support this bill to abolish capital punishment for minors. Write to the senator or assemblyman of your district (address them at the Capitol, Sacramento), urging them to support the bill.

— JOSEPH H. FUSSELL, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

— From the *San Diego Union*, March 5, 1921

URGES SUPPORT OF SAYLOR AMENDMENT

EDITOR *San Diego Union*: Mme. Katherine Tingley, the Theosophical Leader, is giving energetic support to the bill to amend Section 190 of the Penal Code, by which the death penalty for minors will be abolished in this state. This bill will be brought before the state legislature at Sacramento by Assemblywoman Anna Saylor within a very short time. Through the Woman's International Theosophical League and the Men's International Theosophical League of Humanity, which were founded by Mme. Tingley some years ago for educational and humanitarian work and both of which have for one of their stated objects "to abolish capital punishment," Mme. Tingley is making a special appeal to workers for human uplift, particularly along lines of education and prison reform. As she said in her lecture at Isis Theater, Sunday evening, "It is a monstrous thing that murder should be legalized, but it is more than monstrous in the case of the youth. There is no logic in it and no justice."

We shall hear many arguments pro and con regarding this moot question, doubtless, but Mme. Tingley, who has been engaged in prison-work and in work for the abolition of the death-penalty in several states, and for a period of more than thirty years, declares that capital punishment is retrogressive, unjust, barbarous, inhuman and an interference with divine law, because it is contrary to the divine commands, "Thou shalt not kill," and "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." It makes of our common law an instrument of retrogression rather than of justice and upliftment, for it is manifestly contradictory and illogical for our laws to indorse in the state an act that in the case of the private citizen they both prohibit and condemn. Moreover, capital punishment is no deterrent of crime, a fact established by testimony dating from the dawn of history, and brought out by Blackstone, among others, who cites instances from the history of Russia, England, and Rome in derogation of cruel punishments, and who sagely observes (what might be pondered over today with profit) that "sanguinary laws are a bad symptom of the distemper of any state, or at least of its weak constitution."

We hear a great deal from opponents of a more humane interpretation of our laws about the old Mosaic injunction, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." But that argument is weak, for logic sometimes keeps going when to be gracious it really ought to stop. Blackstone observes very keenly on the *lex talionis*, or 'law of retaliation,' that "there are very many crimes that will in no shape admit of these penalties, without manifest absurdity and wickedness. Theft cannot be punished with theft, defamation by defamation, forgery by forgery, adultery by adultery, and the like"; and he adds, with regard to "removing one murderer from the earth and setting a dreadful example to deter others," that even this instance "proceeds upon other principles than those of retaliation." Quite outside of the pleading of compassion, here is something to think about. Can we afford to be so behind the times?

And also, can we afford to discredit our beloved state in the eyes of the

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world by allowing this amendment to be lost? It is so even with enlightened public conscience, and so in line with the policies of our more progressive states and nations, particularly those who have already abolished the death-penalty and given the departure a fair trial, that patriotic reasons alone should make us pause and question. But behind all argument there looms the pathetic shadow of the condemned children in the eyes of the law, bewildered, unbefriended, often ignorant and alone. Has not mercy a right to plead for those who cannot plead for themselves?

If this bill is to receive your support in time, immediate action is imperative, and all who feel urged to support it are asked to write or wire, without delay, to the senator and assemblyman of their district, addressing them 'The Capitol, Sacramento, California.' — GRACE KNOCHÉ, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, March 7, 1921

— From the *San Diego Union*, March 8, 1921

ORDER, *Carnivora*; Family, *Canidae*: Case of Automatic Locomotor-Orientation superinduced by Cardiac Neurosis.— "There were two dogs, a black smooth-coated one, and a rather larger white one. The latter was in the water by his own desire. The black one slipped off the stone coping and had an involuntary bath. He strove to extricate himself by gaining the top of the coping with his fore-paws, but his hind-feet could get no grip, so that he always fell back, eventually showing signs of distress. In the meantime the white dog had left the water by way of the shallow river-bed, and at once went round to see what the other dog was doing. Realizing the gravity of the situation, he tried to grab the black dog by the neck, in which he failed several times, but at last got some of his teeth under the other dog's collar and hauled him out instantly."— *Press Clipping*

Theosophical University Meteorological Station Point Loma, California

Summary for March, 1921

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	63.51	Number hours actual sunshine	255.60
Mean lowest	50.13	Number hours possible	372.00
Mean	56.82	Percentage of possible	69.00
Highest	70.00	Average number hours per day	8.25
Lowest	44.00		
Greatest daily range	18.00	WIND	
PRECIPITATION		Movement in miles	4460.00
Inches	1.28	Average hourly velocity	6.00
Total from July 1, 1920	5.44	Maximum velocity	27.00

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded in New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others
Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley
Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma, with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either 'at large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large,' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress. To all sincere lovers of truth, and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California

The Theosophical Path

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR



Rd. 586799

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VOL. XX NO. 6

POINT LOMA, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

JUNE 1921

SINGLE COPY Domestic 30c. Foreign 35c. or 1s. 6d. SUBSCRIPTION \$3.00; Canadian Postage \$0.35 Foreign \$0.50

THE PATH

THE illustration on the cover of this Magazine is a reproduction of the mystical and symbolical painting by Mr. R. Machell, the English artist, now a Student at the International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California. The original is in Katherine Tingley's collection at the International Theosophical Headquarters. The symbolism of this painting is described by the artist as follows:

THE PATH is the way by which the human soul must pass in its evolution to full spiritual self-consciousness. The supreme condition is suggested in this work by the great figure whose head in the upper triangle is lost in the glory of the Sun above, and whose feet are in the lower triangle in the waters of Space, symbolizing Spirit and Matter. His wings fill the middle region representing the motion or pulsation of cosmic life, while within the octagon are displayed the various planes of consciousness through which humanity must rise to attain to perfect Manhood.

At the top is a winged Isis, the Mother or Oversoul, whose wings veil the face of the Supreme from those below. There is a circle dimly seen of celestial figures who hail with joy the triumph of a new initiate, one who has reached to the heart of the Supreme. From that point he looks back with compassion upon all who are still wandering below and turns to go down again to their help as a Savior of Men. Below him is the red ring of the guardians who strike down those who have not the 'password,' symbolized by the white flame floating over the head of the purified aspirant. Two children, representing purity, pass up unchallenged. In the center of the picture is a warrior who has slain the dragon of illusion, the dragon of the lower self, and is now prepared to cross the gulf by using the body of the dragon as his bridge (for we rise on steps made of conquered weaknesses, the slain dragon of the lower nature).

On one side two women climb, one helped by the other whose robe is white and whose flame burns bright as she helps her weaker sister. Near them a man climbs from the darkness; he has money-bags hung at his belt but no flame above his head, and already the spear of a guardian of the fire is poised above him ready to strike the unworthy in his hour of triumph. Not far off is a bard whose flame is veiled by a red cloud (passion) and who lies prone, struck down by a guardian's spear; but as he lies dying, a ray from the heart of the Supreme reaches him as a promise of future triumph in a later life.

On the other side is a student of magic, following the light from a crown (ambition) held aloft by a floating figure who has led him to the edge of the precipice over which for him there is no bridge; he holds his book of ritual and thinks the light of the dazzling crown comes from the Supreme, but the chasm awaits its victim. By his side his faithful follower falls unnoticed by him, but a ray from the heart of the Supreme falls upon her also, the reward of selfless devotion, even in a bad cause.

Lower still in the underworld, a child stands beneath the wings of the foster-mother (material Nature) and receives the equipment of the Knight, symbols of the powers of the Soul, the sword of power, the spear of will, the helmet of knowledge and the coat of mail, the links of which are made of past experiences.

It is said in an ancient book "The Path is one for all, the ways that lead thereto must vary with the pilgrim."



The Theosophical Path

An International Magazine

Unsectarian
Monthly



Nonpolitical
Illustrated

Devoted to the Brotherhood of Humanity, the promulgation of Theosophy, the study of ancient & modern Ethics, Philosophy, Science and Art, and to the uplifting and purification of Home and National Life.

Edited by Katherine Tingley

International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California, U.S.A.

No one, unless all his acts have been submitted to the infallible censorship of his own conscience, willingly turns his thoughts back upon the past. He who has ambitiously desired, haughtily scorned, passionately vanquished, treacherously deceived, greedily snatched, or prodigally wasted much, must needs fear his own memory; yet this is a holy and consecrated part of our time, beyond the reach of all human accidents, removed from the dominion of Fortune, and which cannot be disquieted by want, fear, or attacks of sickness; this can neither be troubled nor taken away from one; we possess it forever undisturbed. Our *present* consists only of single days, and these, too, taken one hour at a time; but all the days of past times appear before us when bidden, and allow themselves to be examined and lingered over, albeit busy men cannot find time for so doing. It is the privilege of a tranquil and peaceful mind to review all the parts of its life, but the minds of over-busy men are like animals under the yoke, and cannot bend aside or look back. Consequently their life passes away into vacancy, and as you do no good however much you may pour into a vessel which cannot keep or hold what you put there, so also it matters not how much time you give men if it can find no place to settle in, but leaks away through the chinks and holes of their brains. *Present* time is very short, so much so that to some it seems to be no time at all; for it is always in motion, and runs swiftly away: it ceases to exist before it comes, and can no more brook delay than can the universe or the host of heaven, whose unresting movement never lets them pause on their way. Over-busy men, therefore, possess present time alone, that being so short that they cannot grasp it, and when they are occupied with many things they lose even this.

— SENECA, on *The Shortness of Life*, x; translation by Stewart

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

EDITED BY KATHERINE TINGLEY

Published by the New Century Corporation, Point Loma, California

Entered as second-class matter, July 25, 1911, at the Postoffice at Point Loma, California

Under the act of March 3, 1879

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COMMUNICATIONS

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to 'KATHERINE TINGLEY, *Editor THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH*, Point Loma, California.'

To the BUSINESS MANAGEMENT, including subscriptions, should be addressed to the 'NEW CENTURY CORPORATION, Point Loma, California.'

MANUSCRIPTS

The Editor cannot undertake to return manuscripts; none will be considered unless accompanied by the author's name and marked with the number of words. The Editor is responsible only for views expressed in unsigned articles.

SUBSCRIPTION

By the year, postpaid, in the United States, Cuba, Mexico, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines' THREE DOLLARS payable in advance, single copy, THIRTY CENTS. Foreign Postage, FIFTY CENTS; Canadian, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

REMITTANCES

All remittances to the New Century Corporation must be made payable to

CLARK THURSTON, *Manager*
Point Loma, California

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HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

**FOUNDRESS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN 1875
IN NEW YORK CITY. FIRST LEADER OF THE
THEOSOPHICAL MOVEMENT THROUGHOUT
THE WORLD: 1875 — 1891**

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH

KATHERINE TINGLEY, EDITOR

VOL. XX, NO. 6

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AND thus we come from another life and nature unto this one, just as men come out of some other city, to some much-frequented mart; some being slaves to glory, others to money; and there are some few who taking no account of anything else, earnestly look into the nature of things: and these men call themselves studious of wisdom, that is, philosophers.

— PYTHAGORAS; a fragment in Cicero's *Tusculan Disputations*, v, 3; translated by C. D. Yonge

IS MAN HIS OWN SAVIOR?

H. T. EDGE, M. A.



WE say that Theosophy proclaims truths, not dogmas; and the difference between the two is that truths prove themselves to our perceptions by their obviousness, and to our judgment by their practical usefulness; while dogmas may fail at one or both of these tests. One truth proclaimed by Theosophy is that man is his own savior; and the reality of this truth is recognised by man himself in his behavior; for in the last resort it is always upon his own intelligence and efforts that he relies. Whatever his professed belief, he speaks and acts on the presumption that his welfare and progress depend on efforts of his own devising; and it is amusing to see how the most avowed skeptic or materialist, declaring a belief that man is a minor creature at the mercy of vast unintelligent forces, stands erect upon the pinnacle of his own pride and self-confidence and lays down schemes for the future conduct of the human race. The fact is that man, like other creatures, acts in accordance with his own nature; and being actually endowed with an introspective and creative intelligence, he cannot do otherwise than use it.

It is recognised that the governance of human societies rests finally on the individuals composing them, whatever be the form of government prevailing; for even the most tyrannous despot cannot override beyond a certain point the wills of his subjects. Hence we soon get back to the point

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that reform must come through a reform in the conduct of the individual. It was to show how the individual can be reformed that Theosophy was promulgated.

Two great facts were pointed out for this purpose: that there are in all men faculties which have been latent during recent history, and which can be revived; and that the past has records of higher human attainment, which are not obliterated, but have been preserved through the dark ages by custodians, in readiness for when they are needed.

The works of H. P. Blavatsky may be summed up under these two heads. The study of the spiritual powers latent in man, and the investigation of sciences, religions, philosophies, and their symbology, have from the first been principal objects of Theosophy.

As to the spiritual powers, a careful distinction has always been drawn between *spiritual* and *psychic*, the nature of which distinction can readily be understood by a study of *The Key to Theosophy*, which explains it fully and shows how it is concerned with the sevenfold nature of man. The crucial point is that the culture of psychic powers does not necessarily imply the conquest of selfish motives, but may on the contrary simply arm the selfish passions with new weapons. People have been so accustomed to materialism that they think that anything beyond the material and physical must be holy and spiritual. This is far from being the actual case. We find illustration in the proclaimed ideals and the actual conduct of very many people engaged in the study of psychism; for personal desires are all too frequently made the primary object of their quest. Some of these cults are frank and undisguised in their appeal to selfish motives; in other cases we may detect illustration of the well-known law that the devil in man, if repressed, is apt to crop up again in a specious and attractive guise. Vanity is fostered under the guise of a high motive; ambition wraps itself up in the mantle of devotion.

Hence we find H. P. Blavatsky, in her demonstration of the principles of Theosophy, and also her successors, William Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley, insisting very strongly on the distinction between spiritual and psychic powers, and warning seriously against the culture of the latter. The harmonious development of man requires that, before developing psychic powers, he shall have acquired the power to wield them; that is, that he shall not use them for selfish purposes. It is evident that, if he cannot resist the temptations to which he is subject in the normal state, he can never resist those greater temptations to which he will be subject when to his physical powers are added the far subtler and stronger psychic powers.

The spiritual powers in man are those which emanate from his higher nature and inspire right conduct and unselfish motives. These are the

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powers to cultivate first; for their development stabilizes the whole nature, freeing the man from the dominion of his passions and thus saving him from the danger of speeding down the path of self-undoing and sorrow.

Nothing is more obvious than that what the world needs is, not more powers, material or psychic, but right ideals of conduct. We can see this readily enough when we think of mankind in the mass, or of other people; but our self-love is apt to make exceptions in our own personal case.

As to the preservation of knowledge from past ages, Theosophy has never failed to lay great stress on the importance of archaeology; and since H. P. Blavatsky's day, great advances have been made in this science, all tending to bear out her statements. As time goes by, we find it more difficult to blind our eyes to the fact that man has indeed possessed great knowledge in bygone ages; and that this knowledge is rendered accessible by means of that universal symbolism which at once hides its true meaning from the superficial and reveals it to the student. To throw out hints and give a few clues to the interpretation of this symbolism is one of the objects of H. P. Blavatsky's works, *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*.

If man is to be his own savior, it must be through his knowledge and conduct — through the higher resources of his own nature; for otherwise he might become his own destroyer, as is indeed the case when he yields to the forces emanating from his lower nature. The problem for humanity in the mass is not different from that for man the individual. I find that the impulses of my nature, permitted to grow strong, each in its own direction, are at last threatening to pull me to pieces; and the instinct of self-preservation bids me seek out that in myself which is stable. I am obliged to still my emotions and chase out the horde of distracting thoughts, so that my vitality can take refuge in the stable center, thus giving me freedom, equilibrium, and control. Theosophy gets ready for the time when, the violent and contrary forces prevalent in society having brought it to an impasse, it will turn to seek something stable. Then the Theosophical teachings will be to hand, and also the demonstration of what their application can effect.

If man is to rely on himself, he must discriminate between that in himself which is trustworthy and that which is not. He must begin by rendering himself *free* — a much-abused word, which ought to imply freedom from the bondage of delusions and uncontrolled desire, rather than the claiming from other people of supposed rights which we assert they have taken away from us. No one can free us but ourselves.

ESOTERO

KENNETH MORRIS

A SCARLET ember burns where flamed the sunset gold
But now, and rubied through, and glowing somberly
O'er the dim silver waste grown all severe and cold,
Looms the long cloudbank low between the sky and sea:
Gloom with the sunken sun's passed splendors shotten through,
What secret shines therethrough? what lambent memory
Sunk in the west of time is imaged forth anew?

Yonder maroon cloud-bastion rubiately aglow
Caught never its grandeur save from human hearts on fire,—
Enanguished hearts, that of their myriad wars and woe
Sometime wrought out the peace that shines beyond desire.
It is all human there. The Spirit within us feels
The pride and ecstasy of the Spirit throb through the sun's
dim pyre.
Hush! more than eyes can see the quiet heart reveals.

Portents and pageantries! From what vast city ways
Hid in the abyss of time, what echoes of proud songs
Drift o'er the wan expanse? Listen! the wine-flushed haze
Yonder is solemnly vibrant as with a boom of gongs
Quivering, and cry of harps far off, and grandiose motion
Where in procession pass hierarchic beautiful throngs
Flame-vestured like the Gods, 'twixt the dark air and ocean. . . .

What proud untroubled eyes shine there! what peace and power
To dominate the storms and treacheries of fate!
Our Mighty Mother dreams: her antique ages' flower
The waning fires and glooms of sunset reinstate.
The Eternal shining through the rubiate murk of Time
Quickens the visible, and suddenly elate,
Time lifts his drooping head, one moment grown sublime.

Memory or prophecy, who knows? Behind the veil
The senses weave, still bide their hour in the Unseen
All the beauty and glory that are an olden tale,
And shall rebloom here. — Fade the topaz, the jade-green
Liquescence in the sky, the splendors aureoled;
'Twixt this and the dim island wanes the beryl sheen;
But the glory shall be again, that hath been of old.

*International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California*

THE CONTINUITY OF LIFE, FROM THE THEOSOPHICAL STANDPOINT

R. MACHELL

THE continuity of life is evident to the most casual observer, but also to the same observer death is undeniable and seemingly universal. But this merely shows how very loosely we use words: for it is easy to see that the death of a creature does not mean cessation of life in the dead body of what was a living creature. When a body dies the momentary paralysis of active life is promptly followed by decomposition, which is a manifestation of intense life. Millions of small lives get to work propagating destroying lives, all of which work with enormous energy to complete the change that death began. Anyone who has turned over a dead body of an animal or bird that has lain neglected for some time, will remember the shock of disgust that comes when the dead carcass is found to be a seething mass of worms and maggots bred and begotten in that dead body. Life does not cease at death, but rather enters on a new cycle of activity.

“Oh!” but you say, “the animal is dead.” Yes! but the carcass is alive. It has ceased to be an animal; but it is teeming with living creatures produced from the substance of the body of the animal. The body is no longer an animal, and it will soon cease to be a body. All that will remain will be a skeleton. And in a little longer while that too will disappear and be converted into mineral and vegetable forms of life, which in their turn may be devoured by other animals for the upbuilding and support of bodies that then are living and that will surely die and in their turn disintegrate, as the great tide of life may ebb or flow.

There is an ebb and flow in life, as in the sea, and in the seasons of the year. The summer comes and goes, the flowers spring up and wither, and death liberates the life within for new activities: but there is no end of life.

When the tide of the ocean ebbs, in places where the shore is level, the sea may go so far that seaside villages are left some twenty or thirty miles inland. A stranger arriving at one of these seaside resorts when the tide is out and the sea far away out of sight may think he has been fooled by the proprietor of a summer residence described as within a stone's throw of the sea and which he has rented in good faith. But when the tide turns the sea comes racing up a thousand gullies and channels faster than a horse can gallop and in a few hours the sandy desert will have disappeared and the broad surface of the ocean stretch from the village street out to the horizon unbroken by a sign of land. So too the tide of

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life ebbs and flows, and we call the incoming tide life, and the outgoing death, being careless of the words we use, and often thoughtless or unobservant of the facts of life.

Look back in fancy to the time when Nineveh and Babylon were as luxurious and perhaps almost as dissolute as some of our modern cities, teeming with life, wealthy and populous, doing business with all the nations of the earth by land and sea. That was when life was at the flood-tide. Now life has ebbed, and archaeologists dispute about the dates of the various sandhills that conceal the ruins of those great cities, whose actual existence was doubted by the men of a short time back. Yet the tide of life that ebbed in Assyria was flowing strong and sure elsewhere. There is no lack of people on the earth. Life has not ceased, because the gardens of Babylon are now sandhills.

And when the sea sweeps over the sunken land that once was called New York and when Chicago has become as populous as the Mojave desert and more difficult to find than Troy or Babylon, life will flow on as evenly as now elsewhere. Life is continuous although no form of life endures. Change is the law of life, on this earth at least. Life means the birth and death of creatures as well as their growth from seed to full-grown plant or animal; and life is present in decay. What we call death is but a change of life. What we call life is a long process of decay, or as one might say death long drawn out; for all the atoms of the body change continually while the creature lives its bodily life on earth.

Yet when we speak of life and death as opposites we are not speaking foolishly but merely carelessly: for Life itself is not what we mean when making the contrast of life and death: but we speak loosely perhaps of the life of an individual creature as life in general, whereas what we mean is a particular form of living body, a manifestation of life, to which death puts an end as a form of life by changing an organic unit into its constituent elements, which are living entities innumerable.

This principle of continuity, on which the manifested universe depends, was embodied in the old formula employed to express the eternal ideal of monarchy: "The king is dead. Long live the king" — a paradox in words, a philosophic truism, to those who looked upon the right of kings as a principle in nature when nature included the divine idea. And precisely the same idea is to be found in the old Latin adage *vox populi, vox Dei*. The voice of the people is the voice of a god, or a divine voice; because the people as a unit were regarded as a spiritual entity embodied in vast numbers of material creatures, not dying when the separate creatures change their form and die. The advent of materialism marked the passing of the god-idea. Materialism is disintegration of ideals marking the passing of the soul of a people, such as in past ages heralded

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the decay of civilizations and the disappearance of great nations. The soul passed on and left the body to disintegrate. But the soul is life itself; it does not die with the bodies it insouled. Something there is that dies: what is it? The body that is dead we know is full of life, repulsive forms of life no doubt, but living creatures all the same — worms and their kin.

The soul that has passed on, discarding a wornout or unmanageable body, finding it too dead for use, that soul has not died. What then is dead? That which is dead is the illusion that we persistently regard as a reality, the *personality*: the *appearance* that results from the presence of a spiritual being in the soul of a bodily creature.

To understand this problem we have to study the Theosophic teachings on the complex nature of man and the universe in which we live. The keys are there: without them we are met with endless contradictions, paradoxes, and perplexities. But use the keys, and life becomes intelligible to just the degree in which the student is able to apply them for himself, for no teaching can supply a lack of comprehension.

Madame Blavatsky, who reintroduced Theosophy to our generation, said that to every mystery there are seven keys and each key must be turned in the lock seven times before the secret is disclosed in its completeness. She laid much stress on the importance of understanding the sevenfold nature of man and the universe. And she devoted a great deal of space in her writings to the elucidation of the doctrine of Reincarnation which enables us to solve the many problems of life, death, and rebirth, which seem so unintelligible without the aid of this key. When she founded the Theosophical Society the doctrine of Reincarnation was strange to the majority of her readers; today there are few educated people who have not some sort of acquaintance with the word at least. Unfortunately the teaching is often misunderstood, and one of the commonest mistakes made is to confuse the doctrine of Reincarnation with the degraded superstition still prevalent and known as the transmigration of souls: by which is generally understood the idea that the human soul at death may reincarnate in an animal. No! Once a human soul has entered the human kingdom it cannot go back and become an animal.

I spoke just now of the strange mass of creatures that are generated in a decomposing animal body. It is not to be supposed that the immortal soul has reincarnated in the worms and maggots that the dead body produces so plentifully for its own disintegration!

When the philosophical Oriental speaks of transmigration of human qualities into lower kingdoms of nature, he is not referring to the human soul, but to a purely animal principle that is not the soul proper, but which functions in the physical body of man, as a director of the lower

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lives that are wholly concerned with the upkeep of the physical body and the performance of its purely animal functions. To call this lower principle the soul is to confuse the spiritual self-conscious entity with the body it temporarily inhabits. Now it is evident that some people are so degraded that their true self, the spiritual soul, seldom gets a chance to make its presence effective as a guiding and controlling power in their lives. In such cases the soul is a prisoner, and it is the victim of those lower animal intelligences that have got control of the body and brain of the man. Such a man is almost soulless. But so long as the man has not become an idiot or a lunatic it is still possible that the soul may yet assert itself and regain some degree of control over the degraded mind and body. When, however, the spiritual soul has left the body, and the man is entirely controlled by the lower principles: when, in fact, he is insane, then it may be possible that these lower principles set free by the death and destruction of the body may be drawn back to that lower stratum of animal intelligences from which they were never truly parted. It is probable that an ignorant person might see in this obviously natural process something akin to the crude superstition that represents the spiritual soul as going back where it no longer belongs, to that stratum of animal consciousness through which it had evolved ages and aeons ago on other worlds, in previous cycles of evolution on other planets. For Theosophy teaches the eternal processes of evolution as taking place on planets in a corresponding state of evolution, through periods of time that to us might seem incalculable.

And thus the spiritual soul of man is spoken of as overshadowing man until he reaches a stage of evolution at which incarnation of the true human soul can be begun. The completion of this incarnation of the divine spirit is only possible in the perfected man, who then becomes a Christ, a Buddha, an illuminated man.

The teaching of Theosophy is that all men must reach perfection in some kind and on some planet. All evolution naturally tends towards perfection, however long the process and however far away the goal may seem. And here I would suggest that all our terms are relative to our state of evolution, and consequently there must be degrees of perfection, or perhaps I should say perfection of each state in evolution, which when attained would open a new cycle of experience for the evolving soul.

What are the states of consciousness existing between the animal and human kingdoms, may be a subject of investigation: but it would seem reasonable to suppose that there is no confusion of species in the plan.

We all know that even the lowest kind of man may show a singular mastery over animals. And sometimes it would appear that while man may mistake himself for a mere animal and may act accordingly, no

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animal would make that mistake. Men do at times sink lower than the brutes; but even then the brutes know that the men are of a superior race, even if they (the men) forget it. This may be seen in the fidelity of dogs to utterly unworthy masters. A dog may seem superior to his master, but the dog knows, if man forgets, that between dog and man there is a gulf set that neither dog nor man, as such, can span. That gulf may represent incalculable periods of time and countless intermediary stages of evolution upon other planets offering the necessary conditions.

Granted then that man reincarnates upon this earth as man, what is it that comes back? What is the immortal reincarnating principle? What, in fact, is a man? The reincarnating principle is the Ego, the 'I am I.' Behind this is the Great 'I am,' the universal consciousness, of which we can say nothing, and to which all our thoughts and aspirations tend, the Divine, the inexpressible, whose 'word' is the universe and the law of its being. But the reincarnating ego is to most of us as a god in heaven watching his shadow on the earth.

Who has not some time tried to solve the eternal problem 'what am I?' or to go still deeper and to ask 'Who am I?' "I am that which began, out of me the years roll, out of me God and man; God changes and man and the form of them bodily, I am the soul." (Swinburne's *Hertha*)

To know the self is probably the last word of human enlightenment: for the self supreme is not separate from other selves which are its shadows on the screen of time and space; it is universal.

But speaking as human beings with our brain minds striving to grasp the universe, are we not like the kitten chasing its own tail? Or we may choose a more ancient emblem of the soul, the serpent with its tail in its mouth. The serpent cannot swallow itself, nor can the brain-mind know the spiritual self. For the brain-mind thinks objectively; and it can only swallow just so much of its own tail. The spiritual Self is back of the brain-mind: and a man cannot bite the back of his head if he tries ever so hard. There is that which is unthinkable to the brain-mind: and it is just that which we all want to know. Ridiculous perhaps, but so it is. As soon as we begin to think about life and the meaning of things we come up against the unthinkable. We know that it is beyond the reach of thought, and yet we want to know it. How can that be? How can we even want to understand that which we say is unthinkable, unless indeed there is within us a higher consciousness, a higher kind of mind than the one that does our ordinary thinking for us? Unless we have a spiritual mind capable of direct perception of truth, how account for this unreasonable desire to know the reality behind the illusions of the world?

Study Theosophy, and find the key to this problem in the dual nature of the human mind; the spiritual mind that overshadows the lower

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thinking mind and tries to illuminate and guide the lower man, the earthly shadow of the divine.

It is the duality of mind that causes all the tragedies of life, all the heroism, and all the disappointments. To that duality we owe our highest aspirations and our noblest ideals; and to that we are indebted for our strange relapses from the plain path of duty. The duality of mind it is that makes men lightly pledge themselves to high ideals that seem so easy of attainment and this is what blinds them at some critical moment and may perhaps land them behind the bars, where they do not belong. The recognition of this strange duality in human nature must make us tolerant of the mistakes made by those ignorant of their own weaknesses as well as of their possibilities and power.

Without this knowledge one who has made a bad mistake may well believe himself irretrievably degraded and give up all attempt to rise: but understanding this he will take warning from his fall and gain by his lesson; knowing that there is in him a noble nature that will lift him out of all weaknesses if he will let it guide him. And he will not despair of ultimate perfection if he knows that countless lives and opportunities of progress will be his until the lessons of experience are learned and he has found the path of conscious evolution.

To know the Self — that is the aim of evolution. And the first step is to learn all we can about ourselves. The Theosophical teachings are old and yet eternally young, like Truth itself. Each truth as we approach it seems a new proposition and yet when we have learned some lesson by experience and can say we know that thing, then we discover that we knew it all the time, in a vague useless sort of way. But now we really know it.

So it is with all experience, it forces us to realize our knowledge; to make our theories practical. We have to digest information and assimilate it before it becomes really practical knowledge. To accomplish this how foolishly inadequate would be one little life on earth: how absolutely necessary is Reincarnation.

Without continuity of life and consciousness what possibility can there be of any progress? And then again how necessary are the periods of rest, of sleep, of death, or that interval between two lives that so misleadingly is called death. How necessary are the seasons of the year! How the tree sheds its leaves and grows a new crop to carry on the operation of its growth!

And like the tree the ego sheds the temporary personalities which fall "like leaves from the oak-tree of the world, that are caught by the wind and whirled away and away, and none may say whither they go wind-borne." So fall the personalities, the shadows, the leaves on the tree of

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the ancient Self that shall outlive a thousand seasons ere it fall into decay releasing the eternal Self that will endure until perfection is attained.

So too at each new birth a new brain is secured, unburdened with memories. In our characters we find our inheritance from the past. No need to remember how we gained experience. We all know how to walk without wanting to remember how we learned it. And as we all forget the most important event for each of us, our birth, and early days, so too we are spared the memory of past lives. Surely we may be content. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Death, that releases us from a load of memories, is a gentle friend whom wise men welcome at the last. Only the illuminated sage, the knower of the Self, could bear to gaze upon the record of his own past lives.

The continuity of life is not more certain than its ebb and flow. The year is all made up of days and nights, of waking-time and sleep, nor does this alternation break the continuity of the year. Nor is the continuity of life in any way disturbed by birth and death: nor is the continuity of individual consciousness dissolved by change in the recording instrument of memory, the brain, which dies with the body while the resulting character remains as the inheritance of the new-born personality. The law of Karma is the law of continuity. Karma and Reincarnation and the Duality of Mind. These are three keys that will unlock innumerable mysteries and simplify the difficulties that beset the thinking man or woman. And if a master-key is needed, I would suggest the spiritual unity of the Universe, with its natural corollary in life — the universal brotherhood accepted by Theosophists as the essential principle in their Society. This is the basis of Theosophic optimism, the only true foundation for the reconstruction of the world. — the only guarantee of progress, the only thing that justifies belief in the perfectibility of man.

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LYDIA ROSS, M. D.

"Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions."

THE scientific publications are serving up advance notices of a machine that Edison is working on, to facilitate communication with the spooks,—if such there be. Of course, he is ready to say the last word in clever inventions; but he is not quite sure of his shades yet. However, true to form in this mechanistic age, he is going to diagnose them by machinery, or live doubtful ever after.

He proposes to give psychic investigators an apparatus that will

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lend a more scientific aspect to their work than do the ouija boards, mediums, etc. If this apparatus fails to reveal anything of exceptional interest, he says, he will lose faith in the survival of the "personality as we know it in this existence."

How about the other side of the question? As it is, the soul has almost no voice in the sordid Babel of our "brassy-blare civilization." It gets scant attention from its own personal animal body or from the herd at large. Why, then, should the liberated Self remain earth-bound, and forego its needed rest between lives, on the smaller chance of a belated hearing in mundane affairs? If, while here, it fails to record the fact of its reality on the living register of its brain-mind instrument, it would be less able to communicate by an artificial wireless from the hereafter.

Edison holds that life, like matter, is indestructible, and can neither be created nor destroyed. This is good logic; though he does not follow it far enough to find that life is consciousness; man is the most alive creature known; nothing is immortal but spirit, and the indestructible man is essentially divine. Perhaps Edison, like many another, is unwittingly affected by the unseen miasma from decaying myths of the human soul as a special creation at birth, and of a world only a few thousand years old. True, the old theology no longer frightens us into moral chills and fever, with its fire-works and negations and inhibitions. Nevertheless, this generation suffers with the dumb ague of fear that lurks in the racial blood, still tainted with centuries of false teachings. We have an inherited dread of going too far back in creative search, lest we lose foothold on tangible earth, and fall off the edge of things into nowhere and nothingness. Does not the Christian limiting of deity to Jehovah,—a god of generation, according to *The Secret Doctrine*,—line up with the popular idea that man's creative role is primarily a physical one rather than a spiritual one? Quite different is the ancient teaching in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, where Krishna speaks for the Christ-principle in every man:

"Even though myself unborn, of changeless essence, and the lord of all existence, yet in presiding over nature — which is mine — I am born but through my own *māyā* [illusion], the mystic power of self-ideation, the eternal thought in the eternal mind. I produce myself among creatures. . . ."

The esoteric reading of all Scriptures makes the man of consciousness antedate his world and his body. Solomon calls him Wisdom, in saying:

"I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was.

"When there were no depths, I was brought forth. . . ."—*Proverbs*, viii, 23-24.

The scientists, of course, deny any theological taint of fear in their make-up, and assert their utter freedom and fearlessness. None the less, do they not all shy at the ancient truth that man is a spiritual being?

Edison thinks that our bodies are composed of myriads of infinitesimal

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entities — each a unit of life,— and that these “band together” to build a man. This sounds like the working model of the ideal labor-union of which the sociologists dream. The finished product of such united action, in the form of composite man, would argue for a magical quality of co-operative and cohesive power in his creative fractions.

Evidence of such a band of workers might lead the puzzled religious world to say: “Blest be the tie that binds”: while educators might hasten to copy a system of such fine, upbuilding work. To the mere man in the street, in these days of general disintegration, here would seem to be the unifying clue now being vainly sought for use in ‘church-unity,’ in Leagues of Nations, and in industrial circles. However, even if “little drops of water,” and “little grains of sand” make up a planet, it takes something more than a group of ultra-microscopic units to make a man.

The Theosophical student, believing that *all* matter is alive, of course includes the embodied units, which are of both the creative and destructive kind in action. Furthermore, he accepts the unit of humanity, which is the sum-total of a varied group of live units, and then some,— the composite man of matter and consciousness,— emotional, mental, and spiritual consciousness. Besides the physical body, Theosophy explains both the conscious personality which survives death for a limited time, and the immortal individuality, which antedates birth and survives death, and re-embodies itself periodically, life after life.

It seems that Edison questions the existence of a conscious man, apart from his body. It is only on suspicion of surviving personalities gone before that he is building a subtil bridge by which they may ‘come across’ with messages. In arguing how live units create the human creature, he points out how finger-prints persist throughout life, while the tissues change constantly. He even burned the skin on his own thumb, to find the original markings exactly reproduced on the new skin. Incidentally, the vivisectors may claim that this departure in ‘animal experimentation’ shows how the devoted scientist nowadays cheerfully burns himself for his belief, while in pre-vivisection times, the devotee only burned the heretics.

Edison concludes, truly enough, that the reproduction of the finger-prints did not just “happen,” and that “some one had to plan the new growth and supervise it.” He adds that the brain plays no part in all this, and so, as the conscious man did not plan it, it must be due to the remarkable memory of the ultra-microscopic entities.

The ancient Wisdom-Religion accounts for all the facts by showing how the physical cells are arranged upon a design-body or astral mold. Moreover, this astral body of invisible, tenuous, ethereal *matter*, is the organ of the special senses and of sensation. This desire-body is the center

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of all nervous and emotional awareness,— of the gradations of consciousness from that of the earth-body up to that of spiritual levels. Over-shadowing the physical and the astral bodies is the immortal self, the antecedent and survivor of the mortal man of earth and sensation. *The Voice of the Silence* teaches the candidate for self-knowledge:

“Thy shadows live and vanish; that which in thee shall live forever, that which in thee *knows*, for it is knowledge, is not of fleeting life: it is the Man that was, that is, and will be, for whom the hour shall never strike.”

This is the ultra-microscopic Ego, the separate ray of the One Life, which is the noumenon back of all phenomena.

Mme. Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* gives the cosmic biography of the spiritual Self, gradually embodying itself in progressive densities of matter. It has taken ages of evolutionary experience on earth for the human soul to acquire its “coats of skins,” which familiar vesture is mistaken for the real man by materialism. Meantime, each soul's experience, life after life, regulated by the eternal law of cause and effect, leaves its markings on its individual character. Just so much of its earthly gains in self-consciousness as is to influence its next life, is symbolically checked off in every line and lineament of the body it takes on. All the hereditary ‘finger-prints’ of soul experience, etched upon the mold body, are the lines upon which the new coat of skin is fitted and renewed, cell by cell, during the life-time.

It is the higher consciousness,— the real Self — that remembers its past. It is the immortal Ego which, as many cases resuscitated from drowning testify, glimpses in a few moments the whole detailed panorama of its life so nearly ended. The sinking man's every-day consciousness of body and brain is brushed aside by the emergency shock. Then, aware of his real selfhood, he sees the pictured career which his living thought and action have stamped upon the invisible astral screen of time that envelops the solid earth. The astral realm not only envelops but interpenetrates the earth-matter, just as his astral body surrounds and interpenetrates every part of his body of the same earth-matter.

During this experience of momentary death, the man finds himself intensely alive and illuminated. The numbness and gloom of death are all on this side of the grave. His awareness is so vivid, that even its reflexion upon his brain-mind enables him to bring back some memory of it. Without understanding the sacredness of this glimpse behind the veil of matter, the resuscitated men do not chatter about it. They feel instinctively that no words could convey the inner meaning of a man's life to another. Much less is the soul, liberated by death, likely to return to talk the usual twaddle heard in séance-rooms, or to switch on the current

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of a psychic talking-machine. It would not convince the skeptic of immortality. As the Nazarene said two thousand years ago:

"If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."— *Luke*, xvi, 31.

Theosophy offers the only logical explanation of the messages given out by mediums, whose psychic development of their astral senses makes them clairvoyant, clairaudient, etc. They may even become mouthpieces for some disembodied astral entity, which — soulless and earth-bound by its desires, and dreading its final disintegration,— fastens upon the body of any negative sensitive in order to live vicariously when and where it can. Among these entities of strong impulses and no conscience, are apt to be the surviving shells of executed criminals, suddenly and violently released from their bodies by legal murder. Their strongest and latest impulses of hatred, revenge, bitterness, despair, and passion — intensified by the loss of a body in which to express them,— are beyond detection or restraint. This dangerous and unseen type of entity, or at best, one of wholly lower nature impulses, is the kind that seeks to 'communicate' by any available means. It is an indifferent matter to the spooks whether the means be furnished by ignorant voodooism, or by the latest scientific necromancy. Once the obsessing entities get a foothold, they are not so easily ousted; and certainly no mechanical power could invite them and then expel them by reversing its action. The Great Physician answered his trained students, when they asked why they had failed to cast out a devil from a lunatic boy:

"Because of your unbelief: for verily I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, . . . nothing shall be impossible unto you.

"Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."— *Matthew*, xvii, 20-21.

The Galilean fishermen's failure to realize their divine birthright was not so complete as that of the modern savants. What place has 'prayer and fasting' in any curriculum of our wonderful age of mental and physical 'efficiency'?

The ancients taught the fundamental simplicity of things to be known, by beginning with the descent of spirit into matter. This original *involution* of spirit provides the universal impetus of *evolution*,— the endless coming out into progressively unfolding forms of material life, *pari passu* with gradually *regained* consciousness. Modern science goes back only half way in beginning with evolution, while denying the reality of the immortal man who consciously became involved in conditioned existence. The union of spirit and matter in incarnating man typifies the universal duality uniting the visible and invisible worlds.

When science loses sight of the soul as the motive power of growth,

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its invented beginnings do not link up the facts in the case. Note that Edison's idea of the "remarkable memory" of ultra-microscopic entities reproducing the burned skin-pattern, in no way accounts for the original design worked out in antenatal life. True, the brain did not plan it then or later. But, on the other hand, neither did the multiplying embryonic cells 'remember' what they had not yet experienced. The original pattern no more 'happened,' regardless of law, than did any reproduction of it.

Physiology points out that the human body starts from a single cell. Without Reincarnation, memory can play no part in directing this marvelous creation of a living creature out of a speck of matter. Reincarnation explains how the everconscious soul, knowing its past, again takes up its thread of destiny in a suitable body. For instance, the inventive genius of Edison represents the storage of the past — his past. Do not his doubt of immortality and his proposed machine for bridging the gulf of death, seem like a sacrilegious anti-climax to his useful and brilliant career? What shall it profit a man to gain a whole world of knowledge, and to lose sight of his own soul?

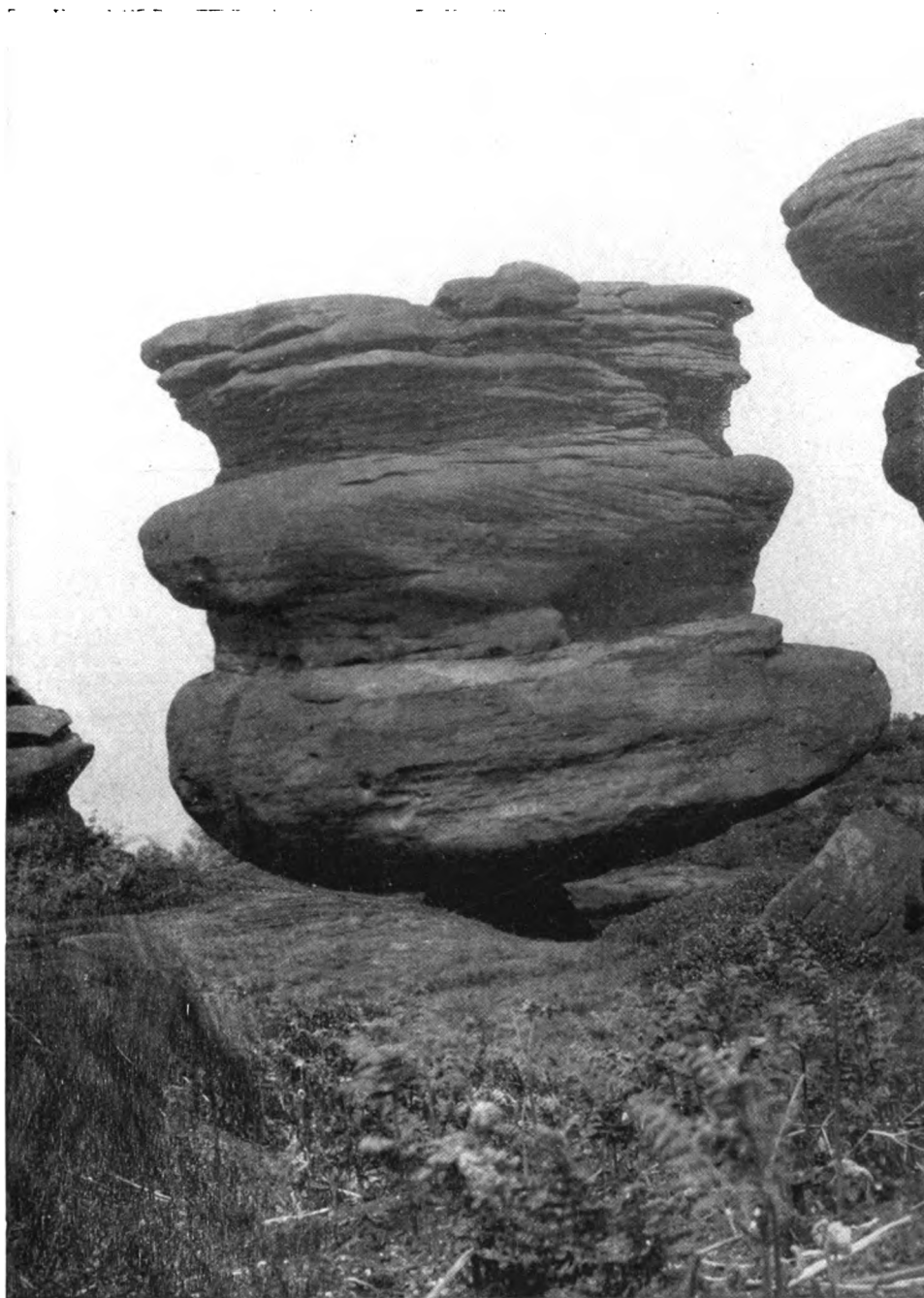
The supreme need of a bereaved world today is assurance that death is not the end, and that unselfish love can reach up to the loved ones who have gone home for a while.

It is from no lack of machinery that the march of civilization, instead of an orderly progress, has become a blind and chaotic attempt to 'muddle through.' We need no more theories or inventions based upon belittled and distorted conceptions of life and death. Mechanical psychology is a contradiction in terms. Already the world's trained army of brain-mind wizards are helplessly regarding their specialties in the disordered machinery of life,— political, diplomatic, theological, industrial, educational, social,— wondering where to tinker next.

"Man, know thyself," is the first and last word of wisdom. And since "knowledge is of loving deeds the child," it follows that Brotherhood is the truly scientific path leading to the seer's intuitive insight.

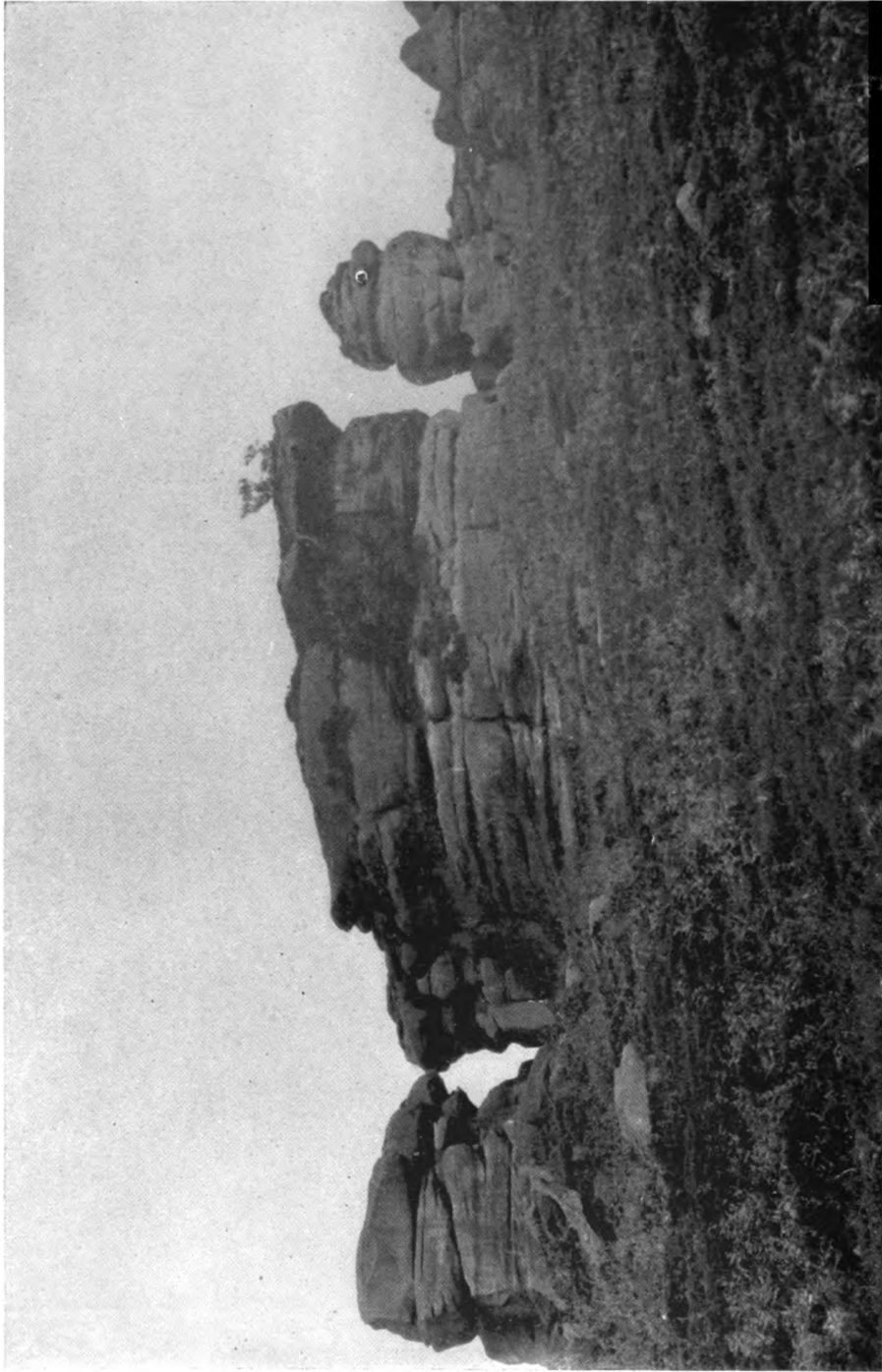
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"No more can misery ensnare those who do not produce it than can debt enmesh those who do not borrow. The Giver is free from misery and debt, having instead happiness and credit as assets."— *F. M. Pierce*



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**BRIMHAM ROCKS, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND
THE IDOL ROCK**



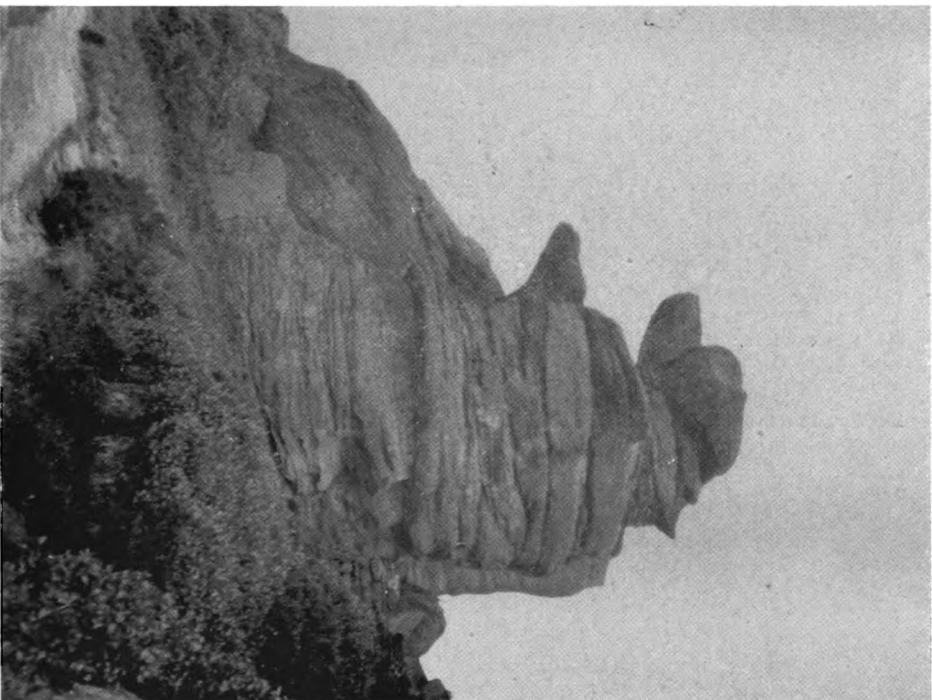
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BRIMHAM ROCKS, NEAR RIPON, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND



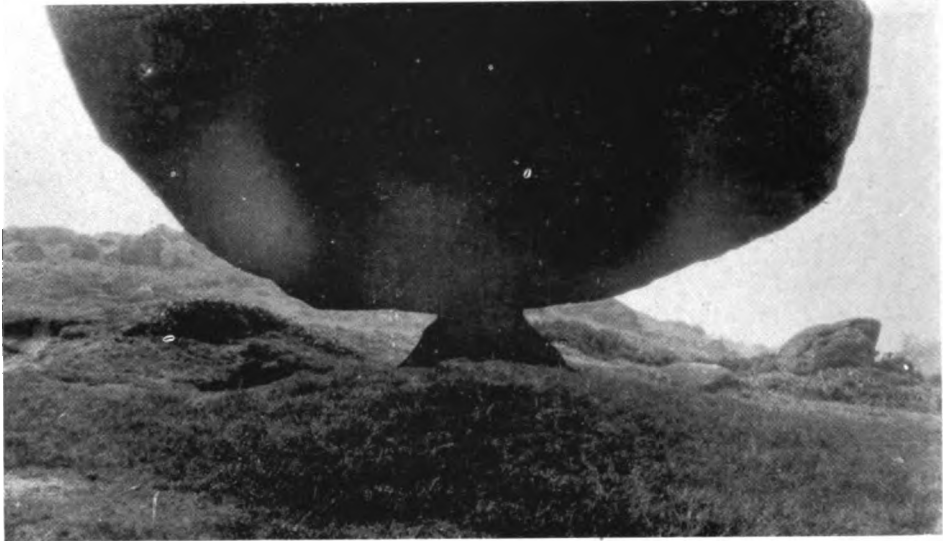
THE BABOON

BRIMHAM ROCKS, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND



THE DANCING BEAR

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BRIMHAM ROCKS, YORKSHIRE, ENGLAND

(ABOVE) BASE OF THE IDOL ROCK. (BELOW) THE ROCKING STONES.

BRIMHAM ROCKS

JAMES H. GRAHAM



AT Brimham, nine miles south of Ripon in Yorkshire, England, there are to be found some remarkable rock formations. Rocking stones and other rocks of grotesque and fanciful shapes are to be found in great variety, all within a radius of a few hundred yards. They are much visited by the genus tourist, who solemnly rocks them and gapes at the 'wonderful work of Nature,' and departs satisfied with the explanation that these fantastic shapes are the result of some gigantic geological coincidence.

The rocks themselves are situated near the edge of a cliff overhanging the valley of the river Nidd. They are composed of some kind of millstone grit which is much stratified, with an underlying stratum of a softer rock. There are other masses of such rock in the district, but only at Brimham are the shapes worthy of remark.

Perhaps the most interesting example is the Idol rock. This is an immense mass of stone twenty feet high, and weighing some two hundred tons, resting firmly on a base about ten or twelve inches in diameter at the point of contact. Geologists state that the underlying strata have been worn away by glacial or 'epigene' action, but they do not explain how the erosion could possibly have taken place in all directions at once, as it would have to do, if the rock were not to topple over during the operation.

Near the Idol rock, there is a group of four rocking stones of large size, arranged on a couple of adjacent platforms, so close together as almost to touch each other. There is just enough space between each pair for a man to stand, and, conveniently enough, there is a coffin-shaped stone between the two platforms for the man to stand on. These rocking stones are of the kind which rest upon two rounded points of contact upon a flat table. At present it is necessary for a person to stand at one side of a stone and swing the body, in order to make the stone oscillate. Further away, at the edge of the cliff is a stone that will rock under the mere pressure of the hand.

H. P. Blavatsky says:

"Why then should not the rocking stones of Ireland, or those of Brimham, in Yorkshire, have served for the same mode of *divination* or oracular communications? The hugest of them are evidently the relics of the Atlanteans; the smaller ones, such as Brimham Rocks, with some revolving stones on their summit, are copies from the more ancient lithoi. Had not the bishops of the middle ages destroyed all the plans of the *Dracontia* they could lay their hands on,

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Science would know more of these. As it is, we know that they were universally used during long prehistoric ages, and all for the same purposes of prophecy and MAGIC."

— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 346-347.

There are many other rocks of fanciful shape to which names have been given by the guides. And certainly the names in most cases are well descriptive of the objects. There are also holed stones. At one point, near the cliff-edge there is a tunnel-like cavern which gives a peculiar sound to words spoken into it.

Would it not be possible that, at some date, intelligent persons judiciously 'helped' or modified the formations to suit their purposes?

FORGIVENESS

KENNETH MORRIS

BEYOND the wounds and blindness of today,
I take my refuge in the things that are:
I say that when we lit the Milky Way,
Star by immaculate star,

With fires of joy, in all the angelic clan
None lovelier and none loftier-hearted trod
Than you, whose chariot flamed along the van
So battle-gay for God.

And when, the cycles of our warfare done,
About the gates of God we Cherubim,
War-worn, triumphant, gather sun by sun
From the world's utmost rim,

With songs, and tales of how we once were men,
Heart-dimmed, in this oblivion quenched — I say
It is not like I shall remember then
This you have done today.

*International Theosophical Headquarters
Point Loma, California*

WHY I BECAME A THEOSOPHIST

BY A STUDENT AT POINT LOMA

TO answer the question why one should study Theosophy and become identified with the Theosophical Movement would take much space, and can only be in part replied to. A general answer might be that the teachings of Theosophy are the most complete and scientific presentation of the vital facts available about human nature and the world, and that the practical activities of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society offer the most promising basis for the realization of the brotherhood of man. The field of Theosophy is so wide that the most intelligent and the simplest persons who are inspired by goodwill and the desire to help can find endless opportunities to serve their fellow-men and to gain wisdom for themselves.

I became a Theosophist because I found that Theosophy attacks the cause of all our troubles at the root — human selfishness and the over-mastering sense of personal egotism — and shows how to transmute the lead of common desire into the gold of spiritual aspiration in a way marked by common sense and not leading away from the proper duties of life into some fantastic dreamland.

I became a Theosophist because I found that no dogma is forced upon inquirers; that each is told that the real teacher is the divine principle latent in everyone, and that progress is only made by inner effort for self-mastery. I found that instead of being a formalized set of dogmas that must be accepted on pain of unorthodoxy, Theosophy is progressive; it is what might be called a Point of View. To illustrate this idea, imagine a tract of land with trees, flowers, animals, rocks, and streams; suppose it examined in turn by a gardener, a real-estate agent, an artist, a geologist, a fisherman, a botanist, a poet, etc., each will regard it from his own special and limited point of view; only a commanding genius would grasp the whole content of the scene. So it is in the field of life; according to our personal limitations and prejudices we only see a little of the meaning of the great world around us, but as soon as the study of nature — particularly human nature — is taken up in the light of Theosophy, the eyes are opened and the horizon widens surprisingly. This is the experience of all sincere students, and although it brings a greater responsibility it also brings more power to use it, and the ability to avoid many mistakes.

I became a Theosophist because its teachings prove that man is

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something more than the personal self, the external individual we call Mr. Smith or Mrs. Jones; that the true immortal Ego is far superior, and that the object of evolution is the recognition of and union with the higher Self. Jesus referred to the divine nature of man, not the personality, when he said while walking in Solomon's porch, "Ye are gods"; and also Paul when writing "Know ye not that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?" Socrates revealed his knowledge of the all-important truth when he so frequently quoted the Delphic Oracle, "Man know Thyself!" This Self is the divine Self or Christos, which Paul so earnestly urged upon his followers to "form" within themselves.

I became a Theosophist because the idea of the reincarnation of the higher Ego in many earthly lives, to learn through experience of many kinds in successive ages, explains the mystery of apparent injustice to those who are born under unfavorable conditions. It makes clear the righteousness of Law under which we reap just what we sow. Even if we have to wait for a future incarnation to get our deserts, good or bad, they are of our own making. The Law of Karma or unerring justice, which is the truest mercy, is a fundamental conception in Theosophy, and the longer the student studies human life with its action made clear through the principle of reincarnation the more fully will he appreciate Theosophical teachings.

I became a Theosophist for other good reasons, but the space at my disposal has its limits. The remainder of this article will be confined to the consideration of a few Theosophical teachings which seem specially interesting to me.

It should be thoroughly understood that when we speak of the teachings of Theosophy we do not mean anything that has to be taken on blind faith or that has the flavor of dogmatism. They are offered on their merits, and students find that they are keys to knowledge which prove their efficiency by opening many closed doors. It is a source of great interest to see modern science making discoveries and evolving theories which more and more approach the teachings of the Wisdom-Religion, as Theosophy is sometimes called, and also to observe the broader-minded religious leaders abandoning the old-fashioned interpretations of medieval theology and moving towards freedom. The magnificent work of Mme. Helena P. Blavatsky, the founder of the Theosophical Society, and the efforts of her followers the world over for the last forty or more years, have permeated the thought-atmosphere, so that today we see a positive change, a change so marked that there can be no doubt in the minds of those who have carefully examined the situation that the Theosophical Movement has been a leading factor in the liberation of humanity from superstitious theology and crass materialism. Workers in the Movement

WHY I BECAME A THEOSOPHIST

may say then, that they became Theosophists because it is in the forefront of the great battle against ignorance and selfishness.

Theosophy has brought to light the ancient wisdom as a healer, a bond of union between religion and science, harmonizing their antagonism without surrendering truth. How many thousands of persons have seen with dismay the Bible teachings of their childhood cut from under their feet by the remorseless ax of scientific criticism! Other oriental religions have been affected similarly. But to the student of Theosophy the painful dilemma of having to choose between science and religion does not face him: he discovers that the allegories of the Sacred Books of the ages are not silly fables invented to amuse primitive minds in the so-called 'childhood of the race,' but that they are profound revelations of historical and spiritual truths, a kind of symbolic shorthand which only needs the key to make it clear in all its beauty and significance. And above all, he finds that all the ancient world-faiths agree in the essentials of their teachings; that the only real heresy is unbrotherliness, selfishness, separateness. The Theosophical teachings which prove the basic unity of religions form a tremendous binding and harmonizing force. From this aspect alone many have become enthusiastic workers for Theosophy. Think what a difference there would have been in the history of Europe if the religious wars had never taken place!

It is indeed no waste of time to study the Theosophical interpretation of the Hebrew and other scriptures; without dogmatism it sets forth a view which has never appeared before. It is not possible for the critic to look upon the alleged books of Moses as primitive folk-lore after giving proper attention to what H. P. Blavatsky has to say; neither is it possible to look upon them as uniquely inspired works, totally different from every other scripture. In her modest way H. P. Blavatsky says in her greatest book, *The Secret Doctrine*:

"These truths are in no sense put forward as a *revelation*; nor does the author claim the position of a revealer of mystic lore, now made public for the first time in the world's history. For what is contained in this work is to be found scattered throughout thousands of volumes embodying the scriptures of the great Asiatic and early European religions, hidden under glyph and symbol, and hitherto left unnoticed because of this veil. What is now attempted is to gather the oldest tenets together and to make of them one harmonious and unbroken whole. The sole advantage which the writer has over her predecessors, is that she need not resort to personal speculations and theories. For this work is a partial statement of what she herself has been taught by more advanced students, supplemented, in a few details only, by the results of her own study and observation."—Preface to *The Secret Doctrine*

One of the departments of the School of Antiquity, established by Katherine Tingley in 1897 for the purpose of higher studies on Theosophical lines, is that of archaeology, and many students have found great profit in pursuing the history of the past in the light of the hints given by

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H. P. Blavatsky. In her works she shows that wisdom and intelligence of a high order were in the possession of certain races long before the time when some suppose that the human race had only just emerged from animalism. It is curious that in this age of transition so many church authorities have been scared by the bold claims of positive science and have succumbed wholesale to the persistent assaults against the stories of *Genesis*, and have accepted the convenient explanation that they are nothing but the poetic folk-lore of a primitive culture. Yet, without the Fall of Man from the 'Golden Age' in the Garden of Eden how would there be need for a Redemption? Theosophy, and apparently Theosophy alone, has the responsible task of defending the essential truth of the Bible and the other world-scriptures from the assaults of modern skepticism. Theosophy, however, does *not* uphold the dead-letter forms of any one of these systems. The surface meaning is always incomplete, often misleading if taken literally. No Theosophist imagines that the Serpent in the Adam and Eve allegory, for instance, was an ordinary reptile which held a long conversation with Eve, or that Noah collected all the myriads of species of animals into an ordinary vessel or Ark and kept them there for weeks without their accustomed food and with very imperfect ventilation! Archaeology proves that the serpent-myth is found widely distributed, and that the Flood story is practically universal, but it is not able to show the scientific basis for these and the other prehistoric legends unless helped by the clues brought forward by Theosophy. I wonder how many Sunday School teachers have puzzled over the remarkable saying of Jesus: "Be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." (*Matt.* x, 16) Obviously he did not mean the ordinary snake, for it is low in the scale of intelligence; an elephant or a dog, an ant or a bee, would have been more suitable if he really meant to draw a comparison from the animal kingdom. But Theosophy points to the real meaning of his words which, as he himself said, were veiled in mystery. "Therefore speak I to them in parables: because they seeing see not; and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand." (*Matt.* xiii, 13). The serpent allusion is easily penetrated. In old times the wise teachers were known as 'serpents' and their habitations as Serpent's Holes or Mounds. In Egypt and Ancient America, among the Druids and Indian Hierophants, the wisest teachers were called Serpents, sometimes Dragons.

The study of the symbolism of the cross is full of interest, and it alone would lead to the conviction that there was a real brotherhood of religions in ancient times, for it is found almost everywhere. Since Madame Blavatsky revealed some of the deeper meanings of the cross, archaeologists have discovered new evidences corroborating her teachings.

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For instance, the Rev. W. W. Seymour in a recent work on the cross, says:

"It is well known that the leading truths of the primeval religion imparted to man by his Creator in Paradise may be traced through the principal pagan mythologies; and that a symbol of the fundamental article of the Christian creed and hope has been recognised as sacred in the very earliest records of antiquity. In nearly every kind of relic which time has spared, it is clearly to be read. . . . This fact has been almost unnoticed."

No, not unnoticed, but *deliberately obscured*, because it cuts at the root of bigotry and dogma. The same writer quotes St. Augustine's remarkable pronouncement from his *Retractationes*:

"That in our times is the Christian religion . . . called according to that name, but not according to the thing itself, of which it is the name; for the very thing which is now called the 'Christian' religion really was known to the ancients, nor was it wanting at any time from the beginning of the human race up to the time Christ came in the flesh; from which time the true religion, which had previously existed, began to be called Christian, and this in our days is the Christian religion, not as having been wanting in former times, but as having in later times received that name."

That universal religion was the Wisdom-Religion or Theosophy, but modern Christianity has lost many of its most important features. From the few illustrations just mentioned, but which only give a faint glimpse of the wide field opened to Theosophical students of archaeology, it will be understood that this department offers many attractions to inquiring minds.

It is not long since a hard and narrow theology controlled the acts and thoughts of our forefathers. The harsher laws of Moses, combined with a limited interpretation of the New Testament, were made the guide of life. We need not dwell on this as we all know its main features. The Puritan age has passed with its tyranny of conscience and also with its good side. By degrees the ancient dogmatism, as a dominant authority in everyday life, was supplanted by a science which, claiming to be enlightened, was colored by materialism, a natural reaction against bigotry.

But today science is one of the controlling factors in the affairs of nations. The world pays far more attention to sanitarians than to Sabbatarians; the sick man calls for the physician sooner than the priest. Legislation is powerfully affected by scientific thought. In an address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, an eminent professor warned his colleagues, saying, "Scientific men are looked up to as authorities, and should be careful not to mislead." It is indeed necessary that science should be freed from the taint of materialism before it becomes too powerful. Theosophy has delight in scientific discoveries; students of Theosophy follow the progress of scientific research with appreciation and interest, but do not necessarily assent to all the conclusions of the scientists, to theories which are continually being revised and even repudiated as new discoveries are made or fresh minds criticize them. Theo-

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sophy has a far greater body of facts back of it and has been in existence enormously longer than modern science.

The question of Evolution, of the origin of man and the universe, is of immense importance, because according to the view we take so are our life and conduct likely to be. In regard to man, it is universally accepted by the academies of science, and very widely (though not always officially) by theologians, that man is but a superior animal, descended from some apelike ancestor, and that the great apes — the gorilla, chimpanzee and orang-utan—fairly well represent and are descended from the primitive ape-stock which existed before man gradually separated from it. We may see in our museums models showing the supposed descent of man from apelike creatures. The appeal of these exhibitions is quite hypnotic. "Look!" they say to our children, "only a few thousand years ago your ancestors were brutal ape-men, and it is not so very many generations ago, at the rate of thirty generations a thousand years, that your progenitors were swinging and gibbering in trees like the creatures in the monkey-house! Where is your boasted superiority to the other beasts that perish?" What a contrast in psychological effect such a picture offers to the words of the wise teachers of old, "*Ye are gods.*" How differently it must affect the susceptible mind of the child.

The scientific claim that man is nothing but a higher animal comparatively recently evolved from the irrational animals through the mechanistic laws of Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest, has spread very widely and has enormously affected the social relations of mankind. Professor Delage, of the University of Paris, says that "a narrow and distorted interpretation of Darwin's struggle for life, helped on even by eminent naturalists, was responsible for a set of social theories which justified present industrial and social methods and denied the rightfulness of humanitarian ideas and efforts."

Professor Haeckel of Jena, the famous exponent of the descent of man from the anthropoid ape family, promulgated the most extreme materialism as the outcome of his researches, and his followers and admirers are still very numerous. In the practice of vivisection, decried by many as utterly misleading, and so closely associated with cruelty, we see one result of the materialistic spirit, which blinds so many to the deeper principles of life upon which a true science of healing and prevention should, and ultimately will, be raised.

The general idea of Evolution from lower to higher conditions is, of course, true, though man is by no means a more fortuitous product of blind natural forces, the descendant of some Tertiary ape, and the world is indebted to the brilliant scientific pioneers, the Darwins and the Huxleys, for what they have done in breaking down the superstitious views of

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creation founded upon the literal interpretation of Bible stories, and in so energetically pushing the broad idea of progress with all its possibilities.

While not trying to sketch even in outline the process of evolution according to Theosophy or to indicate the places in ancient literature where it is referred to, one crucial point must be mentioned because it is appropriate to the present time. This is the teaching of Theosophy that the great family of anthropoid apes, represented today by the gorilla, the orang-utan, the chimpanzee, and to a less extent by the gibbons, instead of being older than man and his progenitor, are in reality a younger branch, *thrown off from the imperfect human stock* during the Tertiary period of geological time. The great apes are a retarded, degraded family, partly animal partly human by descent. The full explanation of how this came about, and how, as Madame Blavatsky says, the modern biologist has been confused and sidetracked by the existence of the anthropoids, modern and fossilized, must be studied in her books. Now, any one would think that a biologist who would risk his reputation and scientific standing by casting doubts upon the evolution of man from the ape-stock would be a very bold man, and would have to be very sure of his ground. Yet there are a few such who have not been convinced by the arguments in favor of the ape-theory; among them is Professor Wood-Jones, professor of anatomy at the University of London. His recently published brilliant criticism of the current theory of man's evolution is based partly upon anatomical researches in which he is an expert, partly upon the whole trend of recent anthropological discovery, and partly upon a consideration of extremely ancient human bones found in Australia. About the latter he says: ‘

“And the astounding fact emerges that at a period in the world's history when, only a year or two ago, the most advanced anatomists were satisfied that man was scarcely distinguishable from his brute ancestors, a man already so highly developed as to have domesticated animals, to be a boat-builder and navigator, was actually in Australia, and to an astonishing degree the reasoning master of his own fate.”

Here are a few more quotations from a report of Professor Wood-Jones' startling address on the ‘Origin of Man’:

“That man is not, as has been held till quite recently, descended from the anthropoid apes; that these would be in fact more accurately described as having been descended from man; *that man as man is far more ancient than the whole anthropoid branch; that compared with him, the chimpanzee and the orang-utan are new-comers on the planet* — these were the assertions made by Professor Wood-Jones and which he claimed to have been proved. . . . (He) made a moving appeal for the whole reconsideration of that post-Darwinian conception of man's comparatively recent emergence from the brute kingdom, which he claimed to have been so disastrous to the world's thought in view of present tragic events. The ‘missing link’ of Huxley, he asserted, if ever found, would not be a more apelike man but a *more human ape*. Such phrases as ‘the will to live,’ ‘the struggle for existence’ and ‘the survival of the fittest,’ — the whole idea of what he described as end-on evolution from lower to higher forms — must be

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abandoned in view of our newer knowledge. Man as man is inconceivably more ancient than has ever been supposed even by so original and daring an investigator as Professor Arthur Keith in his last book, *The Antiquity of Man*. Finally, the whole theory of brute striving, red in tooth and claw, for the world's mastery, and the philosophies founded thereon, are gross misinterpretations, from which not only on sentimental but on scientific grounds it is imperative for human thought to free itself." (Italics ours.)

Professor Keith puts the age of humanity — modern man — at not less than one million years. If, as Professor Wood-Jones says, "man is inconceivably" older than that, he would not be surprised at the claim of Theosophy that physical man has lived on earth at least eighteen million years.

Another supremely acute observer, Henri Fabre, the great French naturalist, found that Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest did not explain the habits and forms of the animal life he studied so carefully, and many thinkers are now considering very seriously whether that quiet, modest Frenchman has not completely toppled over some of the leading theories of modern biology.

And yet, in view of the array of powerful intellects who have been satisfied with the ape-ancestry theory, and considering the general abandonment of the Adam and Eve story, it is certainly difficult to see what the intelligent world could do but accept the scientific claims on human evolution. What rival was there in the field? None, unless the ancient legends of India or China, of ancient Egypt or Greece — about the origin and primitive history of man — were accepted; and how could any modern thinker look seriously upon these when nothing but the surface meaning was known? Yet these oriental fantasies, as they seem, including the early part of *Genesis*, contain a consistent and reasonable account when freed from the accretions of ages and properly interpreted. To do this, however, required an interpreter possessing the knowledge and training of Madame Blavatsky. The interpretation she brought from the East is available to all who desire light in the pages of her greatest work, *The Secret Doctrine*.

The illustration above taken from biology showing the approach of a leading scientist towards the Theosophical position about the ape-ancestry question, could be paralleled on other lines, but enough has been said to suggest one answer to the question "Why am I a Theosophist?"

Finally, I am a Theosophist because Theosophy is the hope of the world, and I am a member of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society because, in it, under the wise and compassionate guidance of a Leader who knows the real needs of humanity and how to apply Theosophy to the healing of the nations, the highest ideals of practical brotherhood — which is Theosophy — are being demonstrated. There is much to be done before the Kingdom of Heaven can come upon Earth;

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it will not be brought down by miracles but by downright hard work, and everyone will have to take his share. The means of doing this glorious work are within ourselves; the way will open to each one just in proportion as he learns to distinguish the voice of the true immortal and divine self from that of the personal and selfish nature. As Katherine Tingley says:

"it is Theosophy that challenges, for while American in center, this school of Theosophy [the School of Antiquity at Point Loma] is international in character — a temple of living light, lighting up the dark places of the earth.

"Through this school and its branches the children of the race will be taught the laws of physical, moral, and mental health and spiritual unfoldment. They will learn to live in harmony with nature. They will become compassionate lovers of all that breathes; they will grow strong in an understanding of themselves, and as they gain strength they will learn to use it for the good of the whole world."

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KENNETH MORRIS

*A Course of Lectures in History, Given to the Graduates' Class
in the Rāja-Yoga College, Point Loma, in the College Year 1918-1919.*

XXVI — "SACRED IERNE OF THE HIBERNIANS"*

"I could not put the pen aside
Till with my heart's love I had tried
To fashion some poor skill-less crown
For that dear head so low bowed down." — *From the Celtic*

IT is but a step from Wales to Ireland. From the one, you can see the "fair hills of holy Ireland" in the heart of any decent sunset; from the other, you can see Wales shining in any shining dawn. No Roman legion ever landed in Ireland; yet all through Roman times boats must have been slipping across and across; there must have been constant communication; and there was, really, no distinction of race. There was a time, I believe, when they were joined, one island; and all the seas were east of the Severn. Both peoples were a mixture of Gaels and Cymry; only it happens that the Gaelic or Q language survived in Ireland; the Cymric or P language in Wales. So, having touched upon Wales last week, and shown the Crest-Wave flowing in there, this week, following that Wave westward,

*The stories told in this and the following lecture, and the translations of Irish poems, etc., are taken from Mr. T. W. Rolleston's delightful *Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race*, or from M. de Jubainville's *Irish Mythological Cycle*, translated and published in Dublin in the 'nineties.

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I invoke the land of Ireland!
Shining, shining sea!
Fertile, fertile mountain!
Gladed, gladed wood!
Abundant river, abundant in water!
Fish-abounding lake!

— It was what Amargin the Druid sang, when the Gael first came into Ireland. Here is the story of their coming: —

Bregon built a tower in Spain. He had a son named Ith; and one fine evening in winter Ith was looking out over the horizon from Bregon's tower, and saw the coast of Ireland in the distance; for "it is on a winter's evening when the air is pure that one's sight carries farthest." So says the eleventh century bard who tells the tale: he without knowing then that it was not in Spain was Bregon's tower, but on the Great Plain, which is in the Atlantic, and yet not in this world at all. Now this will tell you what you ought to know about Ireland, and why it is we end our lectures with her. We saw Wales near the border of things: looking out from that cliff's edge on to the unknown and unseen, and aware of mysterious things beyond. Now we shall see Ireland, westward again, down where the little waves run in and tumble: sunlit waves along shining sands; and with boats putting out at any time; and indeed, so lively an intercourse going forward always, that you never can be quite sure whether it is in mortal Ireland or immortal Fairyland you are,—

"So your soul goes straying in a land more fair;
Half you tread the dew-wet grasses, half wander there."

For the wonder of Ireland is, that it is the West Pole of things; there is no place else nearer the Unseen; its next-door neighbor-land westward is this Great Plain, whither sail the Happy Dead in their night-dark coracles,— to return, of course, in due season; and all the peoplings of Ireland were from this Great Plain. So you see why the Crest-Wave, passing from dying Europe, "went west" by way of Ireland.

I will tell you about that Great Plain: it is

"A marvelous land, full of music, where primrose blossoms on the hair, and the body is white as snow.

"There none speaks of *mine* and *thine*; white are the teeth and black the brows; eyes flash with many-colored lights, and the hue of the fox-glove is on every cheek. . . .

"Though fair are the plains of Ireland, few of them are so fair as the Great Plain. The ale of Ireland is heady, but headier far the ale of the Great Country. What a wonder of a land it is! No youth there grows to old age. Warm streams flow through it; the choicest mead and wine. Men there are always comely and blemishless."

Well; Ith set sail from the Great Plain, with three times thirty warriors,

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and landed at Corcaguiney in the south-west of Ireland; and at that time the island was inhabited less by men than by Gods: it was the Tuatha De Danaan, the Race of the Danaan Gods, that held the kingship there. Little wonder, then, that the first name of Ireland we get in the Greek writings is "Sacred Ierne, populous with the Hibernians."

Well now, he found MacCuill, MacCecht, and MacGrene the Son of the Sun, arranging to divide the kingdom between them; and they called on him to settle how the division should be. —"Act," said he, "according to the laws of justice, for the country you dwell in is a good one; it is rich in fruit and honey, in wheat and in fish; and in heat and cold it is temperate." From that they thought he would be designing to conquer it from them, and so forestalled his designs by killing him; but his companions escaped, and sailed back to the Great Plain. That was why the Milesians came to conquer Ireland. The chiefs of them were Eber Finn, and Eber Donn, and Eremon, and Amargin the Druid: the sons of Mile, the son of Bile the son of Bregon; thus their grandfather was the brother of that Ith whom the Gods of Ireland slew.

It was on a Thursday, the first of May, and the seventeenth day of the moon, that the Milesians arrived in Ireland; and as he set his right foot on the soil of it, Amargin chanted this poem:

I am the wave of the Ocean;
I am the murmur of the billows;
I am the ox of the seven combats;
I am the vulture upon the rock;
I am a tear of the sun;
I am the fairest of plants;
I am a wild boar in valor;
I am a salmon in the water;
I am a lake in the plain;
I am a word of science;
I am the spear-point that gives battle;
I am the god who creates in the head the fire of thought.
Who is it that enlightens the assembly upon the mountain, if not I?
Who telleth the ages of the moon, if not I?
Who showeth the place where the sun goes to rest?

They went forward to Tara, and summoned the kings of the Danaan Gods to give up the island to them; who asked three days to consider whether they would give battle, or surrender, or quit Ireland. On that request Amargin gave judgment: that it would be wrong for the Milesians to take the Gods unprepared that way; and that they should go to their ships again, and sail out the distance of nine waves from the shore, and then return; then if they could conquer Ireland fairly in battle, it should be theirs.

So they embarked, and put the nine waves between themselves and

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the shore, and waited. And the Danaans raised up a druid mist and a storm against them, whereby Ireland seemed to them no more than the size of a pig's back in the water; and by reason of that it has the name of Innis na Wic, the Island of the Pig. But if the Gods had magic, Amargin had better magic; and he sang that Invocation to the Land of Ireland; and at that the storm fell and the mist vanished. Then Eber Donn was exulting in his rage at the thought of putting the inhabitants to death; but the thought in his mind brought the storm again, and his ship went down, and he was drowned. But at last the remnant of them landed, and fought a battle with the Gods, and defeated them; whereafter the Gods put a druid invisibility on themselves, and retired into the hills; and there in their fairy palaces they remain to this day; indeed they do. They went back into the inwardness of things; whence, however, they were always appearing, and again vanishing into it; and all the old literature of Ireland is thriddled through with the lights of their magic and their beauty, and their strange forthcomings and withdrawals. For example: —

There was Midir the Proud, one of them. In the time of the great Caesar, Eochaid Airem was high king of Ireland; and he had for his queen Etain, reborn then as a mortal,— but a Danaan princess at one time, and the wife of Miidir. It was a fine evening in the summer, and Eochaid Airem was looking from the walls of Tara and admiring the beauty of the world. He saw an unknown warrior riding towards him; clad in purple tunic; his hair yellow as gold, and his blue eyes shining like candles. A five-pointed lance was in his hand; his shield was ornamented with beads of gold.

—“A hundred thousand welcomes to you,” said the high king. “Who is it you are?”

—“I know well who you are,” said the warrior, “and for a long time.”

—“What name is on you?” said Eochaid.

—“Nothing illustrious about it in the world,” said the other. “I am Midir of Bregleith.”

—“What has brought you hither?”

—“I am come to play at chess with you.”

—“I have great skill at chess,” said the high king; and indeed, he was the best at it in Ireland, in those days.

—“We shall see about that,” said Midir.

—“But the queen is sleeping in her chamber now,” said Eochaid; “and it is there the chessboard is.”

—“Little matter,” said Midir, “I have here a board as good as yours is.”

And that was the truth. His chessboard was of silver, glittering with

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precious stones at each corner. From a satchel wrought of shining metal he took his chessmen, which were of pure gold. Then he arranged them on the board. —“Play you,” said he.

—“I will not play without a stake,” said the king.

—“What will the stake be?” said Midir.

—“All one to me,” said Eochaid.

—“If you win,” said Midir, “I will give you fifty broad-chested horses with slim swift feet.”

—“And if you win,” said Eochaid Airem, sure of victory, “I will give you whatever you demand.”

Midir won that game, and demanded Etain the queen. But the rules of chess are that the vanquished may claim his revenge,—a second game, that is, to decide the matter; and the high king proposed that it should be played at the end of a year. Midir agreed, and vanished.

The year ended, and Eochaid was at Tara; he had had the palace surrounded by a great armed host against Midir; and Etain was there with him. Here is the description of Etain:

“A clear comb of silver was held in her hand, the comb was adorned with gold; and near her, as for washing, was a basin of silver whereon four birds had been chased, and there were little bright gems of carbuncles on the rim of the basin. A bright purple mantle waved round her; and beneath it another mantle with fringes of silver: the outer one clasped over her bosom with a golden brooch. A tunic she wore, with a long hood that might cover her head attached to it; it was stiff and glossy with green silk beneath red embroidery of gold, and clasped over her breast with marvelously wrought clasps of gold and silver, so that men saw the bright gold and the green silk flashing against the sun. On her head were two tresses of golden hair, and each tress plaited into four strands, and at the end of each strand a little ball of gold. Each of her two arms was as white as the snow of a single night, and each of her two cheeks of the hue of the foxglove. Even and small the teeth in her head, and they shone like pearls. Her eyes were blue as the blue hyacinth, her lips delicate and crimson. . . . White as snow, or the foam of the wave, was her neck. . . . Her feet were slim and white as the ocean foam; evenly set were her eyes, and the eyebrows of a bluish black, such as you see on the shell of a beetle. . . .”

— What I call on you to note about that is something very unpoetic. It is not the flashing brightness, the grace, the evidence of an eye craving for beauty, and of a hand sure in the creation of beauty; — but the dress. The Irish writers got these ideas of dress without having contacted, for example, classical civilization, or any foreign civilization. The ideas were home-grown, the tradition Irish. The writer was describing what he was

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familiar with: the kind of dress worn by an Irish princess before Ireland had seen foreign fashions and customs. He was heightening his picture for artistic effect, no doubt; but he was drawing with his eye on the object. I am inclined to think that imagination always must work upon a basis of things known; just as tradition must always be based on fact. Now then: try, will you, to imagine 'primitive savages' dressing like that, or sufficiently nearly like that for one of their bards to work up such a picture on the actualities he had seen. I think you cannot do it. And this picture is not extraordinary; it is typical of what we commonly find in the ancient Irish stories. What it proves is that the Ireland that emerges into history, war-battered and largely decivilized by long unsettled conditions as she was, remembered and was the inheritor of an Ireland consummately civilized. — But to return to the hall of Eochaid Airem: —

Every door in it was locked; and the whole place filled with the cream of the war-host of the Gael, and apprehension on everyone, they not knowing would it be war and violence with Midir, or what it would be. So it had been all day; so it was now in the dusk of the evening. Then suddenly there stood Midir in the midst of them: Midir the Proud; never had he seemed fairer than then. No man had seen him enter; none knew how he had come. And then it was but putting his spear in his left hand for him, and putting his right arm about the waist of Etain, and rising through the air with her, and vanishing through the roof. And when the men of Ireland rushed out from the hall, they saw two swans circling above Tara and away, their long white necks yoked together with a yoke of moon-bright silver.

It was a long time the Gods were ruling in Ireland before the Milesians came. King after king reigned over them; and there are stories on stories, a rich literature for another nation, about the time of these Danaan Gods alone. One of them was Lir, the Boundless Deep. He had four children by his first wife; when she died, he married her sister, Aoife by name. Aoife was jealous of the love he had for his children, and was for killing them. But when it came to doing it, "her womanhood overcame her," and instead she put swanhood on the four of them, and the doom that swans they should be from that out for nine hundred years: three hundred on Lake Derryvaragh in West Meath, three hundred on the Straits of Moyle between Ireland and Scotland, three hundred on the Atlantic by Erris and Innishglory. After that the enchantment would end.

For that, Bov Derg, one of the Gods, changed her into a demon of the air, and she flew away shrieking, and was heard of no more. But there was no taking the fate from the swan-children; and the Danaans sought them on their lake, and found they had human speech left to them,

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and the gift of wonderful Danaan music. From all parts they came to the lake to talk with them and to hear them singing; and that way it was for three hundred years. Then they must depart, Fionuala and her three brothers, the swan-children, and wing their way to the northern sea, and be among the wild cliffs and the foam; and the worst of loneliness and cold and storm was the best fate there was for them. Their feathers froze to the rocks on the winter nights; but they filled the drear chasms of the tempest with their Danaan singing. It was Fionuala wrapped her plumage about her brothers, to keep them from the cold; she was their leader, heartening them. And if it was bad for them on the Straits of Moyle, it was worse on the Atlantic; three hundred years they were there, and bitter sorrow the fate on them.

When their time to be freed was near, they were for flying to the palace of Lir their father, at the Hill of the White Field in Armagh. But long since the Milesians had come into Ireland, and the Danaans had passed into the hills and the unseen; and with the old centuries of their enchantment heavy on them, their eyes had grown no better than the eyes of mortals: gorse-grown hills they saw, and green nettles growing, and no sign of the walls and towers of the palace of Lir. And they heard the bells ringing from a church, and were frightened at the "thin, dreadful sound." But afterwards, in their misery, they took refuge with the saint in the church, and were converted, and joined him in singing the services. Then, after a while, the swanhood fell from them, and they became human, with the whole of their nine centuries heavy on them. "Lay us in one grave," said Fionuala to the saint; "and place Conn at my right hand, and Fiachra at my left, and Aed before my face; for there they were wont to be when I sheltered them many a winter night upon the seas of Moyle." So it was they were buried; but the saint sorrowed for them till the end of his days. — And there, if you understand it, you have the forgotten story of Ireland.

She was once Danaan, and fortunate in the Golden Age. Then she was enchanted, and fell from her high estate; and sorrow and the wildness of ages of decivilizing wars were her portion; but she retained her wonderful Danaan gift of song. Then came Christianity, and she sang her swan-song in the services of the Church; — when she had overcome her terror of the ominous sound of the bells. She became human again: that is, enjoyed one more period of creative greatness, a faint revival of her old splendor; and then.— Ah, it was a long time ago; a long time the hermit has been sorrowing over her grave! But listen, by the lake of Derryvaragh, on the seas of Moyle, or by Erris and Innishglory, and you will hear still the ghostly echoes of the singing of Danaan swans. *Danaan* swans: — music better than of the world of men!

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O Swan-child, come from the grave, and be bright as you were of old
When you sang o'er the sun-bright wave in the Danaans' Age of Gold!
Are you never remembering, darling, the truth that you knew well then,
That there's nobody dies from the world, ashore, but is born in the world again.

It brings me naturally to the place where we take her up in our history. At the end of the fourth century, "the sea," says the Roman poet Claudian, "was foamy with the hostile oars of the Irish." Niall of the Nine Hostages was high king of Tara; and he was all for a life on the ocean wave and a home on the rolling deep. He raided the coasts of Britain annually, and any other coasts that came handy, carrying off captives where he might. One of these was a boy named Sucat, from Glamorgan: probably from Glamorgan, though it might have been from anywhere between the Clyde and the Loire. In time this Sucat escaped from his Irish slavery, entered the Church, took the Latin name of Patrick, and made it his business to Christianize Ireland. That was about the time when the Britons were throwing off the Roman yoke. He was at the height of his career in the middle of the fifth century.

Even if he did not make a clean and bloodless sweep of the whole country, Patrick was one of the most successful Christian missionaries that ever preached. There was some opposition by the druids, but it was not successful. He went to the courts of the kings, and converted them; and to say you had baptized a king, was as good as to say you had his whole clan captured; for it was a fractious unnatural clansman who would not go where his chieftain led. We are in an atmosphere altogether different from the rancor and fanaticism of the continent. Patrick,—there must have been something very winning and kindly about the man,—roused no tradition of animosity. He never made Ireland hate her pagan past. When the Great Age came,—which was not till later,—not till the Crest-Wave had passed from Wales,—and Christian Irishmen took to writing down the old legends and stories, they were very tender to the memories of the Gods and heroes. It was in pity for the Children of Lir, that were turned into swans, that they were kept alive long enough to be baptized and sent to heaven. Can you fancy Latona and her children so received by Greekish or Latin monks into the Communion of Saints? But the Irish Church was always finding excuses for the salvation of the great figures of old. Some saint called up Cuculain from hell, converted him, and gave him a free pass that Peter at the Gates should honor. There was Conchobar MacNessa again. He was king of Ulster in the days of the Red Branch, the grand heroic cycle of Irish legend; Cuculain was the chief of his warriors. A brain-ball was driven through the skull of Conchobar from a sling; but sure, his druid doctors would never be phased by a trifle like that. They bound up the wound and healed him

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in a cauldron of cure; but warned him never to get excited or over-exert himself, or the brain-ball would come out and he would die; barring such accidents, he would do splendidly. And so he did for some years. Then one day a darkness came over the world, and he put his druids to finding out the cause of it. They told him they saw in their vision three crosses on a hill in the east of the world, and three men nailed on them; and the man in the middle with the likeness of the Son of God. With that the battle-fury came on Conchobar, and he fell to destroying the trees of the forest with his sword. "Oh that I were there!" he cried; "thus would I deal with his enemies." With the excitement and over-exertion, out came the brain-ball, and he died. And if God Almighty would not take Conchobar MacNessa, pagan as he was, into heaven for a thing like that,—sure, God Almighty was not half such a dacent kindly creature as the Irish monk who invented the yarn.

So nothing comes down to us that has not passed the censorship of a race-proud priesthood, with perhaps never a drop of the wine of true wisdom in them, to help them discriminate and truth to shine through what they were passing on; but still, with a great deal of the milk of human kindness as a substitute, so far as it might be. They treasured the literary remains of druid days; liberally twisting them, to be sure, into consonance with Christian ideas of history and the fitness of things; but still they treasured them, and drew from them inspiration. Thus the whole past comes down euhemerized, cooked, and touched up. It comes down very glorious,—because the strongest feeling in Irish hearts was Irishism, race-consciousness. Whereas the Latin Church was fierce against antiquity and all its monuments, the Celtic Church in Ireland was anxious above all things to preserve Celtic antiquity,—having first brought it into line with the one true faith. The records had to be kept,—and made to tally with the Bible. The godhood of the Gods had to be covered away, and you had to treat them as if they had been respectable children of Adam,—more or less respectable, at any rate. A descent from Noah had to be found for the legendary kings and heroes; and for every event a date corresponding with that of someone in the Bible. Above all, you had to pack the whole Irish past into the few thousand years since Noah came out of the Ark. — You get a glimpse in Wales of the struggle there was between Hebrao-Christian chronology and the Celtic sense of the age of the world: in the pedigree of an ancient family, where, it is said, about half way down the line this entry occurs after one of the names: "In his time Adam was expelled from Paradise." In Ireland, indeed, there was at least one man from before the Flood living in historic times: Fintan, whom, with others, Noah sent into the western world while the Ark was building. Here is one of Fintan's poems:

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"If you inquire of me concerning Ireland, I know and can relate gladly all the invasions of it since the beginning of the delightful world. Out of the east came Cessair, a woman, daughter of Bith, with her fifty maidens, with her three men. The flood came upon Bith on his mountain without mystery; on Ladru at Ard Ladran; on Cessair at Cuil Cesra. As for me, for the space of a year, beneath the rapid flood, on the height of a mighty wave, I enjoyed sleep which was exceeding good. Then, in Ireland, I found my way above the waters until Partholan came out of the East, from the land of the Greeks. Then, in Ireland, I enjoyed rest; Ireland was void till the son of Agnoman came, Nemed with the delightful manners. The Fir Bolg and the Fir Galioin came a long time after, and the Fir Domnann also; they landed at Erris in the west. Then came the Tuatha De Danaan in their hood of mist. I lived with them for a long time, though their age is far removed. After that came the sons of Mile out of Spain and the south. I lived with them; mighty were their battles. I had come to a great age, I do not conceal it, when the pure faith was sent to Ireland by the King of the Cloudy Heaven. I am the fair Fintan son of Bochra; I proclaim it aloud. Since the flood came here I am a great personage in Ireland."

In the middle of the sixth century he was summoned as a witness by the descendants of Niall of the Nine Hostages against King Dermot MacKervall, in a dispute as to the ancient divisions of Ireland. He came to Tara with nine companies in front of him, and nine companies behind: they were his descendants. This, mind you, is in strictly historical times. The king and his people received him kindly, and after he had rested a little, he told them his story, and that of Tara from its foundation. They asked him to give them some proof of his memory. "Right willingly," said Fintan. "I passed one day through a wood in West Munster; I brought home with me a red berry of the yew-tree, which I planted in my kitchen-garden, and it grew there till it was as tall as a man. Then I took it up, and re-planted it on the green lawn before the house, and it grew there until a hundred champions could find room under its foliage, to be sheltered there from wind and rain, and cold and heat. I remained so, and my yew remained so, spending our time alike, until at last all its leaves fell off from decay. When afterwards I thought of turning it to some profit, I went to it, and cut it from its stem; and I made of it seven vats, and seven keeves, and seven stans, and seven churns, and seven pitchers, and seven milans, and seven medars, with hoops for all. I remained so with my yew vessels until their hoops all fell off from decay and old age. After that I re-made them; but could only get a keeve out of the vat, and a stan out of the keeve, and a mug out of the stan, and a cilorn out of the mug, and a milan out of the cilorn, and a medar out of

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the milan; and I leave it to Almighty God that I do not know where their dust is now, after their dissolution with me from decay.”*

Now here is a strange relic of the Secret Teaching that comes down with this legend of Fintan. Each of the four Cardinal Points, it was said, had had its Man appointed to record all the wonderful events that had taken place in the world.† One of them was this Fintan, son of Bochrá, son of Lamech, whose duty was to preserve the histories of Spain and Ireland, and the West in general. As we have seen, Spain is a glyph for the Great Plain, the Otherworld.

From this universal euhemerization,— this loving preservation and careful cooking of the traditions by the Christian redactors of them,— we get certain results. One is that ancient Ireland remains for us in the colors of life: every figure flashes before our eyes in a golden mellow light of morning, at once extremely real and extremely magical: not the Greek heroic age appears so flooded with dawn-freshness, so realistic, so minutely drawn, nor half so lit with glamor. Another result is that, while strange gleams of Esotericism shine through,— as in that about the Four Recorders of the Four Cardinal Points,— things that it seemed undangerous to the monks, because they did not understand their significance, to let pass,— we hear nothing in Irish literature about the philosophy of the Druids. Ireland retains her belief in magic to this day; and his would be a hard skull that could know Ireland intimately and escape that belief. So it seemed nothing irreligious to the monks to let the Druids remain magicians. But philosophy was another matter entirely; and must be ruled out as conflicting with the Christian scheme of things. From this silence our Druid-Medicine-men Theorists draw great comfort and unction for their pet belief. Reincarnation appears in some stories as a sort of thing that might happen in special cases; because “God is good to the Irish,” and might be willing to give them sometimes another chance. But nothing is allowed to come down to imply it was known for a law in Nature; no moral or philosophic bearing is attached to it. This is just what you would expect. The Christian censors of the literature had rejected it as unchristian doctrine. They would hate to have it thought that Irishmen could ever have believed in such things; they would cover such belief up in every possible way. You would find peasant-bards in Wales to this day, men learned in the national tradition, who are deacons in their chapels and druids of the Gorsedd, and firm believers in Druidism. They have founded a Gorsedd here in America lately, with an active propaganda of Druidism, and lecturers touring. They think of it as a

*De Jubainville, *Irish Mythological Cycle*; whence also Fintan's poem quoted above.

†See *The Secret Doctrine*, for the Theosophical teaching.

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kind of Pre-Christian Christianity; and would open their eyes wide to hear that Reincarnation was the cornerstone teaching in it. This may throw a little light on the attitude of those early Irish Christians. — But on the other hand there were tales that could not be preserved at all, that you could not tell at all, without bringing a touch of reincarnation into them. The universal doctrine survived in that way in Ireland, as it survived as a rumor in the folk-lore in Wales.

There is the story, for instance, of Mongan son of Fiachta, a historical chieftain killed in 625. According to Tigernach, the oldest of the Irish annalists, Finn MacCool died in A. D. 274. Finn, you will remember, is the central figure of the Fenian Cycle of sagas; he was the father of Oisín and the leader of the Fenians; next to Cúculainn, he is the chiefest hero of Irish legend. I quote this story from M. de Jubainville.*

Mongan had a quarrel with Forgoll, his chief bard or *file*, as to the place where Fothad Airgtech king of Ireland had been slain by Cailte, one of Finn's companions. Mongan said it was on the banks of the Larne in Ulster, near his own palace; Forgoll said it was at Dubtar in Leinster. Forgoll, enraged at being contradicted by a mere layman, threatened to pronounce awful incantations against Mongan, which might put rat-hood on him, or anything. The end of it was that Mongan was given three days to prove his statement; if he should not have done so by that time, he and all his possessions were to become the property of the file.

Two days passed, and half the third, and Mongan did nothing, but remained at his ease entirely, never troubling in the world. As for his wife, poor woman, from the moment he made the wager her tears had not ceased to flow. —“Make an end of weeping,” said he; “help will certainly come to us.”

Forgoll came to claim his bond. —“Wait you till the evening,” said Mongan. Evening came, and if help was coming, there was no sign of it. Mongan sat with his wife in the upper chamber; Forgoll out before them waiting to take possession of everything. Pitiless and revengeful the look of Forgoll; the queen weeping and wailing; Mongan himself with no sign of care on him. —“Be not you sorrowful, woman,” said he; “the one who is coming to help us is not far off; I hear his footsteps on the Labrinne.” It is the River Caragh, that flows into Dingle bay in the southwest; a hundred leagues from where they were in the palace at Donegore in the north-east of Antrim.

With that she was quiet for awhile; but nothing happened, and she began weeping again. —“Hush now!” said Mongan; “I hear the feet

*But without word-for-word exactitude; hence the absence of inverted commas. The same remark applies to all the stories quoted, or nearly quoted, from Mr. Rolleston's book.

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of the one that will help us crossing the Maine." It is another river in Kerry, between the Caragh and the north-east: on the road, that is, between Mongan's palace and the Great Plain.

That way he was consoling her again and again; and she again and again breaking out with her lamentations. He was hearing the footsteps at every river between Kerry and Antrim: at the Liffey, and then the Boyne, and then the Dee, and after that, at Carlingford Lough, and at last at Larne Water, a little to the south of the palace. —"Enough of this folly," said Forgoll; "pay you me what is mine." A man came in from the ramparts; —"What news with you?" asks Mongan. —"There is a warrior like the men of old time approaching from the south, and a headless spear-shaft in his hand." —"I told you he would be coming," said Mongan. Before the words were out from between his teeth, the warrior had leaped the three ramparts into the middle of the dun, and in a moment was there between Mongan and the file in the hall. —"What is it is troubling you?" said he.

—"I and the file yonder have made a wager about the death of Fothad Airgtech," said Mongan. "The file said he died at Dubtar in Leinster; I said it was false."

—"Then the file has lied," said the warrior.

—"Thou wilt repent of that," cried Forgoll.

—"That is not a good speech," said the warrior. "I will prove what I say." Then he turned to Mongan. "We were with thee, Finn MacCool," said he,—

—"Hush!" said Mongan; "*it is wrong for thee to reveal a secret.*"

—"Well then," said the warrior, "we were with Finn coming from Alba. We met Fothad Airgtech near here, on the banks of Larne Water. We fought a battle with him. I cast my spear at him, so that it went through his body, and the iron head quitted the shaft, and went into the earth beyond, and remained there. This is the shaft of that spear," said he, holding up the headless shaft he had with him. "The bare rock from which I hurled it will be found, and the iron head is in the earth a little to the east of it; and the grave of Fothad Airgtech a little to the east of that again. A stone chest is round his body; in the chest are his two bracelets of silver, and his two arm-rings, and his collar of silver. Over the grave is a stone pillar, and on the end of the pillar that is in the earth is Ogham writing, and it says, 'Here is Fothad Airgtech. He was fighting with Finn when Cailte slew him.'

Cailte had been one of the most renowned of Finn's companions; he had come now from the Great Plain to save his old master. You will note that remark of the latter's when Cailte let the fact escape him that he,

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Mongan, had been Finn: "Hush! it is wrong for thee to reveal a secret." That was the feeling of the Christian redactors. Reincarnation was not a thing for baptized lips to speak about.

But we are anticipating things: the coming of Patrick did not bring about the great literary revival which sent all these stories down to us. Patrick Christianized Ireland: converted the kings and established the church; and left the bulk of the people pagan-hearted and pagan-visioned still,— as, glory be to God, they have been ever since. I mean by that that under all vicissitudes the Irish have never quite lost sight of the Inner Life at the heart of things, as most of the rest of us have. Time and men and circumstance, sorrow and ignorance and falsity, have conspired to destroy the race; but there is vision there, however thwarted and hedged in,— and the people do not perish: their woods and mountains are still full of a gay or mournful, a wailing or a singing, but always a beautiful, life. Patrick was a great man; but he never could drive out the Danaan Gods, who had gone into the hills when the Milesians came. He drove out the serpents, they say; and a serpent was a name for a Druid Adept: Taliesin says, in one of his poems, '*Wyf dryw, wyf sarff*,' 'I am a druid, I am a serpent'; and we know from H. P. Blavatsky how universal this symbol was, with the meaning of an Initiate of the Secret Wisdom. So perhaps Patrick did evict his Betters from that land of evictions; it may be so; — but not the God-life in the mountains. But I judge from the clean and easy sweep he made of things that Druidism was at a low pass in Ireland when he came. It had survived there five centuries since its vital center and link with the Lodge had been destroyed at Bibracte by Caesar; and, I suppose, thus cut off, and faced with no opposition to keep it pure and alert, might well, and would naturally, have declined. Its central light no longer burning, political supremacy itself would have hastened its decay; fostering arrogance for spirituality, and worldliness for true wisdom. — How then about the theory that some life and light remained or was revivable in it in Britain? Why claim that for Britain, which one would incline to deny to Ireland and Gaul? — Well; we know that Druidism did survive in Gaul a long time after the Romans had proscribed it. But Gaul became very thoroughly Romanized. The Romans and their civilization were everywhere; the Celtic language quite died out; (Breton was brought in by emigrants from Britain;) — and where the Celtic language had died, unlikely that Celtic thought would survive. But in Britain, as we have seen, while the Romans and their proscription were near enough to provide a salutary opposition and constant peril, there were many places in which the survivors of Suetonius' massacre in Mona might have taken refuge. I take it that in Ireland it suffered through lack of opposition; in Gaul,

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it died of too effective opposition; but in Britain there were midway conditions that may well have allowed it to live on.

Beyond Christianizing the country, it does not appear that Patrick did much for it. It is not clear that Ireland made any progress in material civilization then,—or for that matter, at any time since. We should know by this time that these things are a matter of law. Patrick found her essentially in pralaya, essentially under the influence of centrifugalism; and you cannot turn the ebbing tide, and make it flow before its time. There was a queer mixture of intensive culture and ruthless barbarism: an extreme passion on the one hand for poetry and the things of the spirit,—and on the other, such savagery as continual warfare always brings in its train. The literary class was so strong that in the little kingdom of Tir Conall in Donegal alone the value of ten thousand dollars of the revenue was set aside yearly for its support and purposes; — whereby one would imagine that for all things else they could but have had a nickel or so left. This is culture with a vengeance. There was, besides, wonderful skill in arts and crafts, intricate designing in jewelry-work; — and all this is not to be called by another name than the relics of a high civilization. But there was no political unity; or only a loose bond under the high kings at Tara, who had forever to be fighting to maintain their authority. There was racial, but not national consciousness.

But where in Europe was there national consciousness? We should remember that it only began to exist, or to reincarnate from times beyond the horizon of history, in the thirteenth century A. D. There would be a deal less sneering at Ireland were only these facts known. England was perhaps the first country in which it became effective: the wars of the first and third Edwards called it into being there. Joan lit the fires of it in France; she mainly; — in the fourteen-twenties and thirties. Spain had to wait for Ferdinand and Isabel; Sweden for Gustavus Vasa; Holland for William the Silent; Italy for Victor Emmanuel; Germany for Bismarck. Wales was advancing towards it, in an imperfect sort of way, rather earlier than England; but the Edwardian conquest put the whole idea into abeyance for centuries. So too Ireland: she was half-conquered by the Normans, broken, racked, ruined and crucified, a century before the idea of Nationhood had come into existence, and while centrifugalism was still the one force in Europe. It is thus quite beside the point to say that she was never a nation, even in the days of her native rule. Of course she was not. Nor was England, in those times; nor any other. In every part of the continent the centrifugal forces were running riot; though in some there were strong fighting kings to hold things together. This by way of hurling one more spear at the old cruel doctrine of race inferiorities and superiorities: at Unbrotherliness and all its wicked works

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and ways. It was the European pralaya; when your duty to your neighbor was everywhere and always to fight him, to get in the first blow: to kill him before he killed you, and thank God for his mercies. So Ireland was not exceptional in that way. Where she was exceptional, bless her sweet heart, lay, as we shall see, in the fact that while all the rest were sunk in ignorance and foulest barbarism, and mentally utterly barren,— she alone had the grace to combine her Kilkenny Cattery with an exquisite and wonderful illumination of culture. While she tore herself to pieces with one hand, with the other she was holding up the torch of learning,— and a very real learning too,— to benighted Europe; and *then*, (bedad!) she found another hand again, to be holding the pen with it, and to produce a literature to make the white angels of God as green as her own holy hills with envy! *That* was Ireland!

The Crest-Wave rolled in to her; the spiritual forces descended far enough to create a cultural illumination, but not far enough to create political stability. We have seen before that they touch the artistic creative planes, in their descent, before they reach the more material planes. So her position is perfectly comprehensible. The old European manvantara was dying; elsewhere it was dead. Its forces, when they passed away through Ireland, were nearly exhausted: in no condition whatever to penetrate to the material plane and make political greatnesses and strengths. But they found in her very soil and atmosphere a spiritual something which enabled them to produce a splendor of literary creation that perhaps had had no parallel in Europe since Periclean days: yes, surely Ireland was much more creative than Augustan Rome.

Have any of you heard of literary savages? Of wild men of the woods, your true prognathous primitives, that in a bare couple of generations, and upon no contact with civilized races, rose from their native pithecanthropism to be the wonderful beacon of the West or East? You have not, and cannot imagine it; nor could it ever be. A great literary habit is only acquired in long ages of settled civilization; and there were long ages of settled civilization behind Ireland; and when, about thirteen decades after Patrick's coming, she flamed up into cultural creation, she was but returning to what was proper to her soul: in the midst of her dissolution, she was but groping after an olden self. That olden self, very likely, she had even by that time more than half forgotten; and we now can only see it *refracted*, as it were, through the lens of those first Christian centuries, and with the eyes of those Christian monks and bards. How would they have seen them? — There was that spirit of euhemerization: of making ancient things conform to new Christian ideas. They had the Kilkenny Catterwauling in their ears daily; would they have allowed to any Pagan times a quieter less dissonant music? Could

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they have imagined it, indeed? — I doubt. Kilkennyism would have appeared to them the natural state of things. Were you to look back into Paganism for your Christian millennium, to come not till Christ came again? Were you to search there for peace on earth and mercy mild? — there in the long past, when all the near past was war? — Besides, there was that ancientest of Mariners, Noah, but a few thousand years back; and you had to make things fit.

So I find nothing in it conclusive, if the legends tell of no conditions different from those Patrick found: Kilkenny Cattery in politics, intensive culture in the things of the spirit; and I see no difficulty in the co-existence of the two. The cultured habit had grown in forgotten civilized ages; the Cattery was the result of national or racial pralaya: of the break-up of the old civilization, and the cyclic necessary night-time between it and the birth of another. Let us remember that during the Thirty Years War, in mid-manvantara, Europeans sunk into cannibalism; let us remember the lessons of our own day, which show what a very few years of war, so it be intense enough, can do towards reducing civilized to the levels of savage consciousness. So when we find Ireland, in this fourth century, always fighting,— and the women as well as the men; and when we find a tribe in Scotland, the Attacotti, with a reputation for cannibalism; — we need not for a moment imagine that things had always been like that. It is not that man is naturally a savage, and may from the heights of civilization quickly relapse into savagery; it is that he is a dual being, with the higher part of his nature usually in abeyance, and its place taken, when it is taken at all, by the conventions of law and order; and so the things that are only thought, or perhaps secretly practised, in times of civilization, as soon as war has broken down the conventions, find their full expression in action,— and others along with them. So Patrick found Ireland, what she has been mostly since, a grand Kilkenny Cattery; but with the literary habit of an older and better day surviving, and nearly ready to be awakened into transcendent splendor. The echoes of the Danaan music were ringing in her still; and are now, heaven knows; — and how would they not be, when what to our eyes are the hills of her green with fern, to eyes anointed, and to the vision of the spirit, are the palaces of the Danaan Sidhe, and the topless towers of Fairyland?

I shall come to my history next week; meanwhile here for you is the *Song of Finn in Praise of May*, a part of it, as Mr. Rolleston translates it, to give a taste of the literary habit of Pre-Christian Ireland:

May day! delightful day!
Bright colors play the vales along;
Now wakes at morning's slender ray,
Wild and gay, the blackbird's song.

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Now comes the bird of dusty hue,
The loud cuckoo, the summer lover;
Broad-branching trees are thick with leaves;
The bitter evil time is over.

Swift horses gather nigh,
Where half dry the river goes;
Tufted heather crowns the height;
Weak and white the bog-down blows.

Corncrake singing from eve till morn,
Deep in corn, the strenuous bird;
Sings the virgin waterfall,
White and tall, her one sweet word.

Loaded boughs of little power
Goodly flower-harvests win;
Cattle roam with muddy flanks;
Busy ants go out and in.

Carols loud the lark on high,
Small and shy, his tireless lay,
Singing in wildest, merriest mood
Of delicate-hued delightful May.

— And here, from the same source, are the *Delights of Finn*, as his son Oisín sang them to Patrick:

These are the things that were dear to Finn,—
The din of battle, the banquet's glee,
The bay of his hounds through the rough glen ringing,
And the blackbird singing in Letterlee.

The shingle grinding along the shore,
When they dragged his war-boats down to the sea;
The dawn-wind whistling his spears among,
And the magic song of his minstrels three.

— Whereby you may know, if you consider it rightly, what great strain of influence flows in from the Great Plain and the Land of Youth, that may yet help towards the salvation of Europe. When you turn your eyes on the diaphanous veil of the Mighty Mother, and see it sparkling and gleaming like that, it is but a step to seeing the motions of the Great Life behind; but a step to seeing

‘Eternal Beauty wander on her way;’

— that Beauty which is the grand Theophany or manifestation of God. It would not be, it could not exist, but that the Spirit is here; but that the Gods are here, and clearly visible: talk not of the Supreme Self, and shut your eyes meanwhile to the Beauty of the World which is the light that shines from It, and the sign of Its presence! And the consciousness of this Beauty is one which, since Ireland, thrilled from the Otherworld,

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arose and sang, has been forcing itself ever more and more through the minds, chiefly of poets, of a Europe exiled from truth. I cannot over-estimate the importance of this delight in and worship of Beauty in Nature, which the wise Chinese considered the path to the highest things in Art. Europe has inherited, mainly from the Greeks and the time the western world fell into ignorance, a preoccupation with human personality: in Art and Literature, I mean, as well as in life. We are individuals, and would peg out claims for ourselves even in the Inner World; and by reason of that the Inner World is mostly shut away from us; — for there, as the poem I quoted about the Great Plain says, “none talk of ‘mine’ and ‘thine.’” But down through the centuries of Christendom, after our catching it so near its source in magical Ireland, comes this other music: this listening, not for the voices of passion, and indecision, and the self-conceit which is the greatest fool’s play of all, within our personal selves, — but for the meditations of the Omnipresent as they are communicated through the gleam on water, through the breath and delicacy of flowers, through the

‘blackbird’s singing in Letterlee,’

— this tendency to ‘seek in the Impersonal’ (Nature is impersonal) ‘for the Eternal Self.’


So here, in these fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh centuries, I find the forces ‘going west,’ through Gaul, through Wales, through Ireland, to the Great Plain; there to recover themselves bathing in the magical Fountain of Youth which is so near to the island the Greeks called “Sacred Ierne of the Hibernians.” It may be that the finest part of them has not come back yet; but will re-emerge, spiritual and saving, through this same gateway. One would be ashamed of the Host of the Gods, were they not doing strenuous battle in the unseen for the regeneration of this poor Ireland, that will yet mean so much to the world; — and one would marvel at the hellions, indeed one would, were they in their turn not moving heaven and earth, with their best battle-breaking champions in the forefront, to maintain their strangle-hold on her tortured and beautiful soul.



“WE are in the Kali-Yuga and its fatal influence is a thousandfold more powerful in the West than in the East; hence the easy preys made by the Powers of the Age of Darkness in this cyclic struggle, and the many delusions under which the world is now laboring.”— *H. P. Blavatsky*

THE ANXIETY ABOUT EDUCATION

MAGISTER ARTIUM

HE question of our default in education is now agitating the public mind and is a topic of general interest which may be treated in this magazine and on which Theosophy may throw some light.

Of course we are striving not to educate a comparative few but to educate the entire community, and this broad area must be considered responsible for a corresponding thin spreading of our educational forces. But this is by no means all the evil. The lack of adequate support for teachers is one symptom out of several showing that not enough interest is taken in education as compared with other matters for which there is no lack of resources either in men or money.

For this state of affairs we must hold responsible the wave of materialism so characteristic of last century, when the minds and energies of men were directed to the accumulation and development of material resources and the finer values of life were disregarded and were sneered down by obliging humorists. This spirit still exists, though it has passed its acme. With a certain scientific school interested in emphasizing the supposed brute origin of humanity, and ignoring or even denying man's mental and spiritual heredity; with crank psychology studying the reflexes and animal instincts in man, while ignoring the higher nature in him; with the minds of statesmen and reformers set on questions of material prosperity and national rivalry; with these and other forces at work, can we wonder that education takes a tinge from our general color and shows itself lacking in essentials?

Technical and vocational education — so-called 'practical' instruction — may be required to fit men and women for their work in life; but first we must have the men and women. We cannot teach anything to the unteachable, nor graft any good fruit upon a feeble or unsound stock. And this is just where our education is said to be failing: it does not instil the rudiments of efficiency in the moral character or in the mental make-up of the prospective student. Hence what is sought to be added drops off; and it is like trying to teach scientific calculation to pupils who cannot work a simple equation or do correctly the first four rules in arithmetic.

The Athenian culture under Pericles was a kind of brief sunset glow reflecting the glories of a forgotten past when brighter civilizations lived

THE ANXIETY ABOUT EDUCATION

on earth; and its mission has been to help preserve ideals for later times. We find that the object of education was then considered to be to round out the entire man, body, mind, and soul, so as to make him a worthy, happy, and useful member of the community. Education did not aim to fit the youth for any particular calling, but so to equip him as to be fit for any call that might be made upon him. It consisted of training for the body, training for the mind, and that third famous branch of education called 'music,' which cultivated the tastes and produced harmony and balance in the character. The athletic training did not aim at producing sheer muscular strength, as was the case in certain other parts of Greece, but at giving an equal proportion and a due combination of vigor with flexibility.

In contrast with this we find that the ideal of pushing on one's personality and achieving material success is still quite dominant as a motive in education; and one even speaks of it with fear and trembling, as though obligated to make some concession to popular feeling. One finds too the tendency to scoff at idealism and the cultivation of tastes as being 'unpractical,' and to set up a standard of superiority based on one's vaunted freedom from all such visionary and unpractical pursuits.

So it is not hard to see one good reason why education has not come up to expectation. We are learning by actual experience that what we have considered practical may not be so practical after all, and that ideals are quite important in the sense that they are the very essence of life. Practical applications are merely the exploitation of ideals, just as actions proceed from thoughts; so that we have been living on the interest accruing from a capital laid up by those before us — the pioneers who broke the way for us.

Education must begin in the home, as Katherine Tingley so often insists; for it must begin as soon as ever the child is able to express himself in any way at all — that is, as soon as he is able to choose between right and wrong. This stage arrives in the cradle, and hence it is there that education must begin. This of course means that the parent is the first educator. For we are hardly prepared in our day to go back to those ideas which Plato, reviving institutions familiar to the audiences of his day, proposed: that children should be taken early from their parents and brought up by the state. Had Plato lived in our time he would probably not have suggested ancient Spartan and Cretan ideas; it is necessary to adapt oneself to one's age. The home means so much more for us than it has meant at some past epochs.

The way in which we treat our teachers shows what kind of relative value we assign to their functions. For, whatever we may say, in actual practice these most important functionaries find themselves elbowed out in the struggle. As in the case of ministers, if we are to estimate the

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value assigned to people by their position in the wage-scale, we cannot place the teacher very high.


As to the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, it is doing two things for education: holding up the lamp of truth, as it has always done; and giving a working example of a school conducted in accordance with the principles laid down by H. P. Blavatsky as being those of Theosophy. Under the first head we must put the wide influence which Theosophy, during the years of its literary and other activity, has exercised on current thought, in counteracting materialism and insisting on the importance of recognising the spiritual values in life and the higher nature and destiny of man. This is an influence which is growing all the time; and it is only a question of time before it will profoundly change our whole outlook on life, thus benefiting education in company with all other institutions. The Râja-Yoga system serves as a visible illustration, which commands wider and wider attention, as the work it is accomplishing is shown to more and more visitors.

THE MYSTIC PILGRIMAGE TO AMARNÂTH

GRACE KNOCHE

"In whatever way men approach me, in that way do I assist them; but whatever the path taken by mankind, that path is mine."— Krishna in the *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*

"For every nation had and many still have *holy* mountains; some Himâlayan Peaks, others Parnassus and Sinai. These were all places of initiation."— *The Secret Doctrine*, II, 494

 HE interesting photographs of the mystic pilgrimage to Amarnâth Cave in the Himâlayas, reproduced in this issue, were received recently by Mme. Katherine Tingley from W. Y. Evans-Wentz, A. M. (University of California), M. A. Oxon, Docteur és Lettres (Rennes), a member of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society. Mr. Wentz made this pilgrimage in the summer of 1919, the only European in a company of pilgrims, who, he writes, treated him with the utmost consideration and kindness, the High Priest in charge of the cave paying him special honor. This pilgrimage carries one to a height of nearly 15,000 feet and requires a week, often longer, for the ascent. The interesting notes sent by Mr. Wentz with the photographs taken by him induce many reflexions, for pilgrimages are as old as man; and the one made yearly to the Cave of Amarnâth in an almost inaccessible part of the Himâlayas is probably

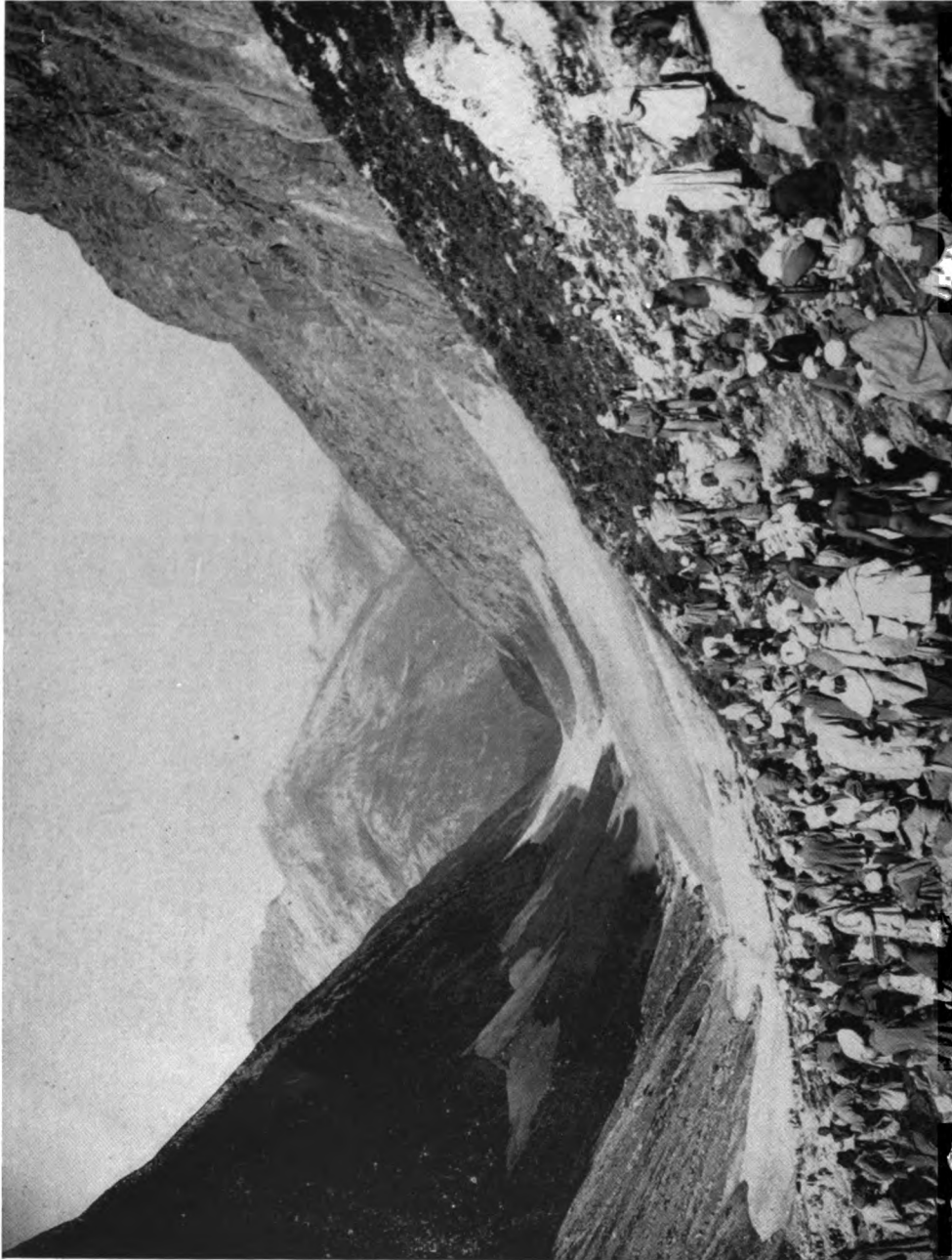


Photographs by W. Y. Evans-Wentz, M. A.

Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

(ABOVE) KASHMÎRI GIRLS AT THEIR SPINNING
In a village near Kulgam. The triangular silver head-ornaments are peculiar to Kashmir.

(BELOW) A GROUP OF INDIAN SÂDHUS, OR HINDÛ ASCETICS
RESTING *EN ROUTE* TO AMARNÂTH



Photograph by W. Y. Evans-Wentz, M. A.

Lamaland Photo & Engraving Dept

IN FRONT OF THE CAVE OF AMARNATH

About 15,000 feet above sea-level. Part of a company of some 8000 pilgrims from all parts of India. Far in the distance in the midst of snow-fields, belated pilgrims are seen approaching.

Probably the first photograph taken of this scene.



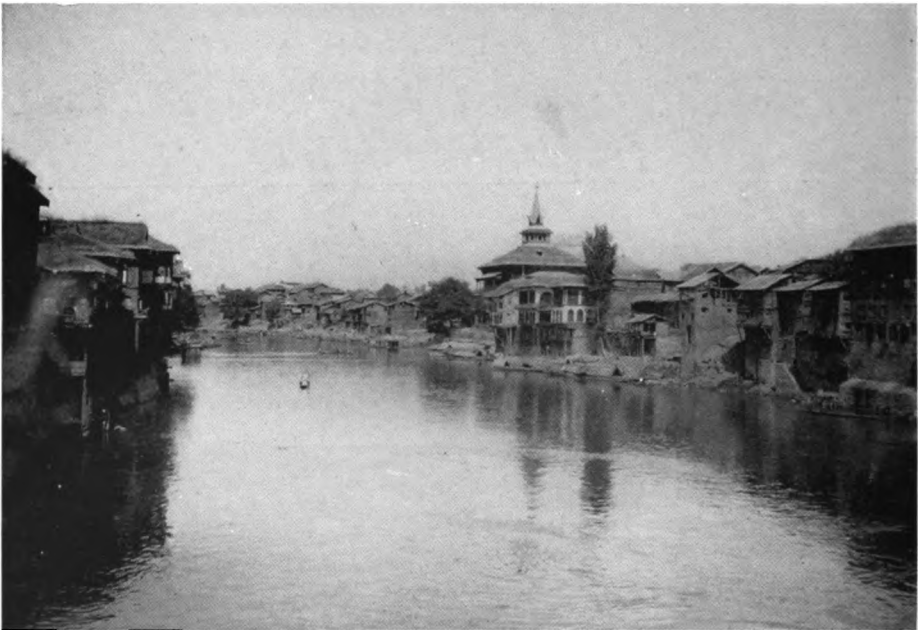
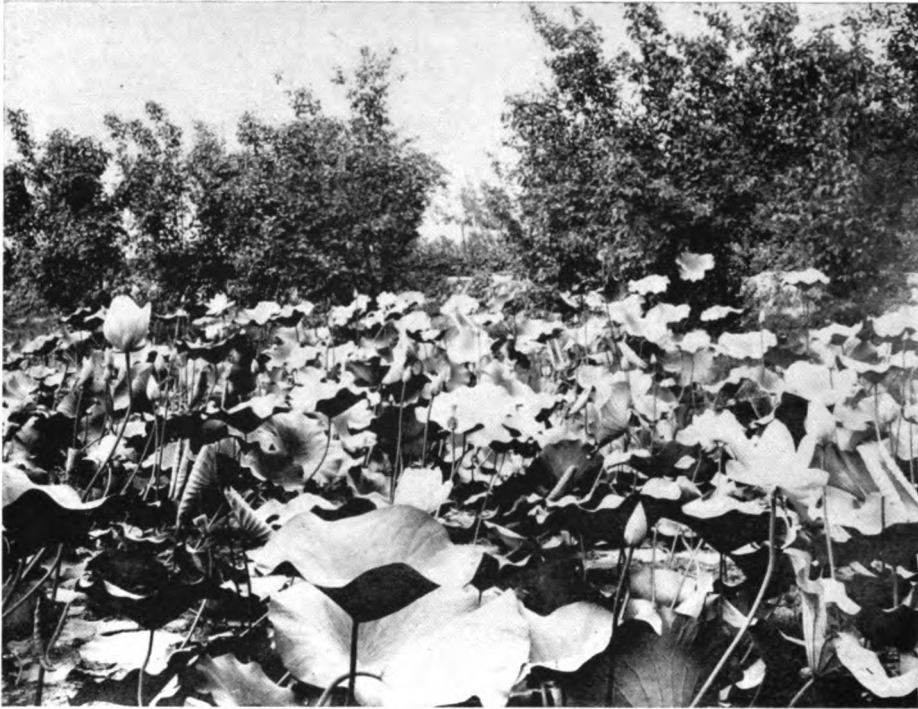
Photographs by W. Y. Evans-Wentz, M. A.

Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

THE LAKE OF THE GREAT WORLD-SERPENT OR 'SISHTA-NÂG'

A lake of weird, quiet beauty, about 12,000 feet above sea-level and fed by glaciers. Around it cluster religious traditions. Seen from the Pilgrim Pathway on the way to the Cave of Amarnâth.

The photograph of this lake by Mr. Wentz is the first taken, so far as is known.



Photograph by W. Y. Evans-Wentz, M. A.

Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

(ABOVE) WILD PINK LOTUS IN DAL LAKE NEAR ŚRĪNAGAR
KASHMĪR

(BELOW) IN ŚRĪNAGAR, THE CAPITAL AND CHIEF CITY OF KASHMĪR
The Moslem temple on the right is several centuries old.

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the most notable of our own day for the incredible difficulties to be surmounted, the large numbers who essay it, and the marvelous nature-panorama that unfolds before the pilgrim from day to day.

The second of the illustrations shows a group of *sâdhus* or Hindû ascetics resting on their way, the third another group in front of the Cave of Amarnâth. At the lower edge of the picture near the center an unclad pilgrim is seen just emerging from the cave, his body smeared with the chalky substance of the cavern rock. For this is one of the limestone caves so associated all over the world with mystical and prehistoric events. Within the cave the High Priest, who sits there to welcome the pilgrims and to receive their offerings, placed the chalky mixture in the *sâdhu's* hand.

The fourth is a view of the marvelous *Śishta-Nâg*, or lake of the World-Serpent, which according to the legend supports the world in its folds. Tradition has it also that the lake owes its origin to the tears which fell from the eyes of the lovely Sitâ when the demon Râvana carried her away from her consort Râma. This is immortalized in the *Râmâyana*, India's great epic. Both the lake and the glacier which feeds it are to be seen on the journey to the Cave.

We take pleasure in referring to a description of this pilgrimage in *The Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1920, to the author of which, Mr. L. Adams Beck, we acknowledge our indebtedness for facts which supplement the notes sent with the photographs, and for the following citations made from his article, which shows a truly Theosophical sense of the mystic and the beautiful. Referring to the "wild and terrible beauty of the journey, and the glorious close when the Cave is reached," the writer declares this pilgrimage to be "the experience of a lifetime even for a European," and asks:

"What must it not be for a true believer? Yet, in the deepest sense I should advise none to make it . . . who cannot sympathize to the uttermost with the wave of faith and devotion that sends these poor pilgrims climbing on torn and wearied feet to the great Himâlayan heights, where they not infrequently lay down their lives before reaching the silver pinnacles that hold their hearts' desire. . . . As for the beauty and wonder of the journey, all words break down under the effort to express them."

This Cave is sacred to Śiva, the third of the Hindû Trinity of the Creator, the Preserver, and the Destroyer — or Regenerator, as Theosophy renders the word.

"He is the God especially of the Himâlayas — the Blue-Throated God, from the blue mists of the mountains that veil him. The Crescent in his hair is the young moon, resting on the peak that is neighbor to the stars. The Ganges wanders in the matted forests of his hair before the maddening torrents fling their riches to the Indian plains. . . .

"He is also Nâtarâja — Lord of the Cosmic Dance; and one of the strangest and deepest wrought parables in the world is that famous image where, in a wild ecstasy, arms flung out,

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head flung back in a passion of motion, he dances the Tāndava, the whole rapt figure signifying the cosmic activities, Creation, Preservation, and Destruction. 'For,' says a Tamil text, 'our Lord is a Dancer, who, like the heat latent in firewood, diffuses his power in mind and matter, and makes them dance in their turn.'

"The strange affinity of this conception with the discoveries of science relating to the eternal dance of the atom and electron gives it the deepest interest. I would choose this aspect of the God as that which should fill the mind of the Amarnāth pilgrim. Let him see the Great God Mahādeo (Magnus Deus), with the drum in one hand which symbolizes creative sound — the world built, as it were, to rhythm and music. Another hand is upraised, bidding the worshiper 'Fear not!' . . . thus is embodied a very high mysticism, common to all religions."

It is possible to make this pilgrimage only in July and August, for during the rest of the year, the heights are barriered by snow and ice. The start is made from Pahlgam on the Lidar river in Kashmīr, this at a height of about 8000 feet. While the Hindūs undertake it on foot and clad in only the thinnest of cotton garments, where not entirely unclad, the European nearly freezes in his wool and furs. Mr. Beck further had the additional aid of the hill ponies. These are rough, unshod, wonderful little animals, almost human in intelligence at times and with incredible endurance,

" . . . slipping, sliding, stumbling, yet brave, capable, wary as could be. I shall forever respect these mountain ponies. They are sure-footed as goats and brave as lions and nothing else would serve in these high places. In Tibet they have been known to climb to the height of 20,000 feet."

The ascent is perilous and steep — over tumbled boulders, often along paths less than a foot in width, with mighty walls on one side and abysmic depths on the other, where a misstep would mean destruction; over and through maelstromic torrents, and across snow-bridges where at a certain stage of melting there is constant danger of their giving way, to hurl the pilgrim down to death. Yet the journey, in spite of hardship and danger,

"was like climbing from story to story in a House of Wonder. The river was rushing by our tents when they were pitched, pale green and curling back upon itself . . . and the mountains stood about us like a prison. And when I stood outside my tent just before turning in, a tremulous star was poised on one of the peaks, like the topmost light on a Christmas tree, and the Great Bear lay across the sky glittering frostily in the blue-blackness."

Up and up they went, stage by stage and day after day, camping each night in the bitter chill of ice-bound fastnesses — one cannot say 'wastes,' for by some strange benignity of Nature the softening miracle of her beauty was constantly before them, to the very top. Trees were early left far below — but flowers never. In the very shadow of snow-bridge and glacier

"the men gathered and brought me tremulous blue and white columbines, and wild wall-flowers . . . and there was a glorious thistle, new to me, as tall as a man, and with blue-green silvered spears and a head of spiky rays. Bushes, also, like great laurels, but loaded with rosy berries that the Kashmīris love."

The next mountain climbed — and there were still flowers:

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"beds of purple anemones, gorgeous golden ranunculus holding its gold shields to the sun, orange poppies, masses of forget-me-nots of a deep glowing blue — a *burning* blue. . . . We could hardly go on for the joy of the flowers."

Another 'story' in the House of Wonder — snow and ice, wild crags and towering rampart and scarp, and bitter winds, yet on the level 'marg' or meadow, "cloven down to the heart of the earth by a fierce river," were — flowers. Higher still by a mountain's height — and there, too, were flowers:

"in another wild marg, all frosted silver with edelweiss, and glorious with the flowers of another zone — flowers that cling to the bare and lichened rock and ask no foothold of earth.

"That was a wild way . . . and round us were rocks clothed with rose-red saxifrage, shaded into pink, and myriads of snowy stars, each with a ruby in its heart. Clouds still of the wonderful forget-me-not climbed with us. . . ."

Height after height and story after story followed, as day succeeded day, with the nights terrible in their chill and the days wild and hard, with ice and snow everywhere, overhead and underfoot, save in these strange margs, warmed by the summer sun a few hours each day, and putting forth their miracle of flowers.

"Next day we should reach the Cave, and the morning looked down upon us sweet and still — a perfect dawn.

"First we crossed the marg, shining with buttercups, and climbed a little way up a hill under the snows, and then dropped down to the river-bed under caves of snow, for the path above was blocked. It was strange to wade along through the swift, icy waters, with the snow-caves arching above us, sending their chill through us in the glowing sunlight. The light in these caves is a wonderful, lambent green, for the reflected water is malachite green itself. . . . The strain was great. At one point I felt as if my muscles would crack and my heart burst. We did the worst in tiny stages, resting every few minutes, and always before us was the *sâdhu* winning steadily up the height. . . .

"We rode along the face of the hill — an awful depth below, and beside us flowers even exceeding those we had seen. Purple asters, great pearl-white Christmas roses weighting their stems, orange-red ranunculus. . . . And above this heaven of color was the Amarnâth mountain at last — the goal."

To the mystic this is very symbolic. We cannot wonder that the writer asks:

"Had any God ever such an approach to his sanctuary as this great God of the heights? We climbed through a huge amphitheater of snows, above us the ribbed and crocketed crags of a mighty mountain. It was wild architecture — fearful buttresses, springing arches, and terrible foundations rooted in the earth's heart; and, above, a high clerestory, where the Dawn might walk and look down. . . . But there it stood, crowned with snow, and we toiled up it, and landed on the next story, the very water-shed of these high places — a point much higher than the goal of our journey. . . . Sometimes the snow was rotten, and we sank in; sometimes it was firm, and then we slipped; sometimes riding was impossible, and then we picked our way with alpenstocks . . . but nothing seemed to daunt the flowers. . . . My feet were set on edelweiss and the buttercups were pure gold."

One morning on the ascent they found that a *sâdhu*, or ascetic, had reached the same height and seeing that he was both cold and weary they

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invited him to their fire and to share their simple food. His own was simpler still, rice and a sort of lentil, and he was journeying unclothed in that inclement air. Says Mr. Beck:

"Sometimes these men are repulsive enough, but this one — I could have thought it was Kabir himself! Scrupulously clean, though as poor as human being could be. He would have come up from the burning plains with his poor breast bare to the scarring wind, but that some charitable native had given him a little cotton coat. A turban, a loin-cloth looped between the legs, leaving them naked, grass sandals on feet coarse with traveling. . . . I thought of Epic-tetus, the saint of ancient Rome, and his one tattered cloak.

"This was a man of about fifty-five, tall, thin, with a sensitive face, yet with something soldierly about him; dignified and quiet, with fine hawk-like features and strained bright eyes in hollow caves behind the gaunt cheek-bones. A beautiful face in both line and expression: a true mystic, if ever I saw one!"

He had walked from far Bengal, and for sixteen years had been journeying from one holy place to another, and to help, as it proved, rather than be helped, he went on with the company to their common goal, the sacred Cave. It was situated high in the cliff, yet lower than the heights to which they were obliged to climb on their way to it, and was reached only by a final terrible descent. And at last it was before them, its entrance a great arch, the cave itself well lighted by the vast opening. Icy frozen springs issued from the mountain just beyond it, one of them, eternally frozen, having rushed and swirled into the form of the lingam, symbol of life,

'as it is seen in the temples of India — a very singular natural frost sculpture. Degraded in the associations of modern ignorance, the mystic and the educated behold in this small pillar of purest ice the symbol of the Pillar of Cosmic Ascent. . . . It represents That within the circumference of which the universe swings to its eternal rhythm — That which, in the words of Dante, moves the sun and the other stars. It is the stranger here because before it the clear ice has frozen into a flat, shallow altar."

Before this altar the *sâdhu* knelt in prayer, placing upon it no blood offerings but simple flowers, and says the writer:

"I laid my flowers on the altar of ice beside his. . . . And if some call the Many-Named 'God,' and some Śiva, what matter? To all it is the Immanent God. . . . Later we climbed down into the snowy glen beneath the Cave, and ate our meal under a rock, with the marmots shrilling about us, and I found at my feet — what? A tuft of bright golden violets — all the bright penciling in the heart, but shining gold. . . ."

The *sâdhu* went back with the company, down the long, toilsome descent, and then salaamed and with kindly words went on his way.

"But always I see him, lessening along the great roads of India. . . . Was it not the mighty Akbar who said, 'I never saw any man lost in a straight road.' . . ."

"Who can express the faith, the devotion, that sends the poorer pilgrims to those heights? We had all the help that money can give. They do it as that *sâdhu* did it. Silence and deep thought are surely the only fitting comments on such a sight."

As the land of pilgrimages India is unparalleled. No other land ap-

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proaches it for the frequency of them, for the vast multitudes who make them, or for the unbroken continuity with which they have been observed through the centuries. But it is not the only land. The Nile saw how many no one knows. To Bubastis in honor of Artemis or Bast they went in boats year after year, singing, and playing on flutes and castanets. They went to Busiris to honor Isis — but always there with ceremonies of mourning. They journeyed in multitudes to Saïs to the shrine and temple of the great Neïth, Mother of Gods and Men, the counterpart of Umâ or Pârvatî, spouse of Śiva to whose worship the Cave of Amarnâth is sacred — Umâ, the 'Mystic Mother of India.' She is especially identified with the Himâlayas, for it was in one of their ice-bound lakes that she floated for an age "like a lotus upon its icy deeps," that she might win the love of the great ascetic; Umâ the "lover of mountains, the Dweller in the Windhya Hills."

Greece had her pilgrimages, her mountains and her caves: her pilgrims worshiped Apollo at Delphi, Zeus at Dodona, Aesculapius at Epidaurus, others at other shrines; she had her Parnassus and her Olympus, her caves upon Dicte and Ida — but with no such fierce toil to reach them as the Cave of Amarnâth demands, no such fierce battle with nature. And thus too in Rome, Arabia, Incan and pre-Incan Peru, ancient Mexico, China, Japan, Ceylon. The Christian pilgrim with his staff, scrip, and palm had his prototype in earlier and other lands.

The world has always had sacred mountains, and caves have been — from time so ancient that in Blackstone's quaint words, "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," — places of initiation and instruction, the dwelling-places of sibyls or of wise men. It was in a cave that Buddha taught the ancient wisdom to those who were able to receive it, and, says H. P. Blavatsky:

"It is from this cave — called in the days of Śâkyamuni, Saraswatî or 'Bamboo-cave' — that the Arhats initiated into the Secret Wisdom carried away their learning and knowledge beyond the Himâlayan range, wherein the Secret Doctrine is taught to this day."

— *Lucifer*, II, 427.

Caves have been sanctuaries from the dawn of time, and in all ages and all lands, objects of pilgrimage — journeyed to for instruction, for healing, for the worship of some invisible Divinity there, or for some indefinable good believed to arise from the one-time presence in them of sainted teacher or ascetic. It was in a cave that Elijah dwelt on Horeb when he heard "the still small voice." Obviously, the Bible story is a story of initiation.

A custom so universal in respect to both time and place must have had its rise in some mystic appeal of the soul, in some urge born of soul-memory. In Theosophy — and this means in the archaic texts — the

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soul is referred to as "the Divine Pilgrim," and the long series of earth-lives, stretching down from Deity like a gold and iron chain, is described by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* as

"the obligatory pilgrimage for every Soul . . . through the Cycle of Incarnation (or 'Necessity')." — Vol. I, 45.

This explains it in part, but the symbol has many interpretations. As the outer world has its caves and sacred mountains, and as the soul itself is journeying on the Great Pilgrimage, so within each human heart, where the Real Man lives, are the lofty levels of aspiration and the secret hidden places where spiritual knowledge is to be found. Nor is it chance or accident that the open way to these lies often in communion and sympathy with nature — nature, the Divine not the earthly Isis, who sheds her healing dew upon the weakened body or the distraught soul, and who brings to the weary pilgrim, chilled and toiling amid the hardships of disillusion, the sweet aroma of flowers! It is one of the miracles of life, one of the sweet supernal evidences that the soul always welcomes as proof.

THE ZODIAC AS EVIDENCE OF THE SECRET DOCTRINE

H. T. EDGE, M. A.

HIEF among the teachings of Theosophy stands the affirmation that, not only humanity, but civilized humanity, is far older than has usually been supposed. Now the inquirer into Theosophy, when confronted by this affirmation, will naturally raise the question of evidence. To this we may reply that few and rare indeed are the minds capable of estimating evidence with entire impartiality and with total freedom from bias; and that consequently such evidence as is available has not been appraised at its true value. For reasons into which we need not for the moment inquire, scholars have hitherto for the most part evinced a desire to restrict the time-limits of the human race, and more especially of the civilized human race, within as narrow bounds as possible; whether in deference to scientific theories of evolution, or from an unconscious yielding to the hereditary bias imparted by many generations of a somewhat narrow theological teaching. But it may reasonably be argued that, setting aside these preconceptions and prejudices, there is no first-sight reason for thus limiting the chronological range of humanity or even of civilization. Geology having thoroughly

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accustomed us to the contemplation of vast vistas of time for the evolutionary changes in the strata of the earth and in the fauna and flora inhabiting those strata, and astronomy having rendered our minds equally tolerant of huge stretches of time in the history of worlds, it would seem but natural that, bias apart, we should be willing to concede a similar amplitude of scale to the human race and to the history of human achievement. And in such a view the impartial mind would find itself supported by the testimony of readily ascertainable facts. It has become a very commonplace nowadays that, in studying the history of ancient Egypt, we can find no trace of a beginning, but that, on the contrary, as we recede backwards in our view, the stages which we reach are not those of immaturity and incipient growth, but those of maturity pointing yet farther back to ages which must have witnessed its gradual attainment. And such indeed is the conclusion to which we are led by the study of antiquity in general. It is noteworthy in this connexion that, during the closing years of the eighteenth century, as during the closing years of the nineteenth — in accordance with a Theosophical teaching to the effect that the last quarter of every century is thus characterized — we find an uprising of interest in the question of ancient knowledge and the antiquity of civilization. This intellectual movement brought to the fore several men of distinguished attainments, abilities, and character, who are cited by H. P. Blavatsky on these very subjects: Bailly, Volney, and Voltaire; all of whom may be regarded as forerunners of the Theosophical Foundress in calling the attention of the times to this neglected truth of the ancient Knowledge. We refer the inquirer to the conclusions of these writers and to Madame Blavatsky's quotations and comments in *The Secret Doctrine*.

For the present we are not concerned with the bulk of the evidence in support of the theme; nor indeed would the limits of an article suffice to do justice even to a summary. Our immediate purpose is to adduce the Zodiac as one item in the list. And what has just been said as to the faulty estimation of evidence applies forcibly in this case. For the Zodiac has always proved a great puzzle to scholars — and why so? Because, instead of using the facts concerning it as a basis of inference, and thus arriving at a conclusion by the approved method of scientific procedure, they have for the most part endeavored to fit those facts into a scheme already formed, and with results disastrous to the interests of consistency and probability. One familiar disadvantage of this kind of reasoning is that the hypotheses devised to meet a particular case are not infrequently contradictory to the hypotheses conceived by other people to meet other cases — a disadvantage attendant upon the piecemeal study of a large subject, as contrasted with the investigation of that subject in its entirety.

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Again, one finds that the theorist will adopt an explanation which fits some of his facts but not all the facts of the same class, leaving those other facts unexplained or else fitting to them additional theories. These disadvantages are avoided, when we investigate the facts either with an open mind or with a preconceived theory sufficiently large to accommodate them.

In speculating on the Zodiac, we have to try and account for its antiquity and its wide diffusion. Among ancient lands which had it we find mentioned: Egypt, Chaldaea, India, China, Tatar, Arabia, Persia, Greece, Rome; and writers on the subject are busy with theories as to which of these nations originated it and in what way it was derived or borrowed (if such was the case) by one from another. The problem becomes aggravated when we find the zodiac with its familiar signs among the Aztecs of Mexico and the Mayas of Guatemala. But this particular difficulty arises also in connexion with other items of culture that have been found to be similar in the Old and New Worlds, and to explain which various theories of migration or intercommunication in past ages have been devised. Difficult to explain as these facts must seem when one tries to accommodate them to accepted historical views, they present no difficulty to those prepared to entertain the more liberal and adequate prospects at the disposal of such capacious minds as those of the aforesaid French scholars. When it is borne in mind that, according to the scheme outlined in *The Secret Doctrine*, and in support of which H. P. Blavatsky adduces the calculations of the ancient Hindû astronomers and the conclusions of the learned French academicians, we have to contemplate the existence of seven Root-Races of humanity, each of which is subdivided into seven sub-races, it is seen that there is no need to worry overmuch about routes of migration. Especially is this the case when we take into consideration the chronological figures appended to this list of human races; for we have to allow one million years for the duration, up to date, of the present (Fifth) Root-Race, in whose fifth sub-race we are at present, and 850,000 since the submersion of the last great island of Atlantis. As will be seen, these figures are indicated by the motions of celestial bodies through the circle of the Zodiac; and, large as they may seem, they are by no means so when compared with the stretches of time demanded by geologists and astronomers. But it is clear that the few thousand years, in terms of which we have been accustomed to think, do not bulk very large by comparison with such a vista as 850,000. It is no longer necessary to suppose that the various peoples who had the zodiac borrowed it the one from the other; they may each have derived it from a common and older source. And indeed this supposition obviates the evident difficulty of imagining *why* they should borrow it at all,—

THE ZODIAC AS EVIDENCE OF THE SECRET DOCTRINE

why such great importance should ever have been attached to it as to cause it to be considered as worth borrowing in preference to so many other matters, apparently of far greater importance, which were not borrowed.

The reason for the twelvefold division of the ecliptic has been supposed to be that there are twelve lunations in the year; but this explanation is qualifiable by the fact that the soli-lunar division thus made is unequal, there being a large fraction of a lunation over the even twelve. On the other hand the conjecture is supported by the fact that the Zodiac is also divided into 27 lunar mansions and also into 28 lunar mansions, thus marking approximately the diurnal motion of the moon. We find however that at one time there were only ten signs instead of twelve; and, as this division does not correspond to any existing motion of the sun, we are left to interesting conjecture as to its significance. Students of ancient chronological systems may perhaps discover other facts that seem to fit in with this idea of the denary division. One's researches naturally lead to conclusions on such subjects, but it is usually better to leave each student to his own devices. There are other modes of dividing celestial circles, as may be seen by reference to the authorities on the Zodiac: for instance, into 24 and 108; did these divisions indicate the passage of heavenly bodies or of nodical points, etc., through the circle?

As to the significance of the signs, it is of course a commonplace that, in general, we can find no resemblance among the stellar groups near the ecliptic to the figures by which the divisions are designated. But, even if we could, it becomes necessary to remember that, in the southern hemisphere, the whole scheme would be reversed; for, unless we are to make the spring come in with Libra, and the autumn with Aries, it will be necessary to assign the name of the Ram to the stars occupying Libra, and so on. In short, we must change either the direction of the signs or their significance. Furthermore one finds that the Chinese Zodiac began with our Aquarius and proceeded in a contrary direction, so that Capricorn in our system was Taurus in theirs, and so on. Thus, even if it is suggested that there actually are figures in the heavens, resembling the Zodiacal animals, but no longer visible, or visible only to the trained eyes of seers, the facts just cited need additional explanation.

We shall find the authorities venturing various conjectures as to the reasons for naming the signs: as that the Ox indicates the season of plowing; the Lion (emblem of fire), the solar heat of July; but again, how about the southern hemisphere and the retrograde Chinese Zodiac? As to the explanation of the Crab — that the retrograde movements of that animal indicate the retrograde motion of the sun's rising and setting-points after the summer solstice — we suggest that, as the Chaldaeans

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did not have Johnson's dictionary, they may have thought that a crab walks sideways; and again we remark that the Crab in Australia indicates the winter solstice. But it is recorded that Creation was supposed to have begun under Aries, and the creation of man under Taurus. That starts another thread in the unravelment; it points to a vastly greater cycle than the annual one; and we are reminded that, not only the sun in his annual course, but the nodes of the ecliptic pursue a path through the circle, which lasts 25,868 years — the precessional year. Even this cycle, however, would be too small, as giving but 26,000 years from the Creation of the world to its end; but then there are obviously cycles of all kinds of lengths, marked by the passage of various nodes, apsides, or conjunctions, through the whole circle. Evidently, then, the Zodiac represents a duodenary division of a circle, applicable to cycles of time of various lengths.

The allusion to Romulus and Remus in connexion with Gemini shows that the theorist has seized upon the beginning of yet another thread; for the story of these twins is not of a piece with the Creation and the creation of humanity. In fact, the theorist has grasped a number of different threads, and it is clear that the Creation, the foundation of Rome, and the solar heat in July, do not pertain to the same category.

Reference may here be made to astrology, wherein are recognised other meanings for the zodiacal symbols: as that they correspond to parts of the human body, to certain temperamental characteristics in human nature, to certain places on the earth, to certain plants, animals, colors, etc., etc., as laid down in astrology, genethliacal, horary, mundane, and so forth. This branch of the subject is introduced as part of the general argument, and not for the purpose of descanting upon modern astrology — or, as we would prefer to call it, astrologism. For that, in our opinion, comes under the head of the proverbial "little knowledge" which is "a dangerous thing." The configurations and changes of the bodies moving in the ecliptic zodiac, in common with the shape of the head, the lines on the hand, the character of the caligraphy, indicate certain influences to which a man may yield, or which he may set aside. Like heredity and the influence of environment, they do not mark resistless laws of his being, permanent traits in his character, or ineluctable events in his fate. To study one's nature and one's destiny by any of these plans, is to run the risk of falling into an unhealthy and unpractical frame of mind, wherein false hopes and groundless fears delude the votary into assuming the attitude of a dreamer and thus losing his opportunities of action. Neither do we propose here to enter into any methods for finding stray cows or lost jewels, or for ascertaining the proper time to marry or to start a business. We merely wish to point out that, in astrology, the zodiacal

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signs have many other significances than are recognised by astronomers. Modern astrology is but a poor dwarfed remnant of one branch of the mighty Science of antiquity; and in this respect it may justly be compared with some of those lowly tribes in the heart of Africa, whose pedigree might be traced back through long ages to the great civilization that flourished on Atlantis. Nevertheless, just as these tribes have preserved some traces of their mighty past, so modern astrology — or, rather, medieval astrology — has preserved something which may serve as a stepping-stone introducing us to that ancient Science.

The zodiacal duodenary is evidently a sort of book in twelve chapters, giving the heads of an order of evolution. This epitome of evolution is a master-key, applicable to the solution of many problems; and hence the innumerable correspondences which may be found to these symbols.

“The descent and re-ascent of the Monad or Soul cannot be disconnected from the Zodiacal signs.”— *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 668

What a vastly different view this gives us of the meaning of the signs! Here at least was something worth borrowing and spreading abroad and celebrating and preserving. We cannot understand why such overwhelming importance should have been attributed to these signs, except upon the supposition that they had a meaning of the greatest possible moment. They were a symbolic epitome of Evolution in its very widest sense; they were a key to Cosmic law, a mighty scientific generalization (using the word ‘scientific’ in its highest sense). They embodied the knowledge attained by the greatest Sages and Seers of all ages. They are on a level with the Seven planetary symbols and with the universal Trinity. They constitute one of the great number-keys of the Secret Doctrine. Applied to the division of celestial circles, they gave the key to the great order of ages, both cosmic and human. Applied to the human race, they gave the key to the drama of human evolution; and applied to man the individual they gave the key to his complex nature and to his destiny.

The zodiacal signs are twelve types — archetypes, and their correspondences may be found among the multitude of other symbols, such as those of the theogonies and mythologies. They form a part of the great ancient Science, and must be studied in connexion with the other parts; and they are one of the most valuable evidences and relics which have come down to us of that Knowledge. Yet, in seeking to revive that Knowledge, we do not have to rely upon tradition alone; for Knowledge is always accessible as long as there are men who possess the faculty to know.

SUN-WORSHIP OF THE HOPIS

T. HENRY, M. A.

IN 'Sun Worship of the Hopi Indians,' by J. Walter Fewkes, Chief, Bureau of American Ethnology (Smithsonian Report, 1918), the author gives an able account of the beliefs and ceremonies of these people, to which we are indebted for much interesting information; notwithstanding which we do not find ourselves in entire agreement with his conclusions. It is true that he limits the scope of his treatment and makes no claim to go into the depths of his subject; but this is all the more reason for dealing with the matters which he passes over, in order to bring them into due proportionate prominence and to remove the slight which is inevitably implied in ignoring them. He states at the beginning of his paper:

"So far as can be judged from ceremonies, the Hopi religion, so called, is materialistic, and the object of the rites is to secure food and material blessings. There may be another and deeper meaning, but this is of no concern at this time; the object of this article is to discuss their sun worship from an exoteric point of view."

The writer is of course entitled to limit his treatment of the subject to the scope of his immediate purpose or abilities. But we feel it advisable to call attention to certain implications that may arise from such limitation. One is that the other and deeper meaning may be regarded as subsidiary, incidental, and comparatively unimportant; whereas it is proper to maintain on the contrary that this other meaning is the primary and essential one, and that the materialistic meaning is the adventitious and less important one. Another implication, which might arise in the mind of a reader, is that this Indian cult arose in accordance with the naturalistic theories favored by many ethnologists and students of religion; whereas it is possible to hold a brief for the view put forward by Theosophy — that such cults are derivatives of an ancient profound and widely diffused knowledge, which has been handed down in stunted form to the descendants of the great races in which it flourished. In particular, is sun-worship a system invented by uncultured tribesmen for the purpose of formulating a ritual for the propitiation and invocation of the natural powers, or is it the traditional remnant of a once great and elaborate philosophy, relating, not merely to natural forces, but to the entire field of knowledge summed up in the words cosmogenesis and anthropogenesis? For it is impracticable to study the matter through isolated instances; and, if error is to be avoided, sun-worship as a whole, wherever and whenever practised, must be studied. It is well known that, in comparing the cultures of different and widely-separated peoples, we discover analo-

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gies too close in detail to be explained by the theory that they are due merely to a similarity in human needs and human circumstances in all places and times. This theory has been pushed much too far. One feels that it has derived more support than its intrinsic merits deserve, from the circumstance that there does exist a widespread desire to explain the facts of ethnology in a way that shall not be repugnant to certain accepted views as to man's origin and evolution — views which are seriously disturbed by the prospect of cosmic and human evolution set forth by Theosophy. In short, ethnologists have frequently been urged to advocate difficult theories in order to avoid a far simpler explanation, because an acceptance of the latter implies an acceptance of views which science is not yet prepared to embrace. To explain the existing sun-worship among the Hopis as a heritage from a remote past and from greater ancestors, instead of trying to interpret it as a crude religion and ritual invented solely or even mainly for materialistic purposes — this is a thesis that may at least merit attention. It is characteristic of great principles that they can be applied equally to every concern in life; and the same general knowledge which would enable a candidate for Wisdom to prepare himself for initiation into sublime mysteries, would also enable the farmer to work in harmony with nature for the production of crops. It may well be, and must often be the case, that the higher significance of such knowledge has departed from memory with the dispersal and dwarfing of the race; or it may be that some at least of such higher still survives, but not in a form accessible to the modern occidental ethnologist, unless indeed he is willing and able to give practical evidence of sympathy and receptivity, such as might be deemed indispensable for an imparting of carefully guarded secrets.

In *The Secret Doctrine*, H. P. Blavatsky, writing on the prevalence of the number seven in symbology, speaks of the Zuñi Indians, saying that —

“Their present-day customs, their traditions and records, all point to the fact that, from time immemorial, their institutions — political, social, and religious — were (and still are) shaped according to the septenary principle. Thus all their ancient towns and villages were built in clusters of six, around a seventh. Again, their sacerdotal hierarchy is composed of six ‘Priests of the House’ seemingly synthesized in the seventh, who is a woman, the ‘PRIESTESS MOTHER.’ . . . Whence this identity of symbolism?”— II, 628.

The Zuñi priests —

“receive an annual tribute, to this day, of corn of seven colors. Undistinguished from other Indians during the whole year, on a certain day they come out (the six priests and one priestess) arrayed in their priestly robes, each of a color sacred to the particular God whom the priest serves and personifies; each of them representing one of the seven regions, and each receiving corn of the color corresponding to that region.”— II, 628-9.

After giving other particulars of these rites, she mentions Frank Hamilton Cushing, who became a Zuñi and was initiated; he found that

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there *was* a deeper meaning to the rites than the exoteric meaning, but he had earned the right to know it. It would be easy to multiply instances of the actual existence of such mysteries among the Indians, but the above will suffice for an example of what we mean.

The Sun is of course the symbol of the All-Father, the Great Spirit, called Osiris among the Egyptians, Apollo among the Greeks, etc. The visible sun of our planetary system is but a single aspect or manifestation of that universal Spirit; and it is materialism and degeneration alone that would lead people to reduce the ancient knowledge and ritual to the level of a mere adoration and invocation of the physical source of terrestrial light and heat. A similar perversion of ancient mysteries has frequently led to the worship of the Sun under his aspect as the physical vitality in man; thus giving rise to rites and practices materialistic at best and often profligate; of which history and even modern times will afford instances. But it is important to remember that the original Sun-worship is pure and lofty; the symbol in that case standing for no less than the divine spark in the human breast. An invocation of the Sun meant, therefore, a dedication of oneself to the universal spirit of Truth, Light, and Compassion. This is in contrast with Lunar worship, implying a veneration of that lesser light that rules the night of mere mentality and obscurantism.

Much is said in *The Secret Doctrine* about the contrast between Solar and Lunar; and it would seem the contrast is the same as that between ages of light and harmony and ages of strife and speculative philosophy and cults and theories. These tribes that thus preserve the ancient solar rituals are keeping up traditions that may be found useful later on.

"There is a deep philosophy underlying the earliest worship in the world, that of the Sun and of Fire,"

says H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, I, 120, giving on the same page the following excerpt from an ancient catechism, where the Master asks the pupil:

"'Lift thy head, O Lanoo; dost thou see one, or countless lights above thee, burning in the dark midnight sky?'

"'I sense one Flame, O Gurudeva, I see countless undetached sparks shining in it.'

"'Thou sayest well. And now look around and into thyself. That light which burns inside thee, dost thou feel it different in anywise from the light that shines in thy Brother-men?'

"'It is in no way different, though the prisoner is held in bondage by Karma, and though its outer garments delude the ignorant into saying, "Thy Soul and My Soul."'"

This illustrates the real meaning of sun-worship in its purity — the recognition of the oneness of life, of the essential unity of all men, not as a mere lip-theory, but as a practical maxim. It may be that the

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Hopis, besides their use of their knowledge for the purpose of agriculture, actually have and practice a deeper meaning, and that this deeper meaning concerns them a good deal more than it may concern some of their critics.

The writer of the Report alludes to the attribution of sex to the sky and earth, saying that "the Indian, knowing that to a union of sexes he owes the birth of his own life, ascribes the origin of life to the same powers." This is a familiar inversion of reasoning. Duality is the most fundamental principle in the cosmos; it pervades all manifestation. In its highest aspect it is the All-Father and the All-Mother, Osiris and Isis; and it is Spirit and Matter, Creator and Creation, Ego and Non-Ego, Wisdom and Love, etc. etc., through an endless number of applications. Sex is nothing in the world but a particular manifestation of this universal duality; and, of sex, the physiological part is the lowest and least important. To say that, in representing Deity as twofold, Father and Mother, we thereby attribute sex, and that we do so on the analogy of our own physiological functions, is one way of expressing the matter; the other way is to begin by recognising polarity as universal, and our sex-function as merely a particular instance of its operation. Symbolism has often been misunderstood in this way; for emblems that were intended in a perfectly chaste and disinterested way as keys to the understanding of some question, have been taken literally, thus giving rise to profligate cults. Probably the Indians do not regard the sky and earth as imitating poor man, with his animal body; but rather they regard poor man as clumsily copying the sky and earth. All the manifested universe and all creatures are produced by the interaction of polar forces, which may be designated Spirit and Matter, Will and Idea, etc.; and the observed fact that, in the growth of plants, light, heat, and air from above blend with earth and water from below, is but an illustration of a universal law. Thus we may well question whether the Indians or anyone else derived the universal idea of the marriage of earth and heaven from an inferior analogy, or whether it constituted an essential part of the esoteric teachings handed down from their forefathers.

We observe too in this connexion that, though the writer claims to confine himself to a discussion of sun-worship from an exoteric point of view, this does not preclude him from considerable speculation in matters that might be regarded as somewhat esoteric. For, speaking of the above sex-analogy he says:

"With this fundamental idea firmly fixed in the human mind, in time myths would cluster about these conceptions; the imagination through poetry would define them objectively until science should lead to rational explanations. When once symbolized or conventionalized they became more and more complicated and took a strong hold on the primitive mind. . . . The magic powers of earth and sky were personated, and when once personated the possibility of man influencing these personations arose in the human mind, and with it the belief that man

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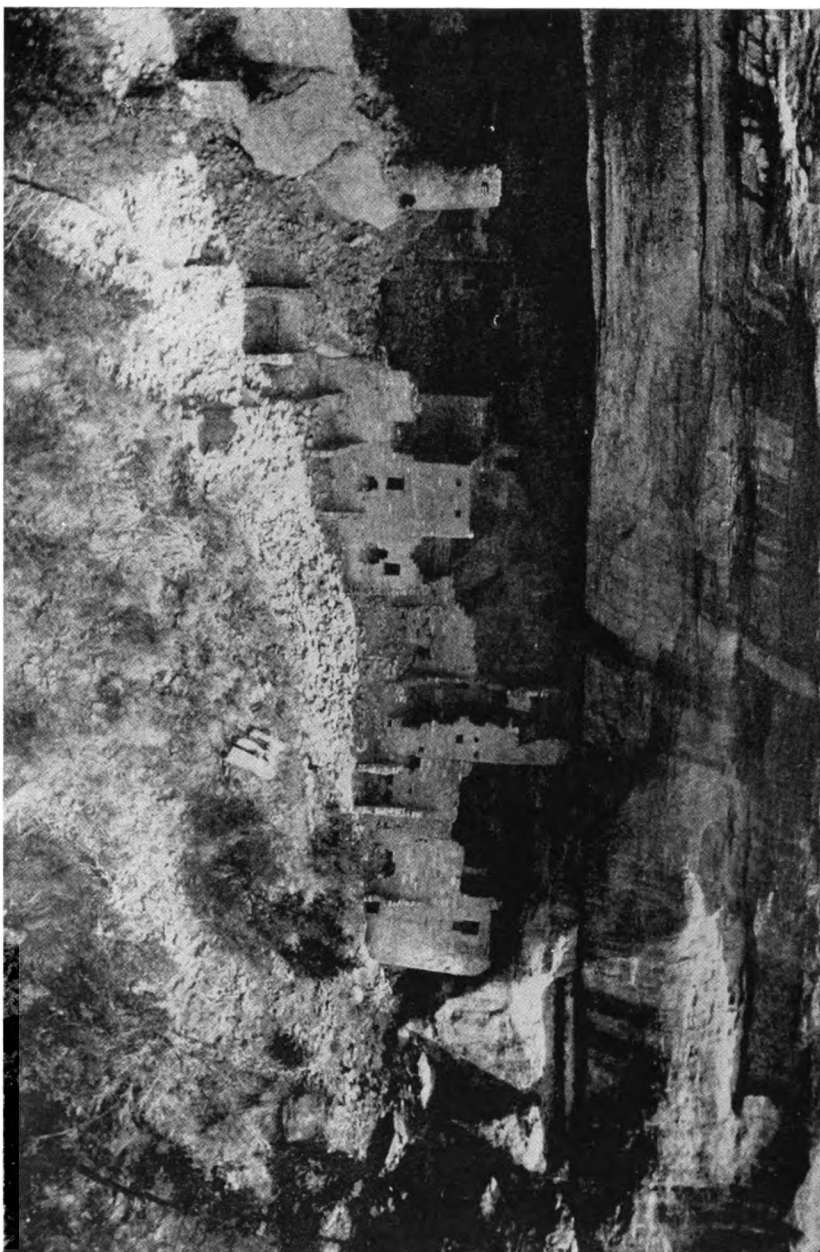
could control them by a more powerful magic. Influenced by this belief, he invented many ceremonies, etc. etc."

"We know that rain in clouds is water evaporated from the earth, falling on account of changes of temperature in the air. The primitive man did not know this. Our scientific explanation of lightning is that it is the result of electrical difference in tension. The mind of primitive man had no such idea. The primitive agriculturist ascribed forces of earth and sky to supernatural magic powers, and from their influence on the life of the agriculturist these powers are regarded as above all others; sky and earth are considered parents of all life."

Here crops up the 'primitive mind' myth, invented not by the Indians but by their critics. If we assume that the mind which gave birth to these beliefs and practices was primitive, we shall have to exercise our ingenuity in speculating as to how that primitive mind produced these elaborate results; but if we adopt the contrary plan of inferring the nature of the mind from its products, of judging the tree by its fruits, we may reach the conclusion that the mind was not so primitive after all. 'Primitive man' all over the earth seems to have displayed a remarkable power of inventing the same myths, even down to minute details in many cases; and we prefer the hypothesis (if it were no more) that a great race of highly-cultured men transmitted their knowledge to their dispersed descendants, who preserved its symbolism, much of its ritual, and even a considerable part of its inner significance. Thus alone can be explained the uniformity of symbolism everywhere. But the subject cannot be understood by confining one's researches to particular cases; one must study symbolism as a whole.

But we do not know what electricity is, nor can we control the weather. Our scientific knowledge leaves us helpless at the mercy of flood and drought, wind and lightning. Either we have substituted for the All-Father and All-Mother, for the Sky-God and the Earth-Goddess, a ruthless deity called Chance; or else, back of all our scientific knowledge of mere detail and secondary agencies, we still dread and revere deific and supernal powers, as does the Red Man.

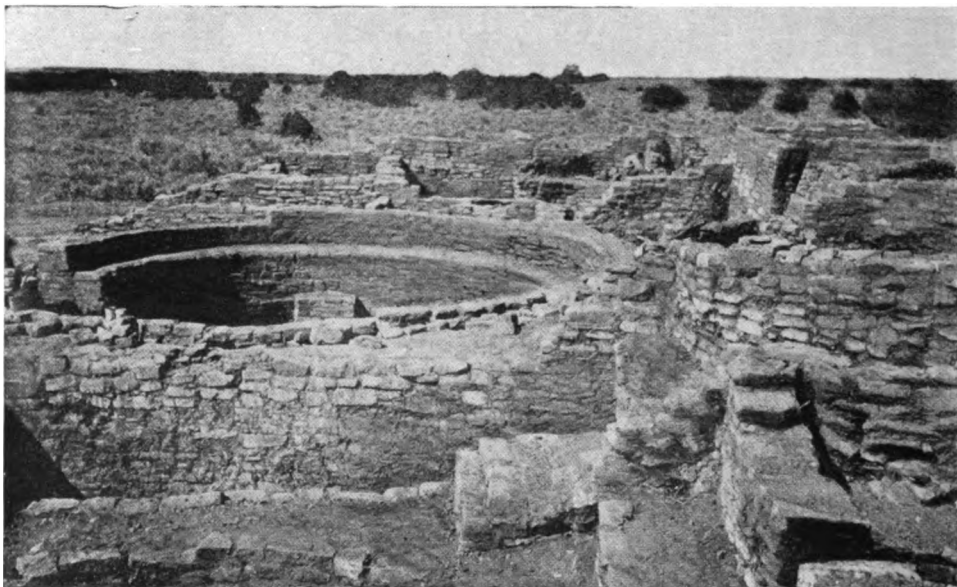
The so-called primitive mind is said to have personified the forces of nature. It is we who have depersonified them. In place of intelligent and beneficent powers we have put blind ruthless forces. To such uses have we put our own intelligence! The Red Man is blamed for using analogy instead of inductive inference. It would seem that analogical reasoning has led him to the belief that the universe is pervaded by intelligence, whereas inductive reasoning has led us to believe in chance and blind forces. Reasoning by analogy from his own intelligence, the 'primitive man' inferred that the universe, so much greater than man, is operated by intelligent beings. Scientific reasoning, if justly represented in the above treatise, places man as a lonely intelligence amid a limitless chaos of dead matter, whirling globes, and mindless forces. Once pene-



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RUINS OF 'CLIFF PALACE,' MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK, ARIZONA

This contains two of the singular 'Round Towers,' examples of which are found in countries as widely separated as Ireland, Sardinia, India, and North America (Arizona and Colorado). These mostly date from prehistoric times. H. P. Blavatsky states that 'Round Towers,' the purpose of which archaeology does not explain, in common with dolmens, stone circles, alignments, etc., were built for sacred uses by Priest-architects.



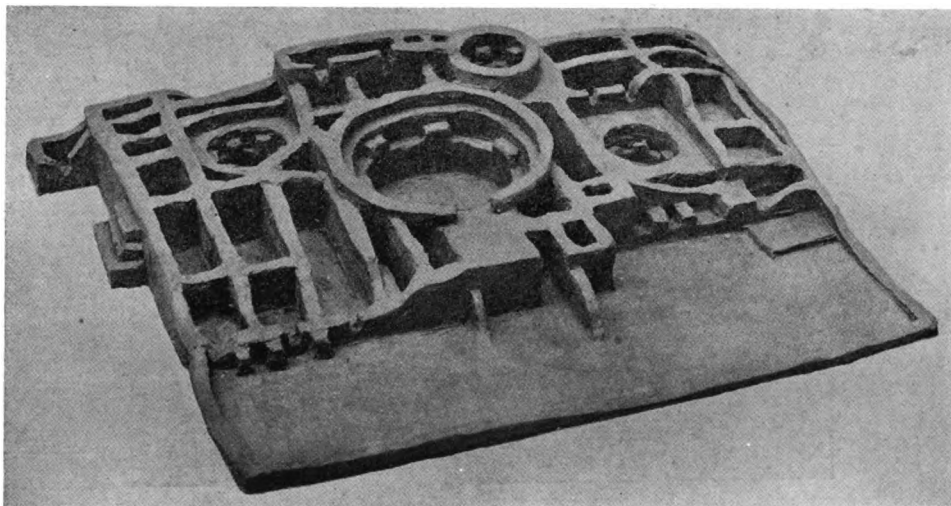
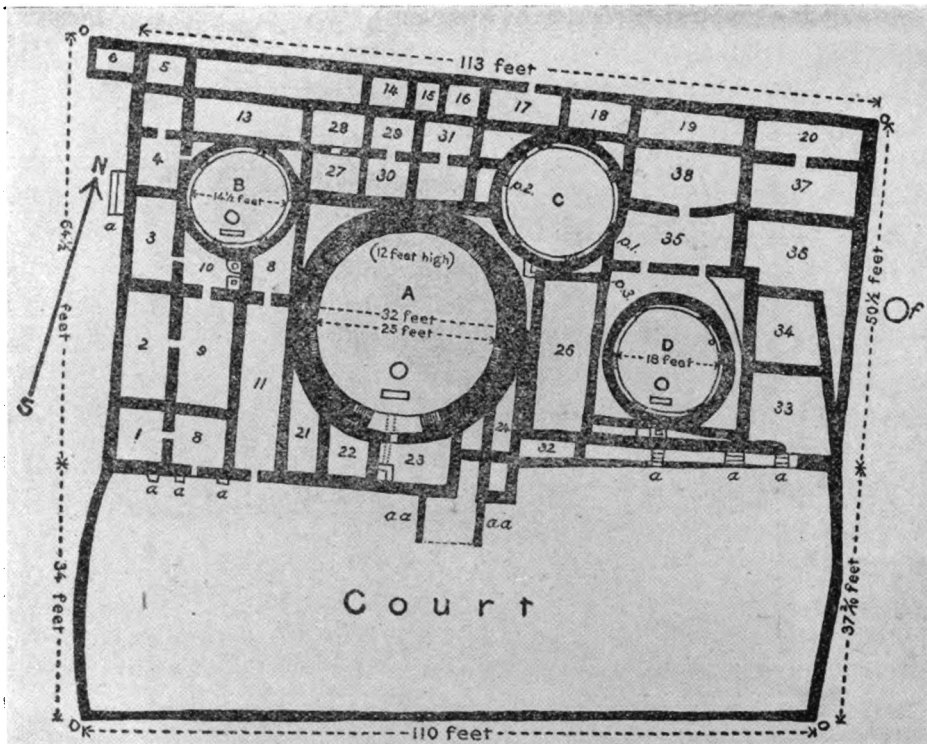
From the Smithsonian Report for 1916

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TWO VIEWS OF CENTRAL KIVA, 'FAR VIEW HOUSE,' COLORADO

Says Dr. Fewkes: "The peculiarity of this pueblo consists of a large central circular *kiva* around which are grouped secular rooms, to which are added smaller circular *kivas*. This central room recalls a tower. . . . The great size suggests . . . the meeting place of a fraternity of priests, drawn from several clans."

The Hopi *kiva* is their ceremonial or initiation crypt and, like the crypts of antiquity to which it is obviously related, is always subterranean.



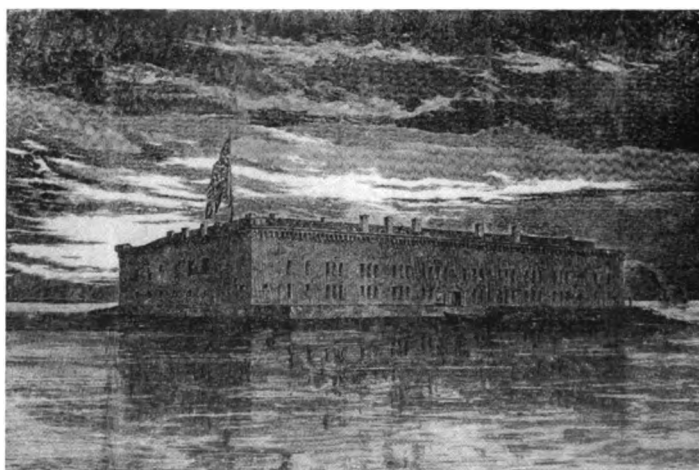
From the Smithsonian Report for 1916

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GROUND PLAN AND MODEL OF 'FAR VIEW HOUSE,' MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK, COLORADO, U. S. A.

Says Dr. Fewkes in his report: "The building is oriented approximately to the cardinal points . . . and reveals a knowledge of solstitial sun-rising which is instructive. Their [the sun priests'] north, west, south, and east, as with the Hopi, are not the same as ours and the line of the south wall of Sun Temple [of another excavation] was determined by the position of the sun. It was not made haphazard, but was carefully thought out and determined by astronomical observation before the foundation was laid down."

H. P. Blavatsky says: "There was a time when the four parts of the world were covered with the temples sacred to the Sun and the Dragon." — *Secret Doctrine*, II, 378-9



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(ABOVE) MAJOR R. ANDERSON, IN COMMAND OF
FORT SUMTER, AND HIS OFFICERS, INCLUDING
CAPT. ABNER DOUBLEDAY (AFTERWARDS
GENERAL DOUBLEDAY), SECOND IN COMMAND
(BELOW) FORT SUMTER, SEEN FROM THE REAR
AT LOW WATER
(Taken from *Harper's Pictorial History of the Civil War*)

ABNER DOUBLEDAY

trate beyond the limited sphere of immediate causes, to which science mostly confines its discoveries, and we find ourselves as much in the dark about the meaning of the universe and the life of man as ever any mind, however primitive, could be. Under these circumstances, it may be well to study more attentively and with a more open mind the symbology which the Red Man has preserved from his remote sires, if thus we may discover clues to mysteries more vital than those of atmospheric electricity. In fact, let us study reverently the whole book of symbology, as has been done by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine*, thus learning that the ancient Wisdom-Religion actually existed as a uniform and widely-spread master-science, on the earth in bygone ages; and that it is the fount and origin of all cults.

Every day we are finding out that peoples we had been wont to regard as in a state of childhood in comparison with us are really the heirs of a long past; that, though devoid of many arts characteristic of modern civilization, they understand more of the real art and science of life than we do. Every new discovery tends to support the thesis that the Red Men are the heirs of a great civilization, of whose knowledge their traditions are the memory; not a race on the way up from a hypothetical 'primitive' stage.

ABNER DOUBLEDAY

STUDENT



MAJOR-GENERAL ABNER DOUBLEDAY was one of the earliest members of the Theosophical Society, joining it almost immediately after its formation. He was frequently present at those memorable earliest meetings of the Society in New York, and in this way came into close association with Mme. Blavatsky. In 1878, Mme. Blavatsky and Col. Olcott were appointed "a committee of the T. S." in New York to visit foreign lands and report to the Society, General Doubleday being left in charge of the original, parent Theosophical Society as President *pro tem*. On the arrival in India of this committee, their photographs were taken and sent to America, indorsed by Col. Olcott as "the delgation to India." General Doubleday's election as President *pro tem*. "to serve during the absence of the President," was never revoked, and the position was held legally by the General up to the time of his death, in 1893.

The following is from an article published in *The Path*, March, 1893. The article is unsigned, being by the Editor, William Q. Judge, himself.

"Major-General Abner Doubleday, F. T. S., died at his home in Mendham, New Jersey, on January 26, 1893, of heart failure. He was born on June 26,

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1819, at Ballston Spa, N. Y. His father served in Congress during Jackson's Presidency, and his grandfather fought at Bunker Hill and Stony Point. Abner Doubleday was graduated from West Point in 1842, and afterwards served through the Mexican War and later in the Seminole campaign. He was second in command under Major Anderson at Fort Sumter when the last war began, and sighted the first gun fired for its defense on the 12th of April, 1861. During the war he was in continuous active service, and took part in the bloody battle of Gettysburg, and in that military event he was a prominent figure. After the war a series of promotions followed until he was made Brevet Major-General on the 13th of March, 1865. Thereafter he was stationed in the South for three years. On the 11th of December, 1873, he was retired from the active list of the U. S. Army at his own request. During succeeding years he wrote many articles relating to the war, as well as two books, *Reminiscences of Forts Moultrie and Sumter* and *Chancellorsville and Gettysburg*. His body was carried to New York, where it lay in state, and then was taken to Washington and buried in the National Cemetery, escorted by a guard of honor and receiving a military salute. This is the rough record of a noble and gentle life.

"Almost immediately after the Theosophical Society was formed he joined its ranks, attended its meetings, met Mme. Blavatsky very often, and on her arrival in India was made the President *pro tem.* here, with William Q. Judge as Secretary, January 17, 1879. He was often at our meetings, and his beautiful voice was heard many and many a time at the Aryan Branch to which he belonged. His name is the second on the roll-book of this Section. A varied experience furnished him with a fund of anecdote of many strange psychical experiences of his own, and these, told with such gentleness and sweetness, could never be forgotten. He was an old and deep student of Theosophy, a genuine Theosophist. A gift from him of over seventy books to the Aryan Branch was the nucleus for its present large library.

"A translation into English of the *Dogma and Ritual of High Magic* by Éliphas Lévi was made by Gen. Doubleday, and presented to his friend, Bro. Judge, but as yet has not been published. He also translated Lévi's *Fables and Symbols*. Another Theosophical work, yet unfinished, is a complete Index and Digest of the early numbers of *The Theosophist*. Both of the last named are also in the possession of Bro. Judge.

"An official letter from the Indian office signed by H. P. Blavatsky and dated the 17th of April, 1880, notified Gen. Doubleday of his election to the office of Vice-President of the Theosophical Society, and is now on file in the office of the General Secretary. After the organization of the Aryan T. S. in New York he was made Vice-President of that Branch, and continued a member of it to the day of his death."

In concluding this sketch of his old friend and colleague, Mr. Judge, who probably knew him better than any other person, writes that he was "one who ever tried to follow out the doctrines he believed in. It will be

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difficult to find another such gentle and sincere character as that of Abner Doubleday."

The accompanying illustrations are reproduced from an old number of *Harper's Pictorial History of the Civil War*, published soon after the conclusion of the war.

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ELIZABETH WHITNEY

MAY EIGHTH

 HE custom of celebrating the birthday anniversary of great benefactors of humanity makes the commemoration of May 8th of unusual import in its association with the death instead of the birth of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky.

But the very name, 'White Lotus Day,' which she herself gave to this memorable date, is recognised as highly symbolical of the doctrine of rebirth, the knowledge of which she brought back to a world that had almost entirely forgotten it, and for which countless thousands proclaim her a world-benefactor.

The month of May as the crowning month of springtime blossoming is indeed a proclamation by Nature of the fact of rebirth, of which we are given visible proof in the continuity of life from seed and bud to blossom time; thence onward to fruitage, and back again to the seed time, thus giving to us the key to the mysteries of our own individual natures by the analogy we find in the ever-recurring cycles of the seasons.

May 8th has an added significance in its association with William Quan Judge as the date on which the legacy of the organization passed into his guardianship. The fact that his death should also have occurred in the spring season associates the name of his successor with the date of his death in the same way in which his own name is associated with that of his predecessor, so that in commemorating May 8th we find the Three Teachers so linked with this spring cycle that we cannot indeed separate them in our thoughts, so closely interwoven are the threads of their work, and so firmly linked with Nature is the work itself, making it a basic part of life as that factor which *persists* within the changing seasons which come and go. We see these three Teachers pouring forth mental and spiritual treasures with the same prodigal generosity which Nature bestows in her physical realms. The source of the supply is known to them, and in the work of the organization, Nature's methods are followed. Just as storm follows sunshine, and sunshine follows storm, and yet the

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power that holds the opposing elements in balance is never-failing in Nature's processes of readjustment, so in the organization of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, an analogy is perceived in the constant attacks that aim to destroy every forward move, yet are rendered futile by the ability of the Teachers to hold the work in balance. Their power to do this stands out perhaps as the most impressive feature of their vast work for the human family, for it links the work with the basic principles that govern the universe in the power to maintain an equilibrium which renders it indestructible.

Thus in commemorating May 8th we pay homage not only to the vast work done by H. P. Blavatsky from 1875 to 1891, but to the continuity of her work from 1891 to 1921, in which her name is so indissolubly linked with W. Q. Judge and Katherine Tingley that the three become as one in the manifestation of those attributes with which we associate the indestructible elements in Nature.

LOMALAND — 1921

Mme. Blavatsky's work is thus living in the Lomaland life of today, in which we see the same imperishable vitality that Nature so clearly reveals in the springtime awakening of the year, when so joyously she pictures to us the wonderful fact of rebirth, and offers so much to live for in the spring promise of hopes to be fulfilled for the betterment of all life. Nature asks no returns for her beneficence, nor do the Great Teachers. "Needless to say, I won't accept a penny for this sort of teaching," said Mme. Blavatsky, echoing Nature. And in her footsteps followed William Q. Judge, giving his all and asking nothing in return. Katherine Tingley's work throughout has been characterized by this same attitude. In the very beginning at the April Convention of 1896, resolutions were adopted in disapproval of giving tuition in spiritual knowledge, Theosophy, for money consideration. On the great Crusade that followed, this attitude was signalized by the fact that no money was collected by the crusaders. And at the close of the Crusade the organizing of the International Brotherhood League still further accentuated this attitude by the unique stand it took as an organization, namely, that no officers or workers were to receive salaries for their services to humanity. Free education for homeless children has always been a marked feature of Katherine Tingley's work, in which she consistently follows Nature's laws in the basic method of education which reveals that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature.

THE DRAMA OF LIFE

On May 8th we pay tribute not only to the great personality, H. P. Blavatsky, but to the cosmic force which actuated the Foundress who

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drew from the same source as the Sun and planets that which she portrayed for us in her great work, *The Secret Doctrine*.

Nature gives us a drama which is a continuous performance amid the incessant changes of the scenery of life, in which everything that lives is taking part, each thing in its place being vitally necessary to the complete drama. Mme. Blavatsky in her writings depicted for us the great world-drama that evolution enacts in the periodical manifestation and withdrawal of universes. This drama is on a mammoth scale that suggests wonderful possibilities for the rapidly expanding moving-picture industry. The ordinary brain simply falls down in an attempt to absorb *The Secret Doctrine* as a whole, in the tremendous cyclic changes that occur in the development of the universe and all the life on it. But to a student who takes it in small portions such as half-an-hour daily, with continuity, it becomes mental food for which one hungers the same as for the daily meals for the physical body. It also becomes a form of recreation like that of going to the theater every evening. No 'movies' ever portrayed on the screen can equal in point of thrills, and swift moving action, the wonderful bursts of illumination that flood the mind at the sudden opening of inner realms which reveal the actual working of the machinery of the universe. It is as though in ordinary life one stood outside the theater trying to imagine from the pictures and bulletins what was going on inside. Then H. P. Blavatsky comes and opens the door for one to enter the real theater, and carries her readers into the charmed region behind the scenes in the unfolding of the panorama as seen by the writer.

Mme. Blavatsky wrote her books for the twentieth century, expecting only the few to receive great benefits before that time. The story of evolution which she told was translated for beginners by William Q. Judge into language which showed that evolution and ethics went hand in hand on the upward way. He made clear that Nature was both visible and invisible with an energizing power beyond, and that man was also triune, being a copy in miniature of Nature, and that within himself he must search for the answer to the riddle of life. Katherine Tingley took up the work at the pivotal time — the closing of the century and opening of a new era.

When she took up the work in 1896 the Theosophical Society was twenty-one years old. In the stupendous task which she at once undertook of encircling the globe she was aided by former students of her predecessors, among whom were some so devoted to the cause of Brotherhood, that they determined to aid the Teacher in carrying her message, even to the point of *walking* around the earth should resources give out before the plan could be fulfilled. Some of those students are in Lomaland today at the present pivotal time, when it in turn has reached its majority, and

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again a stupendous task is presented. These workers are now reinforced by a generation of youth who are equally determined to stand by their Leader though the heavens fall. Many eyes are turned towards Lomaland today with an instinct that here self-preservation may be found, for in Lomaland, where east and west meet, stands today the Great Center of Learning, as the fruitage of the seed sown by H. P. Blavatsky in 1875.

MORAL LEADERSHIP

The world today is looking for moral leadership that will lead the way out of the darkness of night that has fallen over the nations. Many, seeking the Light, are asking for the *real* Theosophy which, through the work of Katherine Tingley in Lomaland, they associate with her predecessors, W. Q. Judge and Mme. Blavatsky, identifying these three Teachers as the original source, the fountain-head of true Theosophy.


In commemoration of May 8th, we see that Mme. Blavatsky's writings, which reveal the *Great Within*, are being illustrated by Katherine Tingley's educational system of developing the human faculties from within, the results of which are now visible in a generation of young folk who, in 1921, are becoming the guardians of the legacy left by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky in 1891, and who, by sustaining the moral standard entrusted to them, have become the hope of the world and of generations to come.

UNSELFISH DEVOTION TO PRINCIPLE

MONTAGUE MACHELL

(Student, Theosophical University)

"Preparation in unselfish devotion to principle is what all students need."

HESE words are taken from some valuable suggestions given out in a letter to her students by Katherine Tingley. Words are at all times misleading, inasmuch as there are generally as many interpretations to be read into them as there are minds to read them. In seeking a satisfactory definition of 'principle,' I took occasion to look up the word 'etiquette.' This word, of French origin, and meaning literally "a little piece of paper, or a mark or title affixed to a bag or bundle expressing its contents"—hence the sign or evidence of the contents of human character—has as one of its definitions "conventional decorum." Decorum, again, is defined as "grace arising from suitableness of speech and behavior to one's own character." Given as synonymous with 'dignity,' the distinction is made that "decorum is that which is *becoming* in outward act or appearance. Dignity springs

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from an inward elevation of soul producing a correspondent effect on the manners." From the above definition of etiquette one may perhaps be permitted to frame a definition of it in the words: 'A proper appreciation of the eternal fitness of things,' in relation primarily to our dealings with our fellow-men.

Now if there exists a certain innate fitness of things in our human intercourse and relationships, there should likewise also be an innate propriety or fitness of things in our relations with the facts and phenomena and experiences of life. In fact, if this is not the case, what do we mean when we refer to certain lines of conduct as 'unprincipled'? In many instances they may be shown to bring no real harm or injury to others and may apparently greatly benefit the one indulging in them. Why do we censure them? Because they violate the sense of moral or ethical fitness. Hence the man of principle is the man whose conduct is governed by a constant sense of moral fitness in the phenomena and experiences of daily life. And the strength of a man's principles will depend generally upon the strength of his convictions. The doubter, the pessimist, the misanthrope, have small ground on which to rear sound principles, for they have no conviction of the soundness or justice of the laws of life. The philosophical mind, on the other hand, devoted to a calm study of the ways of life, given to meditation and introspection, becomes aware of a certain innate beauty and grandeur of his own life and being; once aware of this, he looks out from the glory within to the glory without — the phenomenal world takes the color of his subjective consciousness. Without the aid of creed or formula he *knows* that so soon as he shall have acquired vision to see deeply enough, "the outward and the inward are at one." He has discovered the origin and the nature of what we call principle — the *oneness* of the interior nature of man and the interior nature of the Universe and its laws. Just as the truest and highest form of culture and etiquette is an appreciation of the eternal fitness of things based on a conviction of the divinity of every human being; so principle, truly defined, is an appreciation of the eternal fitness of things based on a conviction of the divine origin and divine laws governing the universe and all the affairs of life.

Why, then, should "preparation in unselfish devotion to principle" be what all students need?

Well, in the first place, it is one thing to know a fact intellectually, and it is quite another thing to have made that fact your own. In all lines of art are to be found those who have long since attained fluency in intellectual grasp, and power of exposition of the canons of art and the rules of execution, but a large percentage of those in this class are very, very far from being entitled to the name of 'artist.' They will only really

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know these canons of art and rules of execution when their very finger-tips and nerve-ends become capable instruments for the visible demonstration in their art of those laws. In the same way, it is one thing to subscribe to and indorse certain principles in life, and quite another thing to become a devotee of those principles. And when we use this word absolutely, as 'principle,' meaning, as the Theosophist does, the recognition of certain Divine Laws governing man and the universe, the holding to it implies far more than such words usually do. The mere acceptance of 'principle' in this sense implies a recognition of man's divinity, as well as of a divine governance of the universe.

"*Unselfish* devotion to principle" are the words employed. Why unselfish? Surely devotion to principle must be unselfish! Well, perhaps, and perhaps not. It all depends upon the motive. When a man tires of the petty and superficial things of life and begins to delve into his nature and sound the depths, he at once becomes a different man: necessarily a more interesting man; necessarily a bigger man; necessarily a man of more significance — a more vital factor in the great drama of cause and effect. All this is true; but it is a mistake to believe that in taking this step of living the deeper life any man whatsoever becomes changed in his own intrinsic qualities without a distinct effort to bring about that change. His strength and his weaknesses are just what they were before, but his possibilities in *both* cases are enhanced. Therefore, should he espouse this larger "devotion to principle" with a selfish motive — the motive of cultivating psychic qualities in his nature, the motive of acquiring 'powers' of an unusual (though it must be confessed, rather tawdry) nature, or with even the desire of feeling that 'Lord-I-thank-Thee-I-am-not-as-other-men' sense of exaltation, then his possibilities for gigantic failure and catastrophe are mightily enhanced. And without question, as experience has shown, it is possible for human nature to enter upon the path of self-development and so-called self-improvement, and at the same time cling with unbelievable tenacity to the old desires and weaknesses, and continue so to cling until the very forces of the nature, at war with themselves, bring about inevitable calamity possibly ending in insanity. Hence the wisdom of the word 'unselfish' qualifying 'devotion to principle.'

It is not an easy thing to maintain this steady and unwavering devotion to principle, for the reason that the physical body, the material world, and the material questions and problems of daily life, all prevail upon us to look for results; from an age-long heredity we 'want something for our money.' If there is lurking in my nature a desire to be esteemed virtuous or to be admired for my steadfastness in treading the straight and narrow path, I shall so comport myself that my fellows will have an

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opportunity of realizing my worth. I shall receive their esteem and bask in the sunshine thereof, and all things will be as I wish them to be — I shall feel that 'it is worth while' leading a virtuous existence. If it affords me pleasure to exercise generosity towards my fellow-men I shall, so far as my circumstances will permit, give vent to my generous impulses at all times and under all circumstances and shall enjoy the pleasure which the giving affords. But should I adopt this unselfish devotion to principle, conditions change at once. In the first case named, the important thing is that the right thing be done in the right place and at the right time. What is thought by others of that act is of no consequence. The chances are that if it be done sincerely, and always impersonally, it will not meet with the favor of all and may be misinterpreted by many; yet if it be done 'on principle,' as we say, it matters not. In this case I am doing what I know to be right, I am acting in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, and to go deeper still, I am causing the divinity in me to 'be at one' with the divine harmony of the Universal Law. In the second case — that of exercising generosity — I shall no longer respond to my personal impulse merely, but shall have regard to the effect of that generosity upon the one on whom it is bestowed, that it may truly help and benefit him rather than that it should gratify myself.

"Preparation in unselfish devotion to principle" — those words are a magnificent talisman when we fully understand them. They imply the power to say 'Yes' at the right time and 'No' at the right time. To say it impersonally, positively, and fearlessly. They imply that high quality of impersonality which so few possess, but which enables the possessor to do the best thing always, not the easiest or most pleasant. They imply an acquaintance with the power of silence — the silent communion with the Greater Self within, which is the Greater Self of the Universe and of all men. Through that communion alone is it possible to keep ever before the mind the greatness of human destiny — the great goal of human perfection which is held up before all Theosophists. Through that communion alone is the devotee enabled to weather the storms of cyclic growth — to hold on through the dark hours of striving with the lower self, conscious and certain of light ahead, even though the hours of conflict be dark, and knowing that every cycle must have its heights and its depths and the important thing is to keep ever before him the consciousness of that Immortal Warrior within who is invincible.

"Preparation in unselfish devotion to principle" — there is a breadth and freedom to such an ideal; it is refreshingly unsectarian and undogmatic; it suggests freedom from small aims and petty ambitions, and calls to mind Jesus' invitation to those who would be his disciples, to "forsake all and follow me." To forsake all and follow Truth — it is

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not all who have the strength and courage to do it, for it is not all, indeed very few, who love Truth so sincerely and undividedly as to cleave to her loyally and solely. Yet sooner or later each must do this. Preparation for this is made in our effort to give unselfish devotion to principle. It is the throwing away of our burdens, our prejudices, our preconceived notions, and sitting,—as Katherine Tingley has so often said—like little children at the feet of the Great Law. There are men and women who have done this, who are doing it in varying degrees. One meets them occasionally in the workaday world, and the meeting is a blessed experience. A man who throughout life has clung to the inwardness of things in this way, has refused to sacrifice the great and precious things of his own interior life for the sake of lustrous but deluding superficialities, carries with him a sense of power and a sense of freshness. He has defied the passage of time, carrying ever in his heart a breath of the springtime of life, immortal because of its spiritual origin. He stands alone, a glad and glorious exception and a rebuke to the commonplace mediocrity of the multitude. Most beautiful about him is his utter unconsciousness of difference from his fellows, his entire simplicity and sincerity. His thought is on the plane of the best thought of all mankind and he takes it for granted that all mankind thinks as deeply and fully on that plane as he does. He is not bothered with his creed or his religion; he has probably delved deeply into many of them and found in none all that his heart desired. So swinging clear of the pitfalls of dogmatic religion, he has erected a philosophy of life on principle and the dictates of his own Soul, and is able to breathe the pure free air of an unfettered spiritual conscience. Assuredly, "Preparation in unselfish devotion to principle is what all students need,"—what all humanity needs, to free it from the toils of personality and mind-made formulas of faith.

THE SEER

Æ. (G. W. Russell)

OH, if my spirit may foretell
Or earlier impart
It is because I always dwell
With morning in my heart.

I feel the keen embrace of light
Ere dawning on the view
It sprays the chilly fold of night
With iridescent dew.

THE REINCARNATION OF ELIJAH

The robe of dust around it cast
Hides not the earth below,
Its heart of ruby flame, the vast
Mysterious gloom and glow.

Something beneath yon coward gaze
Betrays the royal line;
Its lust and hate, but errant rays,
Are at their root divine.

I hail the light of elder years
Behind the niggard mould,
The fiery kings, the seraph seers,
As in the age of gold.

And all about and through the gloom
Breaths from the golden clime
Are wafted like a sweet perfume
From some most ancient time.— *Selected*

THE REINCARNATION OF ELIJAH

STUDENT

[Reprinted from the *Universal Brotherhood Path*, May 1901]

THE subject of reincarnation may be approached from many points of view. We may show that it is one of the most ancient of all religious beliefs. We may point to the fact that it is held by more than half the human race. We may take up the writings of philosophers, ancient and modern, and show how these leaders of thought have been convinced of its truth. We may reason from analogy, and demonstrate its harmony with nature. We may show reason demands it,— or we may take another ground, and show how many historical works can be brought forward to support it, and we may point to one and another who have brought back the memory of other lives on earth. Perhaps the strongest evidence anyone can have is to remember one or more of his own past incarnations; but while this is very convincing to the person who has the memory, it is only a second-class evidence to any one who accepts it on his testimony.

There is another class of testimony, that of Sacred Scripture, which appeals to many with peculiar force. If a writing is really from God,

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it needs be authoritative. If it be even from some wise and exalted being, it is deserving of reverential and careful study. Various writers have shown that reincarnation is taught in the Christian Scriptures. It would be strange if it were not, seeing the belief is found in all, or almost all, other Sacred Scriptures, and that it has such strong evidence to support it from reason, from history and from facts in life every day.

The subject of reincarnation may be approached from various points of view, but the one we now propose to take up is the evidence of the Bible, and that portion of it especially which deals with the reincarnation of Elijah in the form of John the Baptist. Jesus says in the gospel of Matthew: "I say unto you that Elias is come already, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed." On a former occasion when the Baptist was *still alive*, in the prison, and had sent two of his disciples to Jesus, Jesus speaking of the Baptist uses the present tense saying, "But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet. For this *is* he, of whom it is written, 'Behold I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee.'"

But when we reach the seventeenth chapter of the same Gospel, John the Baptist has been beheaded in the prison; hence, in speaking of him Jesus naturally uses the past tense, "Elias *is come* already, and . . . they *have done* unto him whatsoever they listed." It is in little, scarcely noticeable, things like this, that we find the best evidence for the trustworthiness of the narrative. If we go back to the Old Testament we shall find in the third chapter of Malachi the passage here referred to. It reads thus: "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple." The messenger here spoken of is evidently the same as Elias, for Jesus uses this quotation: "This *is* he of whom it is written, 'Behold I send my messenger before thy face.' " And he adds: "If ye will receive it, this is Elias which was to come." The book of Malachi speaks of a messenger in the future, coming at a special time and for a special purpose. Jesus in the eleventh chapter of Matthew says that messenger *is* here; he is Elijah of the Old Testament, now known as John the Baptist.

Then, when John the Baptist is dead, Jesus speaks of Elias as *having come* already, and the Scripture adds: "Then the disciples understood that he spake unto them of John the Baptist." The preceding verses make this more evident. The scene is the Mount of Transfiguration, where Moses and Elias were seen standing beside Jesus. As they came down from the Mount, "Jesus charged them, saying, Tell the vision to no man, until the Son of Man be risen again from the dead. And his

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disciples asked him, saying, Why then say the scribes that Elias must first come? And Jesus answered and said unto them, Elias truly shall first come, and restore all things. But I say unto you, *that Elias is come already*, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they listed."

From this it is evident, if we accept the Gospels, that the Elias spoken of had suffered as Jesus would also suffer. It was not simply the glorified Elijah who stood beside Moses and Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration. That radiant form was indeed Elijah, who had lately worn the garb of flesh, known as John the Baptist.

It was the belief of the Jews that in times of national need the great prophets returned in new bodies to guide the nation. Elijah was one of these. We observe from the above quotation, that it was the well-known teaching of the authorized expounders of the Law, the Scribes, that Elijah would come, as the messenger and harbinger of the Messiah, as was written in Malachi. In St. Mark we find the same identification of Elijah with John the Baptist, the forerunner. "The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight." This was the burden of the message of John the Baptist, the stern prophet of repentance, and the Gospel here applies the words of Malachi to him: "As it was written in the prophets, 'Behold I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee.' " If we turn to the first chapter of Luke we shall find that the angel foretold of the child to be born, that he would be Elijah: "Many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God. And he shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias."

Thus we may see from every quarter the evidence points in a clear and conclusive manner to John the Baptist as the reincarnation of Elijah. The Jews expected it; the prophet Malachi foretold it; the angel who appeared said that the child to be born would be the fulfilment of the ancient hope and prophecy: "He shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias," not in the outer garb worn by the Hebrew prophet as he confronted the priests of Baal, or in which he fled to the wilderness of Arabia, but in his spirit and power. We mention this because some writers try to use the words of the passage in Luke, so as to take away the force of the words in the other Gospels. They say, "All Jesus meant was that John the Baptist was a man of like spirit to Elijah." But surely this is unworthy of any serious scholar, in the face of the clear and accumulated evidence to show that John the Baptist was *really Elijah himself*.

Another strong and very interesting line of evidence opens up here. We have these two incarnations of the same soul. Elijah in the Old

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Testament and John the Baptist in the New. We have the authority of Jesus, the authority of the angel and other corroborative testimony that Elijah and John the Baptist were two incarnations of the same soul. Let us now look at these two historical personages, to see if we can find reasonable evidence in their characters for the two being the same.

If reincarnation is really a fact in nature, then we would naturally expect that the same soul returning under the mask of various bodies should exhibit some points of likeness. The case before us affords a good illustration for looking upon two men, who are nevertheless one and the same soul.

Elijah is a stern, fearless man, who appears at a time when much wickedness is rampant in the land. He is not afraid to confront on Carmel the assembled priests of Baal. He is a mysterious man, who comes upon our view suddenly, without any account of his lineage,— a very unusual thing in the case of the Hebrew prophets. He emerges suddenly from some mountainous region. His picture is given us with a few touches in the book of Kings. He is a “hairy man, girt with a leathern girdle” — and we can picture the fire in his eye and uprightness in his very gait.

John the Baptist is just such a man. He, too, lives a desert life for a time. He, too, is clothed in hair and wears a leather thong for a girdle, and lives on very simple desert fare. He also is the stern preacher of righteousness. No reed shaken by the wind is he. Like Elijah, his mission is to reprove wickedness in high places. As Elijah fearlessly confronted the King of Israel, so did John the Baptist reprove King Herod, though in both cases, at the risk of life, and John really did suffer death because he spoke the truth.

But there is another deeper feature in the picture, which, if possible, even more strongly points to the identity of these two men. We read that Elijah withstood all the assembled priests of Baal, and fearlessly reproved the King of Israel. Strong men, however, have often a weak spot in their natures closely related to their greatest strength. It was so with Abraham and with many others; and so it was with Elijah. He, who in the stress and strain of that ordeal on Carmel, was strong and fearless, when the strain was over, when the reaction came fled like a coward at the threat of the Queen Jezebel. Then his mind gave way to doubt and fear, and he thought, like many other brave men, that it was useless to continue the long struggle against evil.

The same peculiar feature meets us in the life of John the Baptist. He was courageous enough to preach a religion of righteousness to the formalists, the hypocrites, the generation of vipers of that age. He did not hesitate to condemn the King for his immoral life. But after he was in prison for a time, then doubt and gloom crept over his mind, so he sent

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to Jesus to inquire: "Art thou he that should come?" — though not long before he had boldly declared Jesus to be the Messiah. Thus we see, both in the outer and inner aspects of their lives, such remarkable identity, and we cannot regard it as other than confirmatory of the express statement of Jesus that John the Baptist was really Elijah, as the angel before also declared he would be.

The moral influence of the fact of reincarnation must be readily seen. It corrects the prevalent error that man is the body he wears, and helps us to focus our gaze on the *soul* as the *real man*, who life after life wears many bodies. It makes it morally clear that the friends and enemies we meet in this present life are those we have met and made our friends or enemies in previous lives, seeing that 'like begets like.' It is therefore a powerful reminder of the wisdom and necessity of all becoming kindly disposed to each other, brethren in deed and in truth, not in name only.

The fact that we live many lives on earth, and not only one short life of threescore years and ten, makes us feel that we shall find again every brotherly action, word, and even thought which goes forth from us now. Nothing is lost, nothing is in vain. As we live Brotherhood, our lives and words reach very far, even into other times, and we may be assured that in working for Universal Brotherhood we are working with Nature.

MYSTERIOUS INFLUENCE OF METALS

S.

IN the *Scientific American Monthly* we read that the celebrated botanist Naegeli made the following experiment. A glass flask which had contained copper coins was filled with water after the coins were removed. Soon algae were found clinging to the side, except in those places where the copper had touched, and these were quite free from algae. Yet no trace of copper could be found by chemical tests. An Austrian physician named Saxel did the same with silver, and found that it was possible completely to sterilize water by placing a silver spoon in it; and that a glass vessel treated in this manner retains its germicidal power. But no trace of silver could be found in the water.

This opens up an immense field. The fact that a substance does not dissolve is no proof that it exerts no influence; so the familiar, but scientifically derided, stick of sulphur in the dog's water-trough may be allowed to be effectual after all. The metal worn as a talisman, the jewel prized for its protective influence, the onion in the pocket: all these superstitions

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may now be hailed within the precincts of scientific admissibility. Why may I not rub your sore with my gold ring, or cure your wart with — anything? The matter is purely one of experiment and fact; the theory is unknown. Scientific men are ready to accept the fact without the theory. Medieval magic, any sort of magic, is now respectable. Give me a force which is neither chemical nor physical, which acts where the substance is not, which has no detectable physical basis, and what can I not do?

Verily there are two Natures: the one that is comprised within the orderly limits of scientific theory, and the one that behaves as it likes regardless of that theory. We stand in the presence of Nature as before a mystery, and know not of what she may be capable until we have tried. The case must be the same with regard to the mysteries of human nature: there is more in it than some of our theories of it will allow.



F. J. Dick, *Editor*

MIRROR OF THE MOVEMENT

SUNDAY MEETINGS IN ISIS THEATER

MME. KATHERINE TINGLEY spoke on April 10th upon the text: "Behold I stand at the door and knock, and if any man hear my voice and open the door I will come in to him and abide with him and sup with him and he with me." She said in part:

"One who has any conception of life can easily see that the great initiate Jesus was bringing to the attention of his disciples the Christos-spirit, the divinity in man and the fact that it is ever seeking recognition and that it has

Duality in Man —	its place in human life. For the mind of man is the
the Higher and	half-way house between the spiritual and the ani-
the Lower Self	mal natures.

"Here therefore we have the Theosophical teaching of the duality of man's nature: the fact that within man are two selves, the higher, ennobling self and the lower, the animal self, uncultivated and uncontrolled. Can we not visualize this picture and see the higher self and the lower ever in conflict? For in order to bring out man in the richness of his divinity, his real power and splendor and strength, the lower must disappear.

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There is no room for both, for two things cannot occupy the same place. It is selfishness, greed, passion, desire, and the lack of virtue that keeps us, as a people, in turmoil — while the higher self, the divinity, waits to come in and abide. The individual is persecuted within himself as long as he lends his mind to the temptation of these lower things, as long as he turns away from conscience, which is the enlightener, the revealer, in the truest sense the savior of man. Just to the degree that we close our eyes to the Christos-spirit within are we taking part in the destruction of the world.

“Life is a blessing or a blasphemy. It is a blessing to those who are sincerely striving, it is a blessing even though they may falter or even fall, but it is a blasphemy to those who, having a half-knowledge, even a half-dream of their divinity, nevertheless hold to tendencies in their lives that are the undoing of the real man. The Christos-spirit must be the tonic, the inspiration in human life if we are ever to reach true peace, if we are ever to find life's real meaning or reach a right conception of justice; if we are ever to find within the self the power of self-conquest that shall carry us on, with the courage of the gods, to the goal of spiritual perfection.”

J. H. Fussell, Secretary of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, spoke on April 24th upon ‘The Riddle of the Sphinx — a Theosophical Interpretation.’ He said in part:

“It is held by some, and those who have studied Theosophy believe it to be a fact, that many of the deepest truths in life, in science or revealed in the records of history are contained in fairy-tales, in the myths and legends of antiquity. One of these is surely the tale of Oedipus and the Sphinx who, according to the familiar story, dwelt outside the city of Corinth and propounded a riddle to each passerby. Those who failed to answer it were devoured. Oedipus did answer it when he said, “You mean man who creeps as a babe, stands erect as a man and in old age needs a third foot or staff to support him.” But he answered incompletely. He answered but one half the question and that the material part, the part concerned only with man's body. He unriddled the query in its outer aspect, but as H. P. Blavatsky said, he forgot God, the idea.

“In my opinion Oedipus stands as the prototype of our present humanity, and the fratricidal conflict between his sons seems to me to sustain the conclusion. For that is the prototype of the fratricidal conflict between the nations of the world today, and it is just as reprehensible as though it were between brothers in the same family. The only way that this conflict can be stopped is to solve the riddle of the Sphinx and solve it spiritually. All this disharmony has come about because humanity has not solved it. The question is: are we out of cowardice going to refuse to solve it now? Shall we have the courage to assert that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature, and that

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the present conflict between man and man and nation and nation is fratricidal and suicidal both?

"We do not realize that there is a divine law governing life and that the only way to fulfil it is to do our whole duty. Had there been in the mind of the young Oedipus the conviction that he must fulfil his duty first of all, the tragedies and catastrophies would not have followed. But instead, through fear, he deserted his duty and met the very fate he was trying to escape. Man, like Oedipus, to fulfil his destiny must bring his life into consonance with the divinity within."

Professor C. J. Ryan of the Theosophical University at Point Loma lectured on May 1st upon 'Astronomy and Theosophy.' He said in part:

Planet-Movements purified personality with the higher self, to expand
under Rule of beyond our illusionary limitations; and the study of
Intelligent Law astronomy undoubtedly helps in this direction. We learn from it the relative unimportance of our little personalities, and personal irritation disappears in the greater consciousness that opens out. The ancients were wiser than we in their use of the influence of certain astronomical phenomena to raise the minds of the people to higher thoughts. They made the wonder and mystery of the stars a powerful factor in religion. . . .

"While Mme. Blavatsky never treated astronomy as a separate subject, but only incidentally, yet she mentions several important astronomical facts not only unsuspected by science in the nineteenth century but apparently highly improbable. Yet these have already been wholly or partially justified by twentieth-century research. The general trend of modern astronomy is moving nearer and nearer to the principles brought forward by H. P. Blavatsky. . . . One of her unorthodox teachings was that the sun was the actual pulsating heart, distributing the vital forces which circulate among the planets, and keeping them in life and health. Many new facts have arisen to support this teaching, in recent years, and the formerly despised suggestion has now taken a definite place in the astronomical field. The eleven-year period of sun-spots is now looked upon in precisely the way she originally suggested. Mme. Blavatsky believed in the reign of law in man and nature, and she drew upon the ancient wisdom to show that the revolutions of the planets were held fully under the guidance of Intelligence, and that the last day would not come until this our planet had served its time as the home of physical man. Then, purified and prepared, evolved humanity would step upward into higher realms.

"Astronomy has been charged by the ill-informed with being removed from practical affairs, but astronomers easily refute this by showing that navigation and all time-keeping depend upon their constant observations, and surely it is of supreme importance to keep alive such a means as theoretical astronomy provides for utilizing the highest powers of the human intellect."

RÂJA-YOGA PLAYERS GIVE FINE PROGRAM OF MIXED MELODIES: by Don Short

MADAME KATHERINE TINGLEY'S Râja-Yoga Players and the little folk of the Râja-Yoga School gave a highly pleasing entertainment at the Isis Theater last night. A feature was the apparent equal participation by all, big and little; not too much to be tiring, but enough to be delightful, versatility being rampant.

The program varies, opening with negro plantation scenes and songs and closing with a lively gypsy chorus. Every act was appropriately and effectively costumed and stage set. Omission of the names of the principals or other entertainers from the program was another feature of Madame Tingley's. Equal praise for all, evidently, was what she had in mind. At any rate all were good, and the careful observer of the program numbers was reminded of the fruits of careful training of the mind — young and old.

Perhaps one of the striking numbers was selections by the Young Ladies' String Orchestra of the Râja-Yoga Academy. At least fifteen young girls gave a wonderful demonstration on violins and 'cellos without the usual attention of a director. Erichs' *Elfenreigen*, and Pierné's *Serenade*, were the numbers. To those who have an ear for music these youthful maidens gave a delightful and wonderful performance, their repose and bearing, without direction, adding charm and grace to the scene of action.

A quartet of young men gave a pleasing number on brass instruments, giving Diethe's *Overture*, on cornets, French horn and euphonium. This was followed by the appearance of 'Pan' playing his pipes, followed by the shepherds and shepherdesses, who danced and sang several numbers to the delight of the children, those in the audience and those taking part. The numbers sung were: *In These Delightful Pleasant Groves, One Spring Morning*, and *Nymphs and Shepherds*.

For a number of years Râja-Yoga students have been noted for their wonderful performances of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and last night Madame Tingley produced several scenes that brought out the schooling of those students taking part in Shakespeare's difficult parts; the scenes given being Fairies and Queen Titania's arrival; Clowns' rehearsal of their parts; dance by Bottom, Titania and the fairies and the amusing comedy, 'Pyramus and Thisbe.'

The older students in their respective parts gave an excellent performance and the audience was continually amused. The children in the fairy scenes were especially good.

The dance of the Athenian maidens afforded a scene of charm and elegance. Two vocal music numbers that attracted more than ordinary interest were duets by a young woman soprano and a young man tenor. *At Daybreak*, and *Bobolink* were the songs. These were sung with flute obligato. By the way, the flutist is some artist, too. He gave several numbers in response to a demand by encore. Weird songs and dances of gypsy life from *As You Like It*, close the program.

The Point Loma theater orchestra lends able assistance to the music and

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dance numbers. The performances are to be given each evening this week, the proceeds to be devoted to the free department of the Râja-Yoga School.

— From the San Diego *Evening Tribune*, April 12, 1921

RÂJA-YOGA ACTORS, MUSICIANS, SCORE

THIRD PRESENTATION OF SPECTACULAR PROGRAM GIVEN BEFORE
ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCE

THE program by the Râja-Yoga Players, which was given its third presentation last evening and which will run for the rest of the week with matinee and evening performance on Saturday, scored another success in which these talented young actors and musicians ably accounted for themselves before an enthusiastic audience.

They captured their auditors with the opening event, the singing of a number of plantation melodies by a quartet of well-balanced voices supported by excellent by-play on the part of the colored mammy and her pickaninnies.

Amid the generous appreciation of the audience for every number, the Young Ladies' Orchestra, the brass quartet and vocal selections, the outstanding features were declared to be the picturesque scenes with the shepherds and shepherdesses with Pan, and the scenes from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in the presenting of which the Râja-Yoga Players have long since become noted. Rounds of applause broke from the audience as Titania and her fairies, after some delightful dancing and singing, left the stage, and the audience showed itself reluctant to let them go. The play between Titania, Bottom and the fairies also was well received.

Then came the real comedy of the evening, the rehearsing and performing by Bottom and his fellow artisans of the tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe. This scene ended with more rounds of applause.

The finale, a gypsy scene from *As You Like It*, representing gala day among the gypsies in the forests of Old England in Shakespeare's day, was an artistic picture in which a combination of color, sound and action gave a pleasing and effective ensemble. Throughout the performance, costuming, grouping, color effects and harmony of voice and gesture portrayed an artistic finish.— From *The San Diego Union*, April 14, 1921

LOMALAND ENTERTAINS MANY VISITORS

AMONG recent interested visitors to the International Theosophical Headquarters at Lomaland may be mentioned Viscount Kawase, son of the former Japanese ambassador to England, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clark Hoppin of Pomfret, Conn. Mr. Hoppin is known for his endowment of the chair of archaeology at Bryn Mawr and has long been interested along educational lines. He is an old friend of Prof. H. A. Fussell of the Theosophical

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University, who was formerly connected with the famous Boys' School at Pomfret, one of the most exclusive schools in this country.

A special concert for guests was given Saturday evening in the College Rotunda at Lomaland, the program including the delightful Ole Olson suite with string orchestra accompaniment — *Fanitull, Mazurka, Serenade, Humoresque* and *Papillons* — with Miss Marcella Tyberg at the piano. Among other numbers were Reissiger's *Yelva*, played by the Râja-Yoga Symphony Orchestra; Boisdreffre's *Au Bord d'un Ruisseau*, for harp, flute and 'cello; Chopin's *Étude in D minor*, and the Brahms *Rhapsodie in B minor*. The little children contributed songs and the program closed with a choral fantasia from Ambroise Thomas' opera, *Mignon*. This was rendered by the full Râja-Yoga International Chorus.

Mrs. Margaret Sterling Ellis of Petaluma, Mr. and Mrs. Vance McClymonds of Oakland, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bardsley of Sydney, Australia, were among the guests present. Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. McClymonds, who is her daughter, are pioneer members of the Theosophical Society, and are old Californians.

Mr. and Mrs. Bardsley, also members of some years' standing, have just arrived in Lomaland to take up permanent residence as students under Mme. Katherine Tingley. Their three children have entered the Râja-Yoga School. Australia is now well represented on the Lomaland international map, the first student to arrive from that country being Mr. E. J. Dadd, who has been for some time manager of operations at the Aryan Theosophical Press. Mr. Bardsley, who is a publisher, will be associated with him.

— From *The San Diego Union*, April 25, 1921

Theosophical University Meteorological Station

Point Loma, California

Summary for April, 1921

TEMPERATURE		SUNSHINE	
Mean highest	63.37	Number hours actual sunshine	298.90
Mean lowest	49.73	Number hours possible	390.00
Mean	56.55	Percentage of possible	77.00
Highest	85.00	Average number hours per day	9.96
Lowest	42.00		
Greatest daily range	25.00	WIND	
PRECIPITATION		Movement in miles	5020.00
Inches	0.04	Average hourly velocity	6.97
Total from July 1, 1920	5.48	Maximum velocity	30.00

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society

Founded in New York City in 1875 by H. P. Blavatsky, William Q. Judge, and others

Reorganized in 1898 by Katherine Tingley

Central Office, Point Loma, California

The Headquarters of the Society at Point Loma, with the buildings and grounds, are no 'Community,' 'Settlement' or 'Colony,' but are the Central Executive Office of an international organization where the business of the same is carried on, and where the teachings of Theosophy are being demonstrated. Midway 'twixt East and West, where the rising Sun of Progress and Enlightenment shall one day stand at full meridian, the Headquarters of the Society unite the philosophic Orient with the practical West.

MEMBERSHIP

in the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society may be either 'at large' or in a local Branch. Adhesion to the principle of Universal Brotherhood is the only pre-requisite to membership. The Organization represents no particular creed; it is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that large toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local Director; for membership 'at large,' to the Membership Secretary, International Theosophical Headquarters, Point Loma, California.

OBJECTS

THIS BROTHERHOOD is a part of a great and universal movement which has been active in all ages.

This Organization declares that Brotherhood is a fact in Nature. Its principal purpose is to teach Brotherhood, demonstrate that it is a fact in Nature, and make it a living power in the life of humanity.

Its subsidiary purpose is to study ancient and modern religions, science, philosophy and art; to investigate the laws of Nature and the divine powers in man.

It is a regrettable fact that many people use the name of Theosophy and of our Organization for self-interest, as also that of H. P. Blavatsky, the Foundress, and even the Society's motto, to attract attention to themselves and to gain public support. This they do in private and public speech and in publications. Without being in any way connected with the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, in many cases they permit it to be inferred that they are, thus misleading the public,

and honest inquirers are hence led away from the original truths of Theosophy.

The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society welcomes to membership all who truly love their fellowmen and desire the eradication of the evils caused by the barriers of race, creed, caste, or color, which have so long impeded human progress; to all sincere lovers of truth and to all who aspire to higher and better things than the mere pleasures and interests of a worldly life and are prepared to do all in their power to make Brotherhood a living energy in the life of humanity, its various departments offer unlimited opportunities.

The whole work of the Organization is under the direction of the Leader and Official Head, Katherine Tingley, as outlined in the Constitution.

Inquirers desiring further information about Theosophy or the Theosophical Society are invited to write to

THE SECRETARY

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